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PERCY
SOCIETY
VII.

HARMONY OF BIRDS.
VII. PENITENTIAL
PSALMS.
HARMONY OF THE CHURCH
JACK OF DOVER.
KERRY PASTORAL.

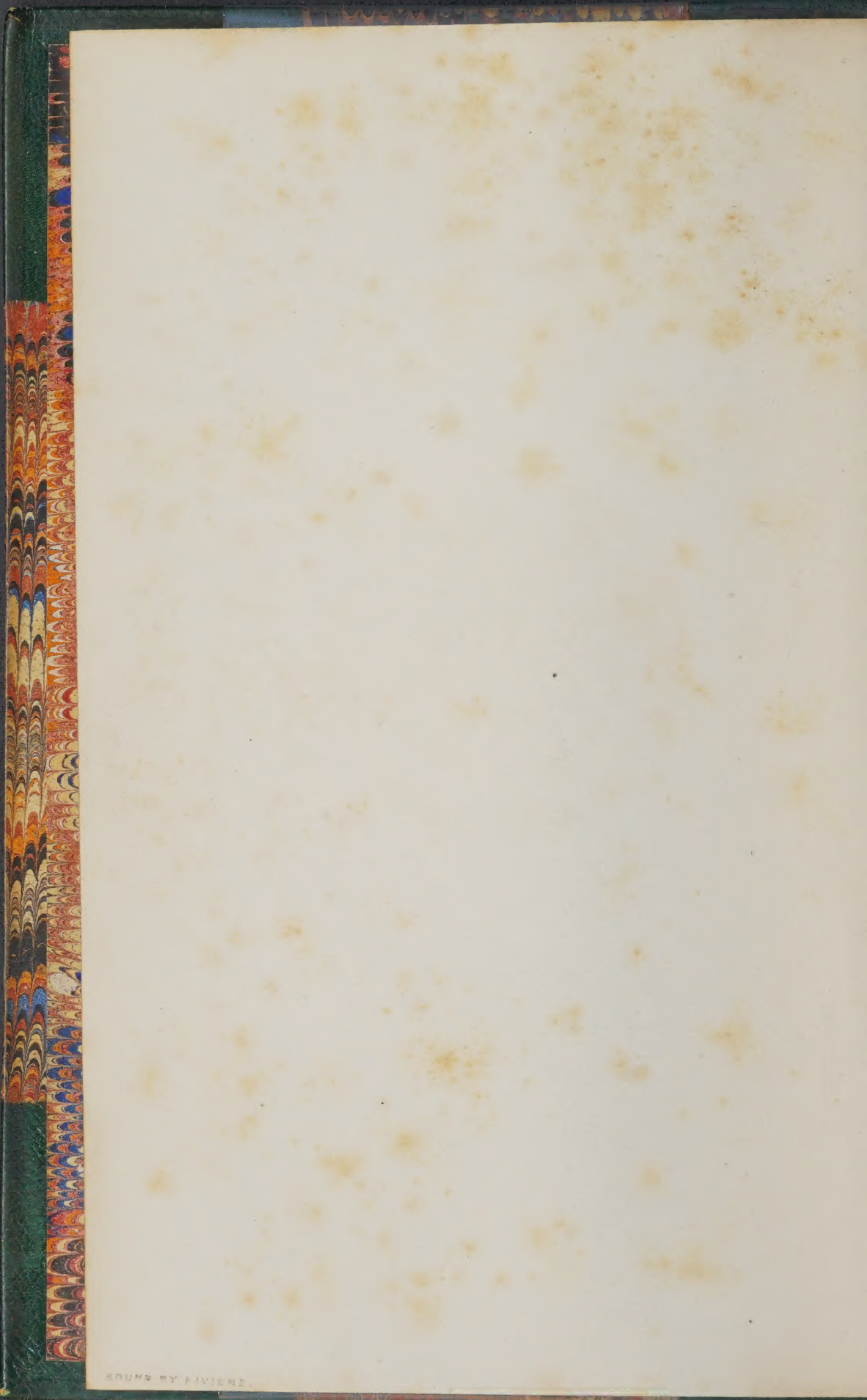


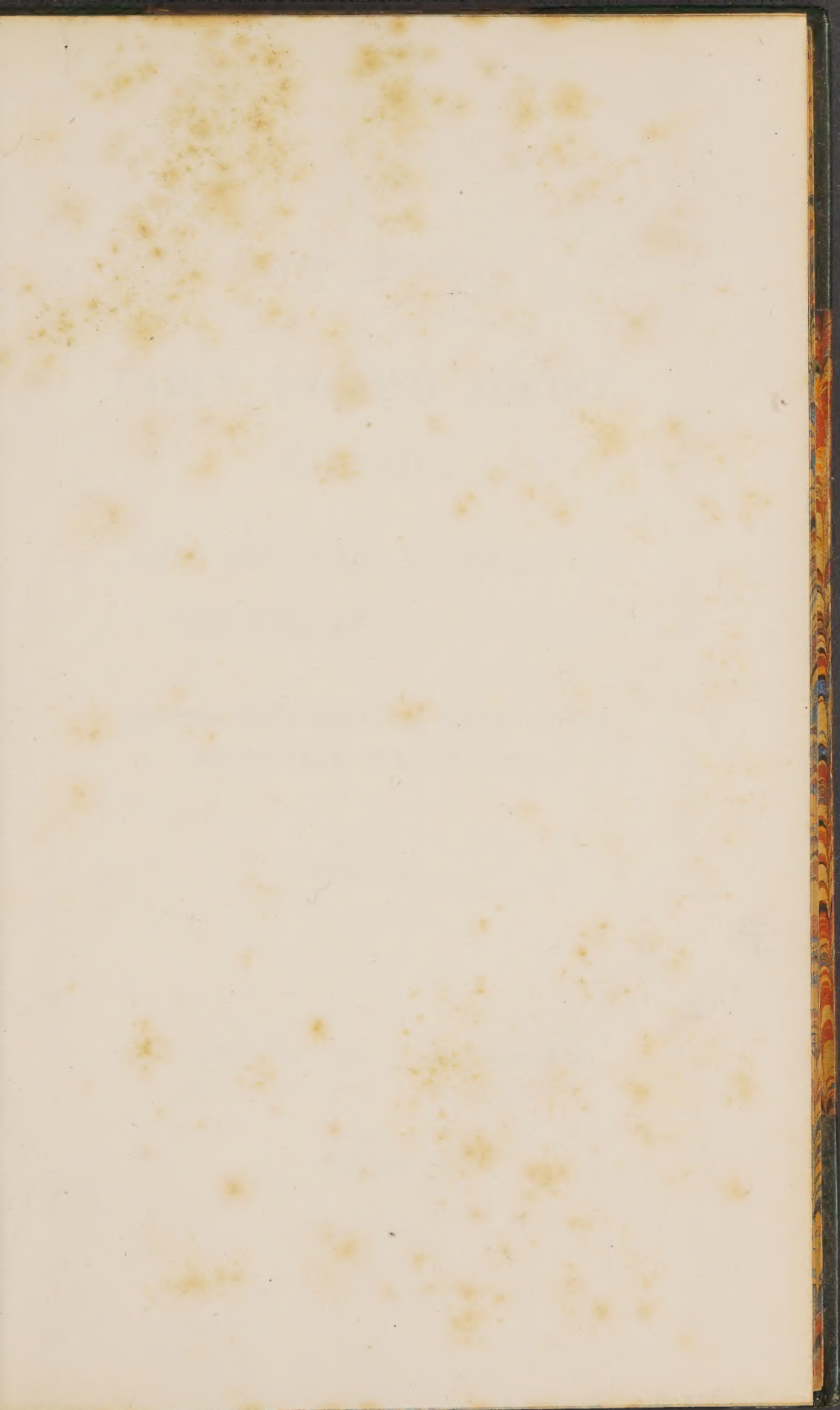














Percy Society.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

VOL. VII.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

M.DCCC.XLII.



CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

THE HARMONY OF BIRDS.

EDITED BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

EDITED BY W. H. BLACK, ESQ.

THE HARMONY OF THE CHURCH, BY MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1591.

EDITED BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

JACK OF DOVER. 1604.

EDITED BY T. WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A. F.S.A.

A KERRY PASTORAL.

EDITED BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ.



THE
HARMONY OF BIRDS:

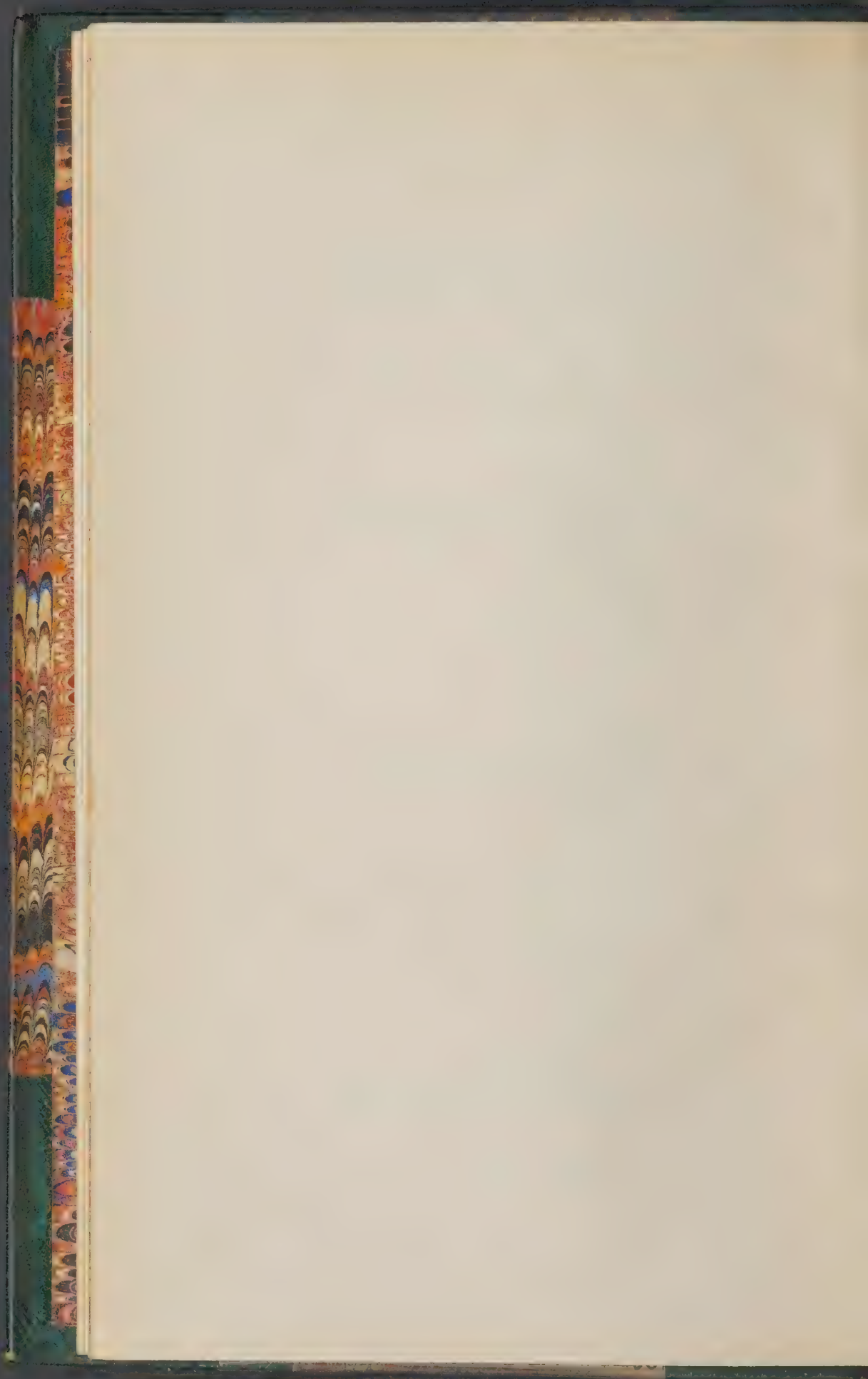
A Poem.

FROM THE ONLY KNOWN COPY, PRINTED BY JOHN WIGHT
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

WITH
AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.XLIII.



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OF
The Percy Society.

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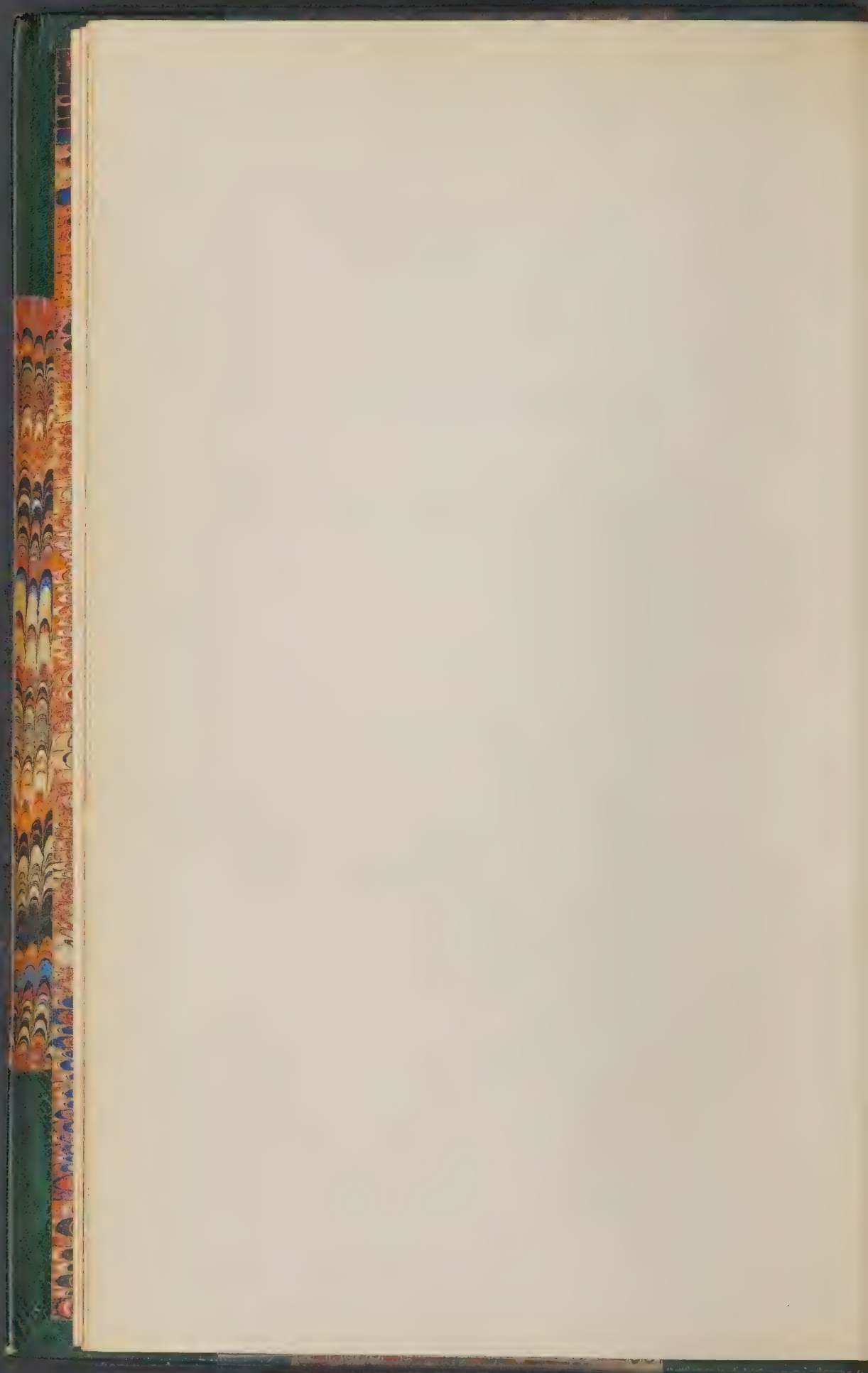
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INTRODUCTION.

THE ensuing tract has been attributed to John Skelton on the authority of Herbert, who was not aware of its existence until after he had published his edition of the "Typographical Antiquities" of Ames. He subsequently saw a copy of it in the hands of Latham, and from Latham it found its way into the library of the late Mr. Heber. Our re-impression is made from a transcript of that copy, for no other is known to be in existence.

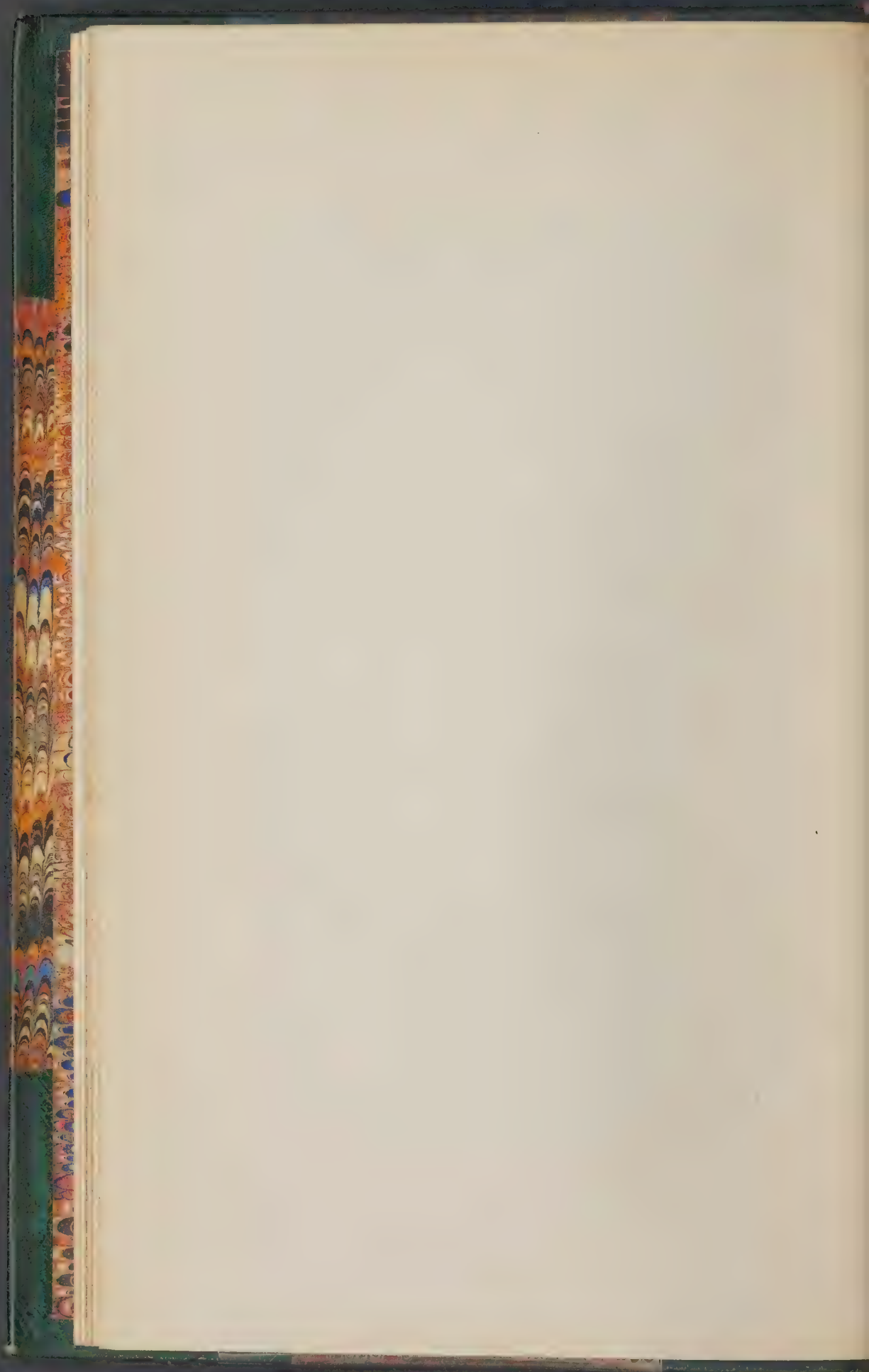
Whether "A proper new Boke of the Armonye of Byrdes" were really the authorship of Skelton, is a point which we shall probably find considered and determined in the long promised, and, we hope we may now say, speedily forthcoming edition of that author's multifarious works, under the care of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Herbert seems to have thought that this tract was "in the manner" of Skelton, but we own that it does not strike us at all in that light; it is of too moral

a turn, as well as in too modern a style, for his pen, however becoming its tendency might have been to his profession. Neither is the versification at all like that of any other production by Skelton with which we are acquainted. However, this is a point on which we do not feel well qualified to decide, and it is the less necessary that we should finally make up our mind upon the point, in as much as we are soon likely to have it decisively settled. It has never, that we are aware of, been attributed to any other author, and we are without any extrinsic evidence either way; none at least has come to our knowledge, beyond the fact that Wight was the printer of two of Skelton's admitted works, "Phillip Sparrow," and Colyn Clout." Both these are dateless, but purport to have been printed "by John Wight," and the last of them has the same imprint as the tract now offered to the members of the "Percy Society."

As to the date of the piece reprinted on the following pages, John Wight did not begin to print, as far as the fact can now be ascertained, until 1551, and books with his name attached to them, as a stationer, are extant dated 1588; but he appears to have left off printing on his own account early: "Ferrarius of a Common Weale," 4to. 1559, purports to have been printed, not by

John Wight, but “by John Kyngston, for John Wight,” and he subsequently employed as his printers, Henry Denham, John Awdeley, Thomas Dawson, John Charlewood, Thomas East, Newton and Hatfield, Edward Bollifant, Henry Bynne-man, &c. As “A proper new Boke of the Ar-monye of Byrdes” professes to have been printed not *for*, but *by* John Wight, we may fairly pre-sume that it came from his press between 1551, when he began, and 1559 when he left off printing in his own name.

We believe that the poem is not only *unique* in itself, but *unique* in its kind, and on every account it deserves reprinting and preservation. Into whose hands it devolved on the dispersion of Mr. Heber’s Library we are not informed, but before his death he gave us permission to copy it, with a view to a reimpression: his notion was, that the value of the original copy of a tract was not lessened by its being rendered accessible, but he was influenced, besides, by higher and better motives than mere pecuniary considerations.—We have good reason to know that he felt none of that literary dog-in-the-mangerism, which interferes with the employment by others of what the pos-sessor cannot himself enjoy.



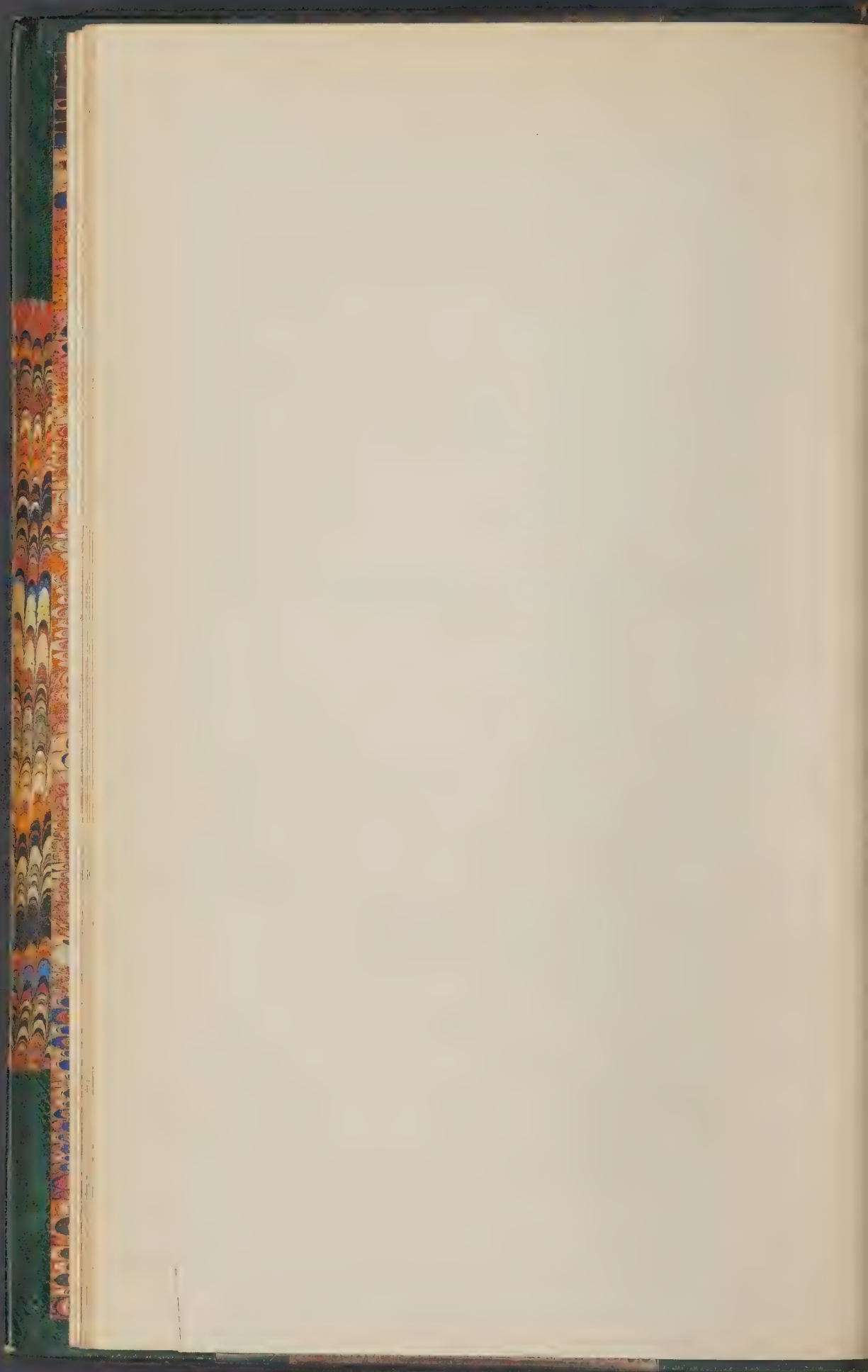
A

PROPER NEW BOKE

OF THE

ARMONYE OF BYRDES.

Imprinted at London by John Wyght dwelling in
Poules church yarde, at the sygne of
the Rose.



A PROPER NEW BOKE OF
THE ARMONY OF BYRDES.

WHAN Dame Flora,
In die aurora,
 Had coverd the meadow with flowers,
And all the fylde
Was over distylde
 With lusty Aprell showers ;

For my disporte,
Me to conforte,
 Whan the day began to spring,
Foorth I went,
With a good intent
 To here the byrdes syng.

I was not past
Not a stones cast,
 So nygh as I could deme,
But I dyd se
A goodly tree
 Within an herbor grene ;

Whereon dyd lyght
Byrdes as thycke
 As sterres in the skye,
Praisynge our Lorde
Without discorde,
 With goodly armony.

The popyngay
Than fyrst dyd say,
 Hoc didicit per me,
Emperour and kyng
Without lettyng
 Discite semper a me.

Therefore wyll I
The name magnify
 Of God above all names ;
And fyrst begyn
In praisynge to him
 This song, Te Deum laudamus.

Then sang the avys
Called the mavys
 The trebble in ellamy,
That from the ground
Her notes round
 Were herde into the skye.

Than all the rest,
At her request,
 Both meane, basse, and tenur,

With her dyd respond
This glorious song,
Te Dominum confitemur.

The partryge sayd,
It may not be denayd,
But that I shall use my bath,
In flood and land,
In erth and sand,
In hygh way and in path ;

Than with the erth
Wyll I make merth,
Accordyng to my nature.
She tuned then,
Te, eternum Patrem,
Omnis terra veneratur.

Than sayd the pecocke,
All ye well wot
I syng not musycall ;
For my brest is decayd,
Yet I have, he sayd,
Fethers angelicall.

He sang, Tibi
Omnes angeli,
Tibi celi, he dyd reherse,
Et universi,
Bot estates on hye,
And so concluded the verse.

Than sayd the nightyngale,
To make shorte tale,
For wordes I do refuse,
Because my delyght,
Both day and nyght
Is synging for to use :

Tibi cherubin
Et seraphin,
Full goodly she dyd chaunt,
With notes merely
Incessabile
Voce proclamant.

Than sang the thrusshe,
Sanctus, sanctus,
Sanctus, with a solempne note,
In Latyn thus,
Dominus Deus,
In Hebrew Sabaoth.

Than sayd the larke,
Bycause my parte
Is upward to ascend,
And downe to rebound
Toward the ground,
Singyng to discend ;

Than after my wunt
Pleni sunt,
Celi et terra, quod she,

Shall be my song
On briefe and long,
Majestatis glorie tue.

The cocke dyd say,
I use alway
To crow both fyrst and last :
Like a postle I am,
For I preche to man,
And tell him the nyght is past.

I bring new tidynges
That the Kynge of all kynges
In tactu profudit chorus :
Than sang he mellodius
Te gloriosus
Apostolorum chorus.

Than sayd the pye,
I do prophecye,
Than may I well syng thus,
Sub umbra alarum
Te prophetarum
Laudabilis numerus.

Than the byrdes all
Domesticall,
All at once dyd crye,
For mankyndes sake,
Both erly and late,
We be all redy to dye.

Te martyrum,
Both all and sum,
 They sang mellifluus,
Candidatus so bright,
One God of myght
 Laudat exercitus.

Than the red brest
His tunes redrest,
 And sayd now wyll I holde
With the church, for there
Out of the ayere
 I kepe me from the colde.

Te per orbem terrarum,
In usum Sarum,
 He sange cum gloria ;
Sancta was nexte,
And then the hole texte
 Confitetur ecclesia.

Than the egle spake,
Ye know my estate,
 That I am lorde and kyng ;
Therfore wyll I
To the father only
 Gyve laude and praisyng.

He toke his flyght
To the sonnes lyght,
 Oculis aure verberatis;

Patrem, he sang,
That all the wood rang
Immense majestatis.

Than sayd the phenix,
There is none such
As I, but I alone ;
Nor the Father, I prove,
Reygnyng above,
Hath no mo sonnes but one.

With tunes mylde
I sang that chylde
Venerandum verum ;
And his name dyd reherse
In the ende of the verse,
Et unicum filium.

Than sayd the dove,
Scripture doth prove,
That from the deite
The Holy Spiright
On Christ dyd lyght
In lykenesse of me ;

And syth the Spiright
From heven bright
Lyke unto me dyd come,
I wyll syng, quod she,
Sanctum quoque
Paracletum Spiritum.

Than all in one voyce
They dyd all rejoyce,
 Omnes vos iste,
Chaungyng their key
From ut to rey,
 Et tu rex glorie Christe.

Then sayd the wren,
I am called the hen
 Of our Lady most cumly ;
Than of her Sun
My notes shall run,
 For the love of that Lady.

By tytle and ryght
The Son of myght,
 She dyd hym well dyscus,
Tu Patris syngyng,
Without any endyng,
 Sempiternus es filius.

The tyrtle trew,
With notes new,
 The lady of chastyte,
Of a vyrgins wombe
Was all her songe,
 And of mannes libertye ;

Tu ad liberandum,
Et salvandum
 Hominem perditum,

Non horruisti
Sed eligisti
Virginis uterum.

Than sayd the pellycane,
Whan my byrdes be slayne
With my bloude I them revyve ;
Scrypture doth record
The same dyd our Lord,
And rose from deth to lyve.

She sang, Tu devicto
Mortis aculeo,
Ut Dominus dominorum,
Tu ascendisti
Et apparuisti
Credientibus regna celorum.

The osyll dyd pricke
Her notes all thycke,
With blacke ynke and with red ;
And in like facyon
With Christ in his passyon,
From the fote to the crown of the hed.

But now he doth raygne
With his Father agayne,
In dextera majestatis :
Than sang she with joye,
Tu ad dexteram Dei
Sedes, in gloria Patris.

The swallowes syng swete,
To man we be mete,
For with him we do buylde :
Lyke as from above
God, for mannes love,
Was borne of mayden milde.

We come and go,
As Christ shall do,
To judge both great and small :
They sang for this,
Judex crederis
Esse venturus all.

Than in prostracion
They made oration
To Christ that died upon the rood,
To have mercy on those
For whom he chose
To shed his precious blood.

Te ergo quesumus,
We pray the Jesus,
Famulos tuos subveni
Ab omni doloso,
Quos precioso
Sanguine redemisti.

The haukes dyd syng,
Their belles dyd ryng,
Thei said they came from the Tower :

We hold with the kyng,
And wyll for him syng
To God, day, nyght, and hower.

The sparrowes dyd tell,
That Christ in his Gospell
A texte of them dyd purpose ;
Suis heredibus
Multis pastoribus
Meliores estis vos.

They fell downe flat
With Salvum fac
Populum tuum, Domine,
In heven to sit
Et benedic
Hereditate tue.

Than all dyd respond,
Lorde, helpe at hond,
Ne cadant ad internum ;
Et rege eos,
Et extolle illos
Usque in eternum.

They toke their flyght,
Prayeng for the ryght,
And thus their prayer began ;
Pater noster, qui es
Per singulos dies,
Benedicimus te, God and man.

Et laudamus
Et gloriosus
 Nomen tuum so hye,
In seculum here,
In this militant quere,
 Et in seculum seculi.

They dyd begyn
To pray that syn
 Shuld clene from us exire ;
Dignare Domine
Die isto sine
 Peccato nos custodire.

With supplication
They made intercessyon,
 And sung, Misere nostri,
Rehersyng this texte
In Englysh nexte,
 Lorde, on us have mercy.

Than dyd they prepare
Away for to fare,
 And all at once arose,
Singyng in ara,
Fiat misericordia tua,
 Domine, super nos.

With tunes renude
They dyd conclude
 Whan they away shuld flye,

To syng all and sum
Quemadmodum
Speravimus in te.

Than dyd I go
Where I came fro,
And ever I dyd pretend,
Not to tary long,
But of this song
To make a fynall ende.

I sayd, In te, Domine,
Speravi cotidie,
That I fall not in infernum ;
And than with thy grace,
After this place
Non confunder in eternum.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London, by John Wyght dwelling in Poules
church yarde, at the sygne of the Rose.



NOTES.

P. 4, l. 11,—*Without LETTYNG*] *i. e.* without *hindrance* or *obstruction*.

P. 4, l. 22,—*Called the MAVIS*] Sir W. Scott, in a note to his ballad of "Alice Brand," in *The Lady of the Lake*, informs us that the mavis is a thrush, but in this poem the thrush is afterwards mentioned as a different bird. Tyrwhitt in his notes upon Chaucer informs us that the mavis is Saxon for a thrush; but according to Todd, it is rather to be derived from the French *mauvais*, and he quotes a passage from Lord Bacon, which shews that he did not consider the mavis and the thrush the same bird.

P. 4, l. 21,—*The treble in ELLAMY*] *e la mi* seem to have been the names of musical notes in singing.

P. 5, l. 21,—*For my BREST is decayd*] The word "breast" was of old constantly used for voice.

P. 6, l. 11,—*Incessabile*] In the original this word is misprinted as two words, *In cessabile*.

P. 6, l. 25,—*Than after my wunt*] *i. e.* after my *wont*, or custom, so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.

P. 7, l. 2,—*On brieve and long*] Brief and long were the names of notes in music.

P. 8, l. 12,—*I kepe me from the colde*] Of all birds the robin is supposed most to prefer and resemble man, and his reason for "holding with the church," because it keeps him warm, is certainly a very human one.

P. 8, l. 14,—*In usum Sarum*] Missals *in usum Sarum*, were such as were employed at Salisbury.

P. 8, l. 24,—*Gyve LAUDE and praisynge*] Misprinted in the original "*Gyve luade*" &c.

P. 10, l. 5,—*From ut to rey*] *ut* and *re* were also the old names of musical notes in singing.

P. 10, l. 10,—*Than of her SUN*] Sun for *son*: it is rightly spelt in the next stanza.

P. 10, l. 17,—*Without any endying*] It is hardly worth notice, but in the original "Without" is misprinted *Witout*.

P. 11, l. 16,—*The osyll did pricke*] Shakespeare introduces "the oozel cock" in *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1. It differs from the blackbird chiefly by having a white crescent on its breast.

P. 11, l. 18,—*With black ynke and with red*] So of old musical notes were written and printed: to "prick," used two lines earlier, was a technical expression in the composition of music.

P. 12, l. 26,—*Their belles dyd ryng*] At the time when hawking was in fashion, hawks carried bells, that they might be heard, as well as seen.

P. 13, l. 11,—*Multis PASTORIBUS*] So in the original; the misprint is obvious. Vide Luke, c. xii. v. 7.

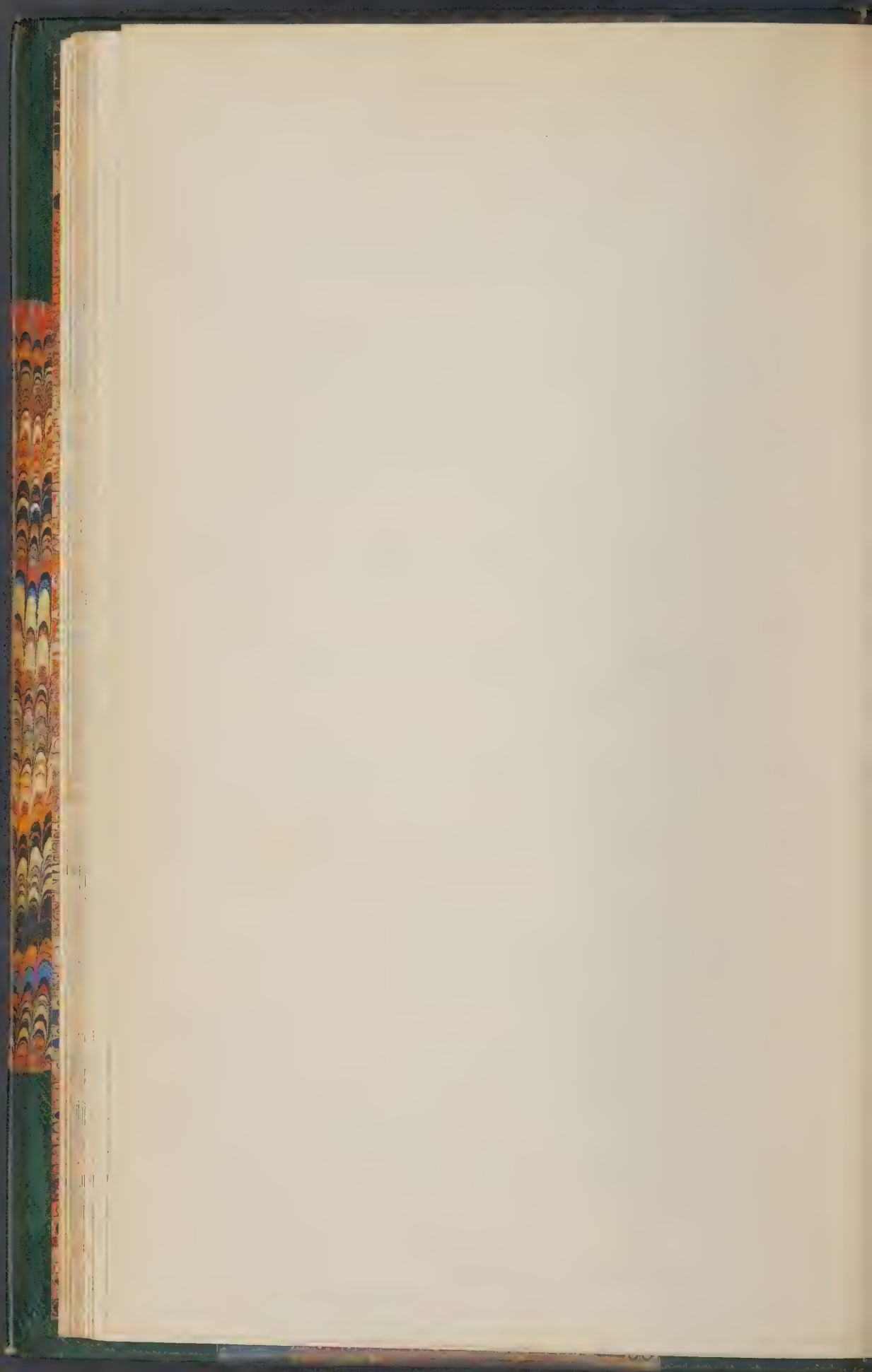
P. 14, l. 5,—*In this militant quere*] Formerly *quire* was not unfrequently spelt *quere*, especially if it were wanted for the sake of the rhyme.

P. 14, l. 15,—*And sung MISERE nostri*] Another misprint, which the reader will at once detect and correct.

P. 14, l. 20,—*Away for to FARE*] To fare in its oldest sense is to go, from *faran*, Sax. We still use it in the compound *thoroughfare*, if not in *farewell*.

P. 15, l. 6,—*And ever I did PRETEND*] Nothing was much more common of old, than to use “pretend” in the sense of *intend*.

THE END.



A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Seven Penitential Psalms,

IN ENGLISH VERSE,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY

THOMAS BRAMPTON, S.T.P.

IN THE YEAR 1414 ;

TOGETHER WITH A LEGENDARY PSALTER OF SAINT
BERNARD, IN LATIN AND IN ENGLISH VERSE.

WITH NOTES BY

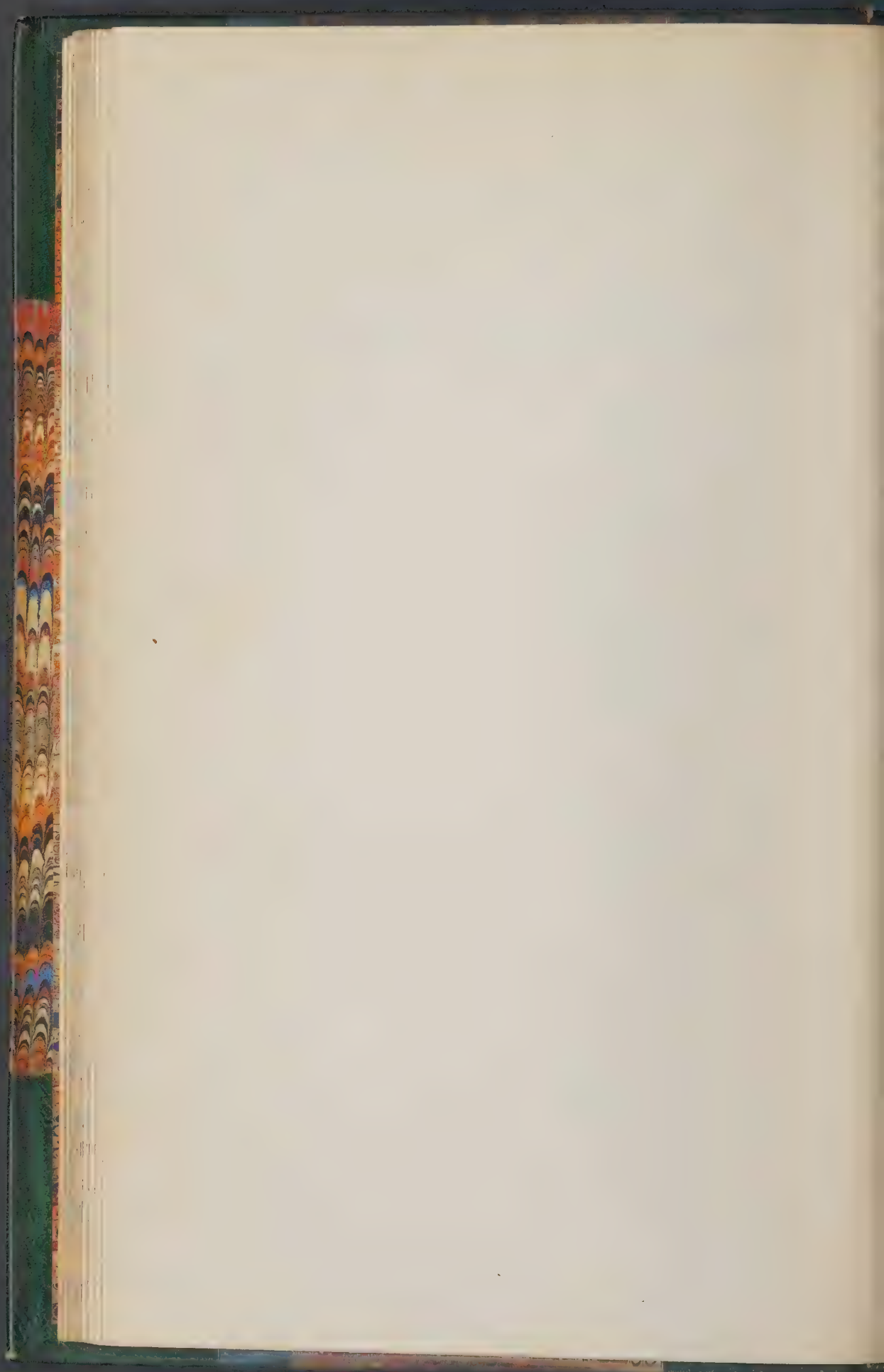
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ONE OF THE ASSISTANT KEEPERS OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

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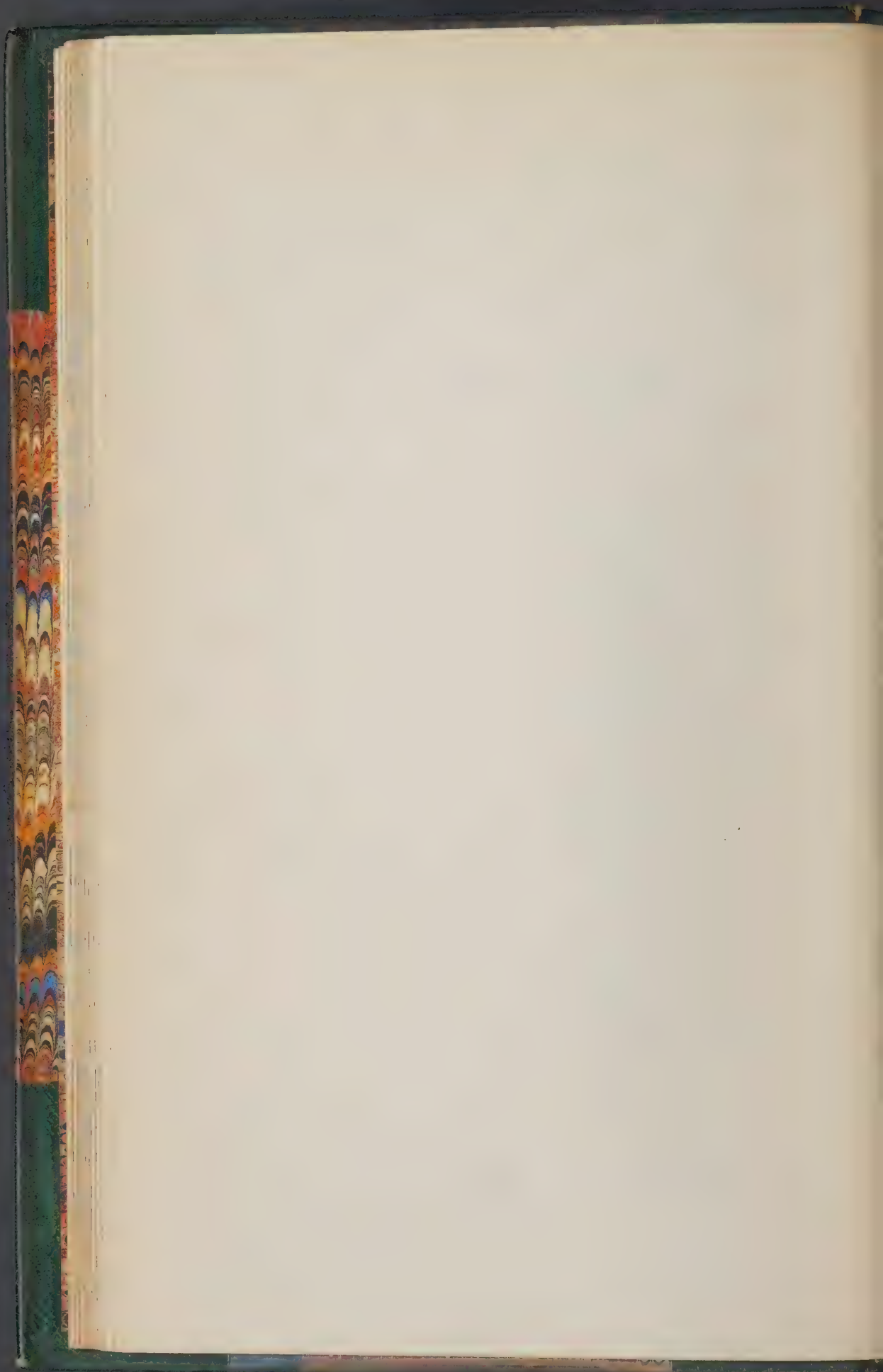
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PREFACE.

THE religious poetry of the Middle Ages consists, for the most part, of dull versification, ennobled with few of the lofty sentiments that pure Christianity inspires, and enlivened with few flights of imagination, except those derived from a wild and dreary superstition. That of our own language is therefore chiefly valuable for its philological data, and as constituting a part of our national literature. But it is hoped that the poem, which these pages first bring to light, will be found to contain both some sentiments of piety, and some touches of poetry, that may render it more acceptable than its contemporaries.

The text is taken from one of Sir Hans Sloane's MSS. in the British Museum, No. 1853, written on vellum, early in the fifteenth century, in a fair church-text, with illuminated capitals; intitled (in Latin) "Here begin the Seven Penitential Psalms, translated out of Latin into English;" but not naming the author, either at the head or at the foot of the poem. A later hand

however, of about the middle of the sixteenth century, has preserved a memorial, which seems to indicate his name, in the following note inscribed along the top of the first page: "*Frater Thomas Brampton, sacrae Theologiae Doctor, fr. minorum pauperculus confessor, de Anglicum. Anno Dom. 1414. ad Dei honorem et incrementum devotionis.*" Unfortunately this inscription was almost obliterated by some liquid, which slightly damaged the MS.; and has been retouched by another old hand: but an important blank remains, which perhaps the words *Latino transtulit in* formerly occupied: for the conclusion seems applicable not to a mere transcriber, but to an author alone, or (as the title expresses it) a *translator*. The term *transtulit*, in the title, evidently means the act of making a paraphrase in English, upon the Latin text of the Seven Psalms; which is given verse by verse, before each stanza.

The Editor is strongly inclined to believe that the words proposed to be inserted between "*de*" and "*Anglicum*" are more than a probable conjecture, and that little doubt can remain that Doctor THOMAS BRAMPTON, a Confessor of the Freres Minors, was the author of the paraphrase: but his researches, for many years past, have not been successful enough to obtain any information about him, beyond what this notice affords; and

thus he must be introduced, for the first time, into the list of our English poets and authors.

There is great probability that the date, mentioned in the old note, is correct : for the author's application of that passage in the 101st (or in the English version, the 102nd) Psalm, "Thou arising, O Lord, shalt have mercy on Sion : for the time of pitying her, yea the time, hath come ;"—to *holy church*, and *chivalry*, precisely agrees with the disposition of both clergy and laity, and the king too, at the beginning of the Fifth Henry's reign. See stanza lxxxvii., where the following lines seem directly levelled against that brave man and truly Christian martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who was at that time committed to the flames as a heretic :

"Late nevere *knyghthod*, aghen the ryght,
Be lost with *tresoun and sotylté*."

Henry's persecuting resolution, to which he was urged on by the furious clergy, is also painted to the life, when he represents him as *presiding in Sion*, (the very name by which the monastery, that he founded at Isleworth, was called ;) thus:—

"*Syon* 'a merour' is, to say,
That God hath bygged,* and sett ful hye :
There sytt our kyng, be trewë fay,†
That shal herétykes alle distrye."‡

* Built.

† By the true faith.

‡ Destroy.

(Stanza xc.) He adds, that whosoever full heartily
prays for the king, thereby

“ Máyntenyth oure cherchē graciously,
And kepith it, as ye may see.”

But for these blemishes, one would think from the general piety that pervades the poem, from the hint given to oppressive tyrants in the 93rd stanza, and from the description of imprisoned sufferers, in the 94th, that the author was a Lollard. But, on the contrary, the editor cannot help conjecturing that he was the author of the poem *against Lollardie*, which is preserved in the Cottonian MS. *Vespasianus*, B. XVI, and printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*; the style and metre being very much like those of this paraphrase. Nor can he but observe, for the same reason, a probability that he was the author also of *The Ploughman's Tale*, which is inserted among the *Canterbury Tales*, in some old copies, as a supplement to Chaucer's work.

The author's religious notions were what might be expected of that dark age. He represents himself, in an elegant introduction, as restless, rising at midnight from his bed, repeating an *antiphona* from his breviary, going to his Confessor, and receiving instructions for the relief of his conscience, one of which was, to say over ‘these seven Psalms;’ which he proceeds to do, verse by

verse, making the first words of his favourite *antiphona* the burden of his meditation upon every one. Thus confession, absolution, and discipline, are the foundation ; and purgatory, the doctrines of hereditary depravity, and of the immaculate conception of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary alone, and the notion of a guardian angel constantly attending him, make their appearance, though scantily. (Stanzas XLVIII. LIX. CVIII.) It is remarkable that there is not one invocation of a saint or angel, or any mention of the Virgin Mary, but what has now been noticed. Probably the author designed his book for the instruction of his 'ghostly children,' being a *confessor* himself ; and therefore rather intended to represent one of them, and himself, in those respective characters, in the introductory passages.

The only other copy of this poem, known to the editor, is a fragment in the Harleian collection, No. 1704, of which volume the second MS. (ff. 13—75) is written on paper, in a hand of the end of the fifteenth century, imperfect at both ends. The first five leaves (ff. 13—17 b) contain 55 stanzas out of the 124 ; viz. from the 62nd to the beginning of the 116th, inclusively. All the variations are given in the notes, whereby it appears to be in many places inaccurate and corrupt ; and it is modernized throughout, after the common fashion of such copies. This fragment

is followed, after an interval of some pages, by a copy of bishop Alcock's famous allegorical "Tretis of the Abbey of the Holy Ghost," (ff. 32b—49); which circumstance has occasioned a grievous blunder in two eminent literary historians. For Wanley, in his account of this MS.* describes the poem as the *fourth* article thus, "4. A fragment of a comment upon the VII. Penitential Psalms, in old English verse;" then, as the *ninth* article, he gives the title of the "Tretis" above mentioned; adding a note, which merely refers to "another copie of this tretis," bearing the author's name, and then briefly notices his history, character, and death. Hence Warton, having confounded two articles, which stand at a considerable distance from each other, and have not the least connexion, enumerating Alcock's works, says: "A fragment of a comment upon the seven Penitential Psalms, in English verse, *is supposed to be* by Bishop Alcock, MSS. Harl. 1704. 4. fol. 13."† Ritson improves upon Warton's supposition, by stating it as a fact, thus: "ALCOCK, JOHN, Bishop of Ely, *is the author* of a comment upon the seven Penitential Psalms, in English verse. (Harl. MSS. 1704, imperfect.) He died in 1500."‡

* Harleian Catalogue, ii. 177.

† Warton's History of English Poetry, ed. 1824, 8vo. iii. 82.

‡ Biographia Poetica, p. 43.

Thus, confusion is the parent of mistake, and the grandmother of falsehood.

Having thus shown, that this work was not written by Bishop Alcock, but in all probability by the person named in the Sloane MS., (which was unknown to Warton and Ritson); it remains to show that this poem must not be confounded with an earlier one of the same kind, said to have been written by Richard Rolle, the hermit of Hampole, which is preserved in the Bodleian Library among Digby's MSS., No. 18. The first line, as quoted by Tanner* and Warton,†—*To Goddis worschippe that dere us boughte*; and the first line of the paraphrase on the Psalm “Domine, ne in furore tuo,” (xxxvii.)—*Lord in thin angre repreve me nought*;—are quite different from the first and 31st stanzas of Thomas Brampton's production, printed in the following pages.

The two Appendices of the present publication, were added by the Editor, on a supposition that the second of them was written by the same author as the Paraphrase: though this is by no means certain; yet it may have been an early metrical attempt by the same author. The language is less polished, and the orthography is of an older fashion than the larger poem; and it is perhaps

* Bibliotheca Britannica, p. 375.

† History of English Poetry, ii. 100.

remarkable, that, while Brampton's prospect of death was connected with the idea of being confined or "locked in *lead*," the humbler versifier of the Legendary Psalter (as it may be termed), thinks of his *winding sheet*, and of being "in clottus clunge" (page 54.) The first Appendix is given as the source of the other: they both afford instances of the superstitious value attached to prayers and other religious forms, (however destitute of devotional merit), when foisted upon the vulgar by a legend, ascribing their origin to a saint, or to an angel, or to the very devil himself! Many antient Breviaries or Manuals contain an Abridgment of the Psalter in Latin, ascribed to Saint Jerome; the prolix rubric of which says, "*Beatus vero IERONIMUS hoc modo disposuit breviter hoc Psalterium, ubi Angelus Domini docuit eum, per Spiritum Sanctum;*" and sets forth its manifold advantages. That consists of eight or nine pages of selections from the Psalms: but this of Saint Bernard beats it all to nothing; for he contrived to learn from the devil, *how to say over the whole Psalter in eight verses!* Surely the author of the second Appendix must have done a most commendable work, when he put this information, and the texts themselves, into the vulgar tongue, for general use! The introductory passage or legend in each Appendix, stands in rubric

in the MS. from which it is derived. But the most remarkable rubric of this kind, which the Editor can remember, is that of an "orison" in the Harleian MS. 2367, art. 10,* which was an universal charm: when a mass of our Lady had been said over it, "then bear this orison upon you," says the rubric, and it was warranted to render the wearer invulnerable, and what not!

The Editor will now merely add, that he has scrupulously followed the Sloane MS. in the text, only substituting *th* for the Anglo-Saxon þ, yet retaining the ȝ, (a modern representative of the Anglo Saxon ȝ,) conformably with the present practice; although he is strongly inclined to think that, in both instances, either the genuine old characters ought to be used, or *th* and *gh* substituted for them respectively. He has marked the final *e*, where long, with an accent; where short, with the usual note of a short syllable. The latter practice is invariable in these pages; and this, with an occasional application of an accent, or of the double points, where the rhythm of the verse is not obvious to the eye, he trusts will not be unacceptable to the reader. Some of the verses are full of anapæsts, which puzzle an inexperienced

* See Harleian Catalogue, ii. 670, where the whole rubric is printed.

reader of old English poetry, far more than the regular iambic measures of Chaucer, and other writers. Want of time alone has prevented the annexing of a concise glossary, which he originally designed.

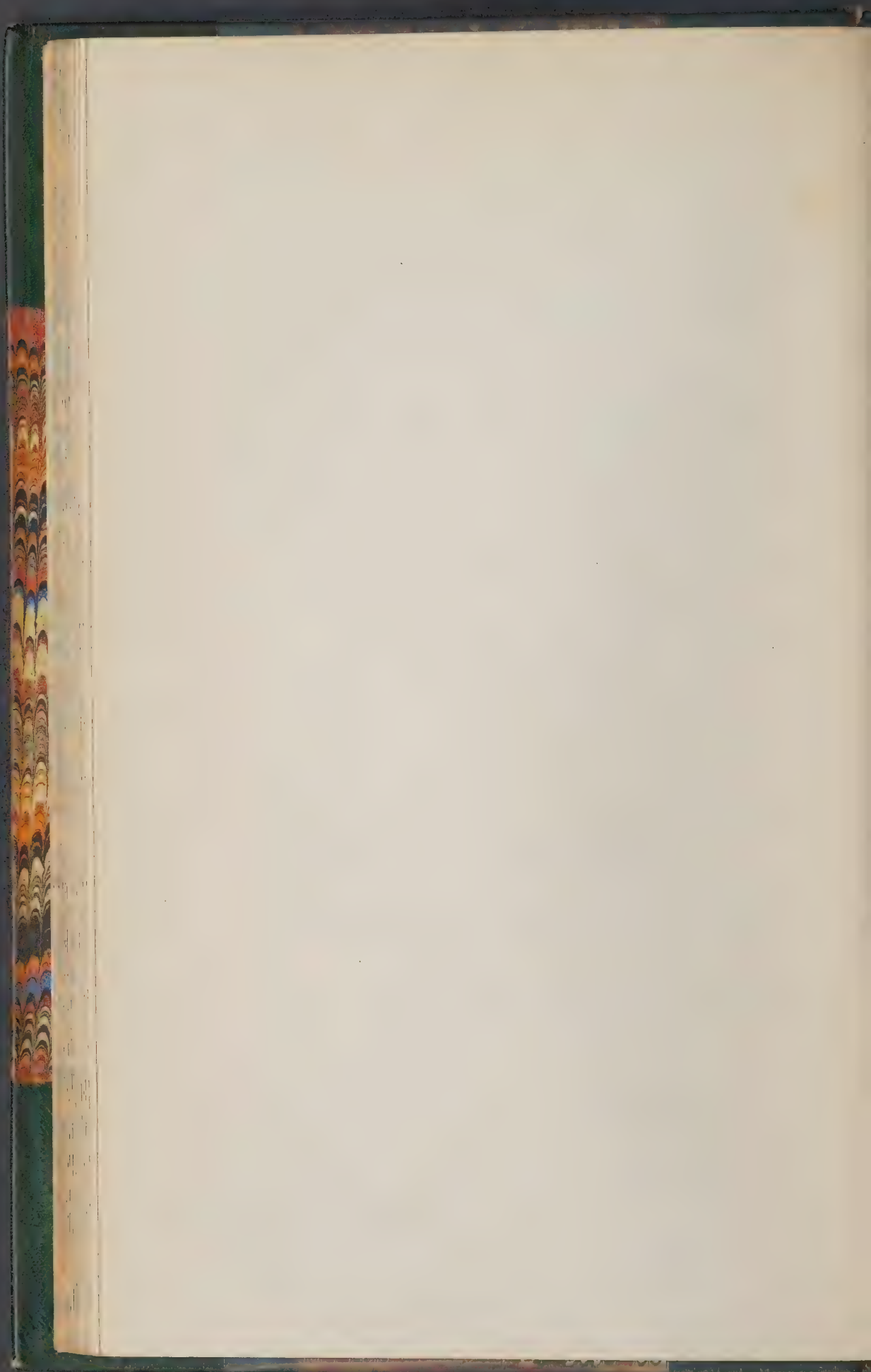
W. H. BLACK.

3, *Magdalen Row*,
Goodman's Fields,
31st *May*, 1842.

CONTENTS.

PARAPHRASE ON THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS:—

	PAGE
Introduction, stanzas I.-VI.	1
Psalm VI. (VI.) <i>Domine, ne in furore</i> , stanzas VII.-XVI.	3
— XXXI. (XXXII.) <i>Beati quorum remissæ</i> , stanzas XVII.-XXX.	7
— XXXVII. (XXXVIII.) <i>Domine, ne in furore</i> , stanzas XXXI.-LIII.	12
— L. (LI.) <i>Miserere mei, Deus</i> , stanzas LIV.-LXXIII.	21
— CI. (CII.) <i>Domine exaudi orationem</i> , stanzas LXXIV.-CII.	28
— CXXIX. (CXXX.) <i>De profundis clamavi</i> , stanzas CIII.-CX.	39
— CXLII. (CXLIII.) <i>Domine, exaudi orationem</i> , stanzas CXI.-CXXIV.	42
APPENDIX I. Legend of Saint Bernard and the Devil, about eight verses in the Psalter ; together with those verses and prayers in Latin	49
APPENDIX II. The same Legend in English ; with Paraphrase of the eight verses, in metre	51
NOTES	55
Verses on “The VII. Deedly Synnes”	61,62



HIC INCIPIUNT

SEPTEM PSALMI PENITENCIALES,

DE LATINO TRANSLATI IN ANGLICUM.

I.

IN wynter, whan the wedir was cold,
I ros at mydnyzt fro my rest,
And prayed to Jesu that he wold,
Be myn helpe, for he myzt best.
In myn herte anon I kest
How I had synned, and what degré :
I cryëd, knockyng up on my brest,
“ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !”

II.

Ne reminiscaris, Domine, delicta nostra, vel parentum nostrorum ; neque vindictam sumas de peccatis nostris. Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo, quem redemisti precioso sanguine tuo ; et ne in eternum irascaris nobis ; et ne des hereditatem tuam in perditionem.

That is to seye, “ Lord ! thynke no more
“ Of my mysdedis that I have wrought,

B

"I or my faderys here be fore,
 "That me in to this world have brought.
 "Of my mysdedys venge thé nought :
 "But graunte me mercy and pyté.
 "My woordys, my werkys, and wycked thought,
 "'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

III.

"Spare thy peple that is outrage,
 "We crye to the ful pytously ;
 "Lese nozt lyztly thyn herytage,
 "That thou hast lovyd so hertily.
 "Have mynde, Lord, how thou woldyst dy,
 "And hange ful hye up on a tre,
 "To save hym that wolde wilfully
 "Sey, 'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'"

IV.

With sorwefull herte and repentaunce,
 Un to my Confessour I zede,
 To schryve me clene and aske penaunce ;
 Ther to me thouzte I hadde gret nede.
 Myn herte for sorwe began to blede,
 And cowthe non other coumfort se,
 For wyl, and woord, and wicked dede,
 But 'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

V.

My Confessour coumfortyd me blyve,
 And seyde, "Thi synnes forzevyn are,
 "Zyf thou purpose to amende thi lyve,
 "God of his mercy will thé spare.

“ No synful man he wille forfare,
 “ That sory of his synnes wylle be :
 “ This woord schal coumforte all thi kare,
 “ ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

VI.

“ And ferthermore, for thi trespase,
 “ That thou hast don to God of hevene,
 “ Zif God wille sende thé lyif and space,—
 “ Thou shalt seyn thisē Psalmēs sevene :
 “ The bettyr with God thou mayst ben evene,
 “ Or evere thi soulē passe fro thé.
 “ Begynne, and seye with myldē stevene,
 “ ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’ ”

VII.

DOMINE, ne in furore tuo arguas me : neque in ira tua corripias me.

LORD ! will thou nozt me schame ne schende,
 Whan thou schalt be in thi fersnesse,
 To dredfull dome whan I schal wende ?
 Helde nozt thi wretthe on my frealnesse,
 Thi derworthi childeryn whan thou schalt blesse,
 And bydde hem come to blysse with thé :
 Mi synfull werkys more and lesse,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris Domine !’

VIII.

*Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum :
 sana me, Domine, quoniam conturbata sunt omnia
 ossa mea.*

Sythen thou woldyst no man were lost,
 Have mercy on me, for I am seke.
 Helē me, for my bonys are brost,
 And rewe on alle that will be meke.
 Thi pyté, Lord, encrese and eke,
 To alle that wille repentaunt be,
 And wille with sorweful hertē seke,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

IX.

*Et anima mea turbata est valde: tu, Domine,
 usquequo?*

My soule begynneth to tremble and qwake!
 How longe schal it with dreed be schent?
 Late noȝt thyn ymage be forsake,
 Made with so good avysēment.
 Sythe man was made be full assent
 Of the blyssed Trinité;
 Thowȝ he do mys, and after repent,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

X.

*Convertere, Domine, et eripe animam meam:
 saluum me fac propter misericordiam tuam.*

Turne thé, Lord, and tarye nowȝt,
 Thin owen lyknes to helpe and save.
 Delyvere hem alle that thou hast bought,
 And graunte hem mercy that will it crave.
 Thynke, thou madyst bothe kyng and knave:
 Therfore of mercy be so fre,
 That no man wante, that wille it have.
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XI.

Quoniam non est in morte qui memor sit tui : in inferno autem quis confitebitur tibi ?

Whan man is seek, and nedys muste dye,
(As every man schal do be kynde,)
After mercy he kan nozt crye,
For sykenes revyth hym his mynde.
Therefore, I rede, be nozt be hynde,
Whil mercy is in gret plenté :
For in helle myzt neverē man fynde
'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XII.

Laboravi in gemitu meo : lavabo per singulas noctes lectum meum : lacrimis meis stratum meum rigabo.

My travayle is, bothe nyght and day,
To wepe and weylē for my synne :
With bittere terys I schal asay
To wassche the bed that I lye inne.
Whoso evere hevene will wynne,
In endeles blysse evere more to be,
This vers he mustē ofte begynne,
'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XIII.

Turbatus est a furore oculus meus : inveteravi inter omnes inimicos meos.

Myn eyin ben wexin al derke for drede ;
My wickednes is drawyn on elde ;
My soule is wrappyd in wofull wede,
For synne I have forsake ful selde.

Lord ! fro sorwe and schame me schelde !
 Myn helpe, myn hele, it lythe in thé !
 Therfore I crye, in town and felde,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XIV.

*Discedite a me omnes qui operamini iniquitatem :
 quoniam exaudivit Dominus vocem fletus mei.*

Whan thou schalt deme bothe grete and smale,
 That day we nedys muste abyde.
 Fro Iosaphath, that gret vale,
 There is no man that may hym hyde.
 Thanne sette me, Lord, on thi ryzt syde,
 And cursede wretchys departe fro me.
 Wepying I preye, azens that tyde,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XV.

*Exaudivit Dominus deprecationem meam : Do-
 minus oracionem meam suscepit.*

Whanne gode and ille here mede schal take,
 As they ben worthi wo or wele,
 Late me nozt thannē be forsake;
 Sythe I have lefte my synnēs fele.
 Suffere no feend me thanne apele,
 Whanne the laste judgēment schal be.
 Late me be syker, whil I have hele,
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XVI.

*Erubescant et conturbentur vehementer omnes ini-
 mici mei : convertantur et erubescant valde velociter.*

Whanne thei, that lyven azens thi lawe,
 Schul be schent with open schame,
 To thy mercy I wille me drawe,
 And kepe my soulē oute of blame.
 Thi mercy, Lord, I muste ataine,
 Whan myn enmyes dampnyd schul be :
 For evere I crye, and seye the same,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XVII.

BEATI *quorum remisse sunt iniquitates ; et
 quorum tecta sunt peccata.*

They may be syker of hevene blys,
 That han forzevenes of here synne.
 Thi mercy hydeth that is amys,
 Of wickede werkys ȝyf thei will blynne.
 Whan body and soule departe atwynne,
 All worldys frenschippe away will fle :
 Thou getyst non helpe, of sybbe nor kynne,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XVIII.

*Beatus vir, cui non imputavit Dominus peccatum ;
 nec est in spiritus ejus dolus.*

Zyf God, that made all thyng of nouȝt,
 Of no synnē may thé apeche,
 In dedē doon, or hertē thouȝt,
 Ne gyle ne falsnes in my speche ;
 Thanne, ȝif it be as clerkys teche,
 Of endeles blysse I dowte noȝt me.
 Zyf I be seek, this is my leche,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XIX.

Quoniam tacui, inveteraverunt ossa mea; dum clamarem tota die.

My medefull werkys, that ben ful fewe,
 Zyf I go telle hem every where;
 My synne[s], that I in schryfte schulde schewe,
 I kepe hem clos for schame or fere;—
 Thanne waxe thei olde, and done me dere;
 I rote as dooth a bowe on tre.
 Therfore, er I be leyd on bere,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

XX.

Quoniam die ac nocte graviter est super me manus tua: conversus sum in erumpna mea, dum configitur spina.

The hand of vengeaunce, more and more,
 Is up on me bothe day and nyzt;
 The prycke of conseyence grevyth me sore,
 As often as I do unryzt:
 But mercy, Lord! as thou hast hyzt
 To alle tho that wyl turne un to thé.
 I kan no socour in thys plyzt,
 But, ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

XXI.

Delictum meum cognitum tibi feci: et injusticiam meam non abscondi.

My trespas and myn unryztwysnesse
 I knowleche, and my synnës fele.
 Thowȝ I wolde hyde my wickydnesse,
 My conseyence willë me apele.

I synne al day, for I am frele;
 It is mannys infirmyté:
 Whan no man may his gylte concele,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXII.

*Dixi, Confitebor adversum me injusticiam meam
 Domino: et tu remisisti impietatem peccati mei.*

Zyf thou, with good avysément,
 Of thi synnës wilt thé schryve,
 Thi soule in helle schal nevere be schent,
 Whil thou wilt here thi penaunce dryve.
 Amende thi lyif (I rede the blyve)
 Er evere thi wittës fro thé fle;
 And thynke wel, whil thou art on lyve,
 On ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXIII.

*Pro hac orabit ad te omnis sanctus, in tempore
 oportuno.*

Thow3 thou be holy in woord and dede,
 And besy thi God to plese and pay,
 To more mercy thou hast gret nede,
 Zyf thou thi conseyens wylt asay.
 Sevenë sythes up on a day,
 The ry3twyse fallyth, Cryist seyth to thé:
 But who so cryith, he seyde nevere nay,
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXIV.

*Verumptamen in diluvio aquarum multarum, ad
 eum non approximabunt.*

Thou mayst noȝt come to God above,
 Throwȝ thi fleshly governaunce :
 Lust and lykyng ȝyf thou love,
 The ende therof is bitter chaunce.
 Thou mayst noȝt serve bothe, with plesaunce,
 Cryist and the feend, in no degré.
 Serve God ; and seye, with repentaunce,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXV.

Tu es refugium meum a tribulacione que circum-
dedit me. Exultacio mea ! erue me a circundantibus
me.

Thou art myn helpe in al dyssece !
 Whan I am wrappyd in wele or wo,
 I schulde be besy thé to plese,
 But, alas ! I do noȝt so.
 Delyvere me, Lord, fro many a fo,
 That nyȝt and day envyroun me.
 For helpe I kan no ferthere go,
 But to ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXVI.

Intellectum tibi dabo, et instruam te in via qua
gradieris : firmabo super te oculos meos.

Graunte me gracē wisdam and witt,
 Thi lawe to understande and lere,
 That I nevere gylte azens itt,
 Wher evere I go, fer or nere.
 I pray thé, Lord, be thou my fere ;
 And pitously beholde, and se
 How I crye, whil I am here,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXVII.

Nolite fieri sicut equus et mulus : quibus non est intellectus.

I am full dull and ryzt unwyse,
As beestys that kan no resoun take ;
Slowe and slak in thi servyse,
And seldē suffre for thi sake.
To thé my moörnynge I make,
On me have mercy and pyté.
There may no thyng my sorwe aslake,
But “ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !”

XXVIII.

In chamo et freno maxillas eorum constringe ; qui non approximant ad te.

Lord ! drawe hym to thé with a brydel,
That will nozt comē with good wylle ;
And streyne here chekys fro woordys ydell,
That kan nozt holdyn here tungys style.
But, Lord ! late nevere mannes soulē spyllē,
That axyth mercy and grace of thé,
And mekely puttyth to thé this bylle,
‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXIX.

Multa flagella peccatoris : sperantem autem in Domino misericordia circumdabit.

The scourge of God is sharp and kene,
Whanne synnē among men is ryif ;
Often he betyth hem by dene,
To drawe hem fro here wycked lyif.

He sparyth neythir man ne wyif,
 Ne non astatē nor degré :
 There is no thyng may stynte this stryif,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXX.

*Letamini in Domino, et exultate justi : et gloria-
 mini omnes recti corde.*

In herte thei may be merye and glad,
 That ryȝtfully here lyif lede,
 And kepe the lawe that Cryist bad,
 In thouȝt, in woord, and eke in dede.
 God willē qwyte hem here mede,
 In endles blysse when thei schul be .
 Here nedys may no thyng bettyr spede,
 Than ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXI.

DOMINE, ne in furore tuo arguas me : neque in
 ira tua corripias me.

Lord ! ȝif thou be fers and sterne,
 As ofte tyme as thou schewyst outward,
 And I trespase azens thé ȝerne,
 To thé I am rehell and froward.
 Ryghtwysnesse to me is hard,
 But it with mercy mengyd be :
 To this woord, Lord, have reward,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXII.

*Quoniam sagitte tue infixæ sunt michi : et confir-
 masti super me manum tuam.*

Thyn arwys ben scharpe and persyn myn herte ;
 Thi vengeance woundyth me ful depe ;
 Thou makyst my body sore to smerte,
 For thou woldist my soule kepe.
 I kan no more but weyle and wepe ;
 Thin hand is sore set on me :
 In to my grave er evere I crepe,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXIII.

*Non est sanitas in carne mea, a facie ire tue : non
 est pax ossibus meis, a facie peccatorum meorum.*

In my flesch I have non hele :
 Of synne comyth sorwe, and that is sene :
 My synful body is fals and frele,
 And dooth my spirite gret angyr and tene.
 There is no peës hem betwene,
 But evermore stryif and enmyté.
 My synfull werkis, alle be dene,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXIV.

*Quoniam iniquitates mee supergresse sunt caput
 meum : et sicut onus grave, gravate sunt super me.*

My gylt is growyn over myn heed ;
 All wyckidnesse in me is founde :
 My synnes ben hevy as hevy leed,
 Thei drawe me down on to the grounde.
 The feende with synne hath me so bounde,
 Bothe hand and foot, I may nozt fle :
 No thyng may make me saaf and sounde,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXV.

Putruerunt et corrupte sunt cicatrices mee ; a facie insipientie mee.

My soule is comberyd with sorwe and synne :
 Lord ! have pyté of my grevaunce.
 My woundës festryn and rotyn with inne,
 Be cause of unwyse governaunce.
 Who so wille scape a carefull chaunce,
 Whan all oure lyif demyd schall be ;
 He muste be forn make purveaunce,
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXVI.

Miser factus sum, et curvatus sum usque in finem : tota die contristatus ingrediebar.

I am a wreeche and feble of myght,
 And drawë faste toward myn ende ;
 I may nozt go ne stonde aryght,
 Mi bak begynneth for to bende.
 Sorwe and syknesse wil me schende ;
 Al day I make my mone to thé :
 For now have I non othir freende,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XXXVII.

Quoniam lumbi mei impleti sunt illusionibus : et non est sanitas in carne mea.

My spirite and my flesch, in fere,
 The feend is besy to begyle :
 As longe as I have lyved here,
 He is aboute with many a wyle,

Bothe body and soule to defyle :
 I may nozt scape his cruelté.
 Ther is non helpě, in this whyle,
 But ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XXXVIII.

*Afflictus sum et humiliatus sum nimis : rugiebam
 a gemitu cordis mei.*

Syknesse makyth me lowe and meke ;
 I am turmentyd in wo and peyne.
 Thow3 thou woldyst my sorwe eke,
 I hadde no mater of thé to pleyne.
 I am worthy (I may nozt feyne)
 To suffre more, 3yf it lyke thé.
 With contrite herte, I turne ageyne
 To ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XXXIX.

*Domine ! ante te omne desiderium meum : et gemitus
 meus a te non est absconditus.*

Thou knowyst myn herte and all my wille :
 My sorwe I may nozt fro thé hyde :
 Suffre nevere my soule to spylle,
 Ne no myscheef me betyde.
 Now fadyth and fallyth all my pryde :
 For erthe I was, and erthe schal be.
 Thi mercy only I abyde :
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XL.

*Cor meum conturbatum est ; dereliquit me virtus
 mea : et lumen oculorum meorum et ipsum non est
 mecum.*

Homward I drawe un to my rest ;
 My myght and syzt away is went.
 Myn hertē is in poynt to brest,
 For dreed of hardē jugēment.
 Lord ! late me nevere be schamyd nor schent,
 Thi ferdefull face whan I schal se ;
 Nor non that cryeth, with good entent,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLI.

Amici mei et proximi mei : adversum me appropinquaverunt, et steterunt.

Kyn and knowleche, at myn ende,
 Whan I have nede, begynneth to fayle.
 He, that was sumtyme my frende,
 Is noȝt aschamyd me to assayle.
 That I have getyn with sore travayle,
 Men ben a boutyn to ȝyve fro me.
 There is no thyng may me avayle,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLII.

Et qui juxta me erant, de longe steterunt : et vim faciebant, qui querebant animam meam.

Summe that were sumtyme ful nye,
 Untrewly now han me forsake :
 Thei stryve ful faste, whan I schal dye,
 My wordely godys for to take.
 Thus falsnesse is the worldys make ;
 And feythfull freendys fewe there be.
 Er ryghtwysnesse be fully wake,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLIII.

Et qui inquirebant mala michi, locuti sunt vanitates : et dolos tota die meditabantur.

Whanne I may no lengere lyve,
Myn enemyes spekyn of me full ille :
Zyf I myzte an answeere gyve,
They woldē kepe here tungys styлле.
Thus al day falsnesse hath his wyлле,
For frenschyp feyned is enemyté :
Folys ben favouryd all here fylle.
'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !

XLIV.

Ego autem, tanquam surdus, non audiebam : et sicut mutus non aperiens os suum.

Myn erys and my mowth I dytt,
As I myzte neyther speke nor here :
For now men sēyn, it is wytt
To thynke my fylle and make good chere.
Thus every day we be to lere,
'As fortune chaungyth, so muste we :'
In erthe I fynde no feythful fere,
But 'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XLV.

Et factus sum sicut homo non audiens : et non habens in ore suo redarguciones.

As I herde nouzt, I holde my pes ;
In woord I dar no man repreve :
Zyf truthe will puttyn hym in pres,
He may sone dysplese and greve.

Now soothfastnesse hath takyn his leve,
 And wytt is turned to vanyté !
 It is gret nede this woord to meve,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLVI.

*Quoniam in te, Domine, speravi: tu exaudies
 me, Domine Deus meus !*

Lord ! whan I on to thé calle,
 Forgyve me my synnës more and lesse:
 Thou art governour of alle,
 Welle and roote of all goodnesse !
 Late nozt myn enemyes me oppresse;
 Myn hope, myn helpe, it is in thé.
 Whan thou schalt all wrong redresse,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLVII.

*Quia dixi, Nequando supergaudeant mihi inimici
 mei: et, dum commoventur pedes mei, super me magna
 locuti sunt.*

Late nozt myn enemyes makyn here game
 Of me, whan I am lokyn in leed;
 Ne with here tungys blemysch my name,
 And speke me ille whan I am deed.
 Er evere my feet and myn heed
 Be leyde a lyke, (as they muste be,)
 To have in mynde, it is best reed,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLVIII.

*Quoniam ego in flagella paratus sum: et dolor
 meus in conspectu meo semper.*

Here no lengere taryen I may ;
 In erthe I schal no lengere dwelle :
 Hardē peynes I muste asay,
 In purgatorye, or ellys in helle.
 The ferdefull feendys, ferse and fell,
 On me will schewyn here cruelté ;
 But I kunne summē tydinges telle
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XLIX.

*Quoniam iniquitatem meam annuntiabo : et cogi-
 tabo pro peccato meo.*

My wyckydnesse I nedys schal schewe,
 Before my dredefull jugys face ;
 Whethyr my synnes be manye or fewe,
 I schal have ryght thanne, and no grace.
 Thanne schal mercy be ful seace,
 Whan ryghtwysnesse and equité
 Schal puttyn a wey, out of his place,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

L.

*Inimici autem mei vivunt, et confirmati sunt super
 me : et multiplicati sunt, qui oderunt me inique.*

More ovyr, my peynēs to encrese,
 Myn enmyes that be lefte behynde,
 They multiplie and will noȝt cese :
 Here hatrede and here wratthe I fynde ;
 In woord and werk, thei ben unkynde,
 Whan I am deed to pursewe me.
 They sette ful seldē in here mynde,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LI.

*Qui retribuunt mala pro bonis, detrahebant michi :
quoniam sequebar bonitatem.*

Now I am ful lytel bounde
To manye, that were to me beholde ;
Whan I am deed, and leyd in grounde,
Here love is waxen wonder colde.
They bakby'te me manye folde ;
Evyll for good thei qwyten me :
I am aferd thei be to bolde
Of ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LII.

*Ne derelinquas me, Domine Deus meus ! ne dis-
cesseris a me.*

Now fleschly freendys have I none :
Lord ! to thé my soule I take.
I hope and truste in thé alone,
That thou wylt me nevere forsake.
Thou mäyst best my sorwe aslake.
Departe nozt, Lord, away fro me.
To thi mercy my mone I make,
' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LIII.

*Intende in adjutorium meum : Domine Deus sa-
lutis mee !*

Thowz I in flesch be syke and frele,
Of my soule, god[e] Lord ! take hede.
In thé only is hope and hele:
Thou art myn helpe at every nede.

Thi mercy thou wylt no man forbede,
 Tyl the body and soule departyd be:
 Thanne is to late to synge, or rede,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LIV.

*MISERERE mei, Deus! secundum magnam
 misericordiam tuam.*

Mercy, Lord, I calle and crye :
 Thi mercy is redy in every place.
 Thow3 I have lyved ful synfullye,
 I putte me fully in thi grace.
 There is no synne, before thi face,
 So grete as mercy and pyté.
 To synfull man thou were nevere scace
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LV.

*Et, secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,
 dele iniquitatem meam.*

To me thi mercy multiplie,
 And lesē no3t that thou hast bow3t.
 Putte away, Lord ! gracyouslye,
 My wicked werkys that I have wrow3t.
 Thow3 I thi mercy déserve now3t,
 Zyt it is thi propirté,
 To sparē hem that mekely sow3t,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LVI.

*Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea : et a peccato
 meo munda me.*

Wasschē me, Lord ! ferthermore,
 Fro synne that grevyth me ful ille ;
 That there leve no prevy sore,
 Ne circumstaunce that longyth ther tylle.
 Make me clene fro woord and wylle,
 And kepe me, for thyn honesté.
 Therfore I présente thé this bylle,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LVII.

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco : et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

I am aknowe my synfull lyif,
 That I have led fro tendyr age :
 But 3yf thi mercy to me were ryif,
 To peyne schulde be my pilgrymage.
 Myn owen dedys, that ben outrage,
 Before thi sy3t accusyn me :
 But to thi mercy I do homage.
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LVIII.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci : ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

I have synned to thé alone,
 And forfetyd ofte before thi sy3t :
 Zyf I will leve my synnes ilkone,
 Grace and mercy thou hast behy3t.
 Schewe, Lord ! how they do unry3t,
 That seyn thou wylt no3t rewe on me,
 Whanne I crye, bothe day and ny3t,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LIX.

Ecce enim ! in iniquitatibus conceptus sum : et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Of my modyr I was conceyved
In synne, and so was every chylde,
(After that Adam was dysceyved,)
Sauf Cryist alone and Marie mylde.
The feend ther to hath maad ful wylde
My flesch, my soule with `innē me ;
But 3yf I kunne the bettyr bylde,
'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LX.

Ecce enim ! veritatem dilexisti : incerta et occulta sapientie tue manifestasti michi.

Zyf I my synne will nozt excuse,
But telle it trewly as it is ;
I truste thou wilt nozt me refuse,
Thow3 I do oftē tyme amys.
Thannē thi wysdam will me wis,
To knowe so weel thi pryvyté,
That I schal nozt fayle of thys,
'Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LXI.

Asperges me, Domine, ysopo et mundabor : lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Sprenkle me, Lord ! with watyr of terys,
That myn herte be pourgyd clene.
Wysse me fro my wylde gerys,
And wassche my synne away be dene :

As snow, that fallyth in fyldēs grene,
Is whyzt and bryzt, so schal I be;
Thanne schal the werkyng be ful sene
Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXII.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et leticiam: et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

My synnē 3yf I nozt defende,
But aske mercy’ with sorwefull chere,
And my lyif mekēly amende,
God will my bonē gladly here.
He will nozt lese that is bouzt dere
Wyth bytter deth up on a tre,
As longe as we wyll lowely here
Seye ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXIII.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis: et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

My wicked werkys thou putte away,
And fro my synnēs turne thi face,
Sorwe and syzhyng is my pley,
Wher evere I be in ony place.
I am nozt worthy to have thi grace,
And ryztwysnesse I may nozt fle:
But, myghtfull Lord ! be nozt scece
Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXIV.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus ! et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

Myn herte hath be dyffoyled with synne ;
 My spirit was to thé untrewē.
 Clense me, Lord ! therfore with inne ;
 A ryghtful spiryte in me renewe,
 That I may evere synne esschewe.
 And 3yf I forfete, of frealté,
 To thi mercy I will pursewe,
 Wyth ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXV.

*Ne proicias me a facie tua : et spiritum sanctum
 tuum ne auferas a me.*

Fro thi face castē thou me nouȝt,
 Thowȝ I be úntrewē and unkynde.
 Zyf I trespàce in dede or thouȝt,
 Lete noȝt thi mercy be behynde.
 Of my frealnesse, gode Lord, have mynde.
 Thyne holy spirite take noȝt fro me ;
 And 3yf thou do, how schal I fynde
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine ?’

LXVI.

*Redde michi leticiam salutaris tui : et spiritu prin-
 cipali confirma me.*

Fadyr, that art of myghtēs most !
 Graunte me gladnésse of soulȝs hele.
 Conferme me with the holy gost ;
 And lete me nevere with feendȝ dele.
 Forsake me noȝt in wo ne in wele ;
 For evere I have nede to thé :
 And 3yf thou do, I will apele
 To ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXVII.

Docebo iniquos vias tuas : et impii ad te convertentur.

The weyis that ben to God in hye,
 Ful gladly I schal telle and teche,
 Wher evere I be in cumpanye ;
 Of tho only schal be my speche.
 To turne synfull men fro wreche,
 Ensaumple they may take of me :
 For I cowde nevere fynde othyr leche,
 But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXVIII.

*Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus, Deus salutis mee!
 et exultabit lingua mea justiciam tuam.*

I may nozt overcome the feende ;
 His malyce I kan nozt fully felle :
 He steryth my flesch, me to schende ;
 It waxith sturdy and rebelle.
 Of helthe and hele thou art the welle !
 Fro fleschly lust thou delyvere me ;
 That ryztfully my tunge may telle,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXIX.

Domine, labia mea aperies : et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

My mouth schal preyse thé day and nyzt,
 My lyppes to thé schull opyn wyde ;
 Thé to serve myn herte is lyzt ;
 Evere more with thé I wyll abyde,

Zyf I my trespace will noȝt hyde,
 But lowely aske mercy of thé.
 I crye to thé in ilke a tyde,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXX.

*Quoniam, si voluisses sacrificium, dedissem utique :
 holocaustis non delectaberis.*

Of beeste that is unresonable,
 Thou desyrest no sacryfyse.
 That mannys lyvyng be covenable,
 And redy un to thi servyse,—
 That is all thi coveytise,—
 That I love God as he doth me.
 I may no bettyr offry’ng devyse,
 Than ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXI.

Sacrificium Deo, spiritus contribulatus : cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicias.

Zyf thou wilt offere, to God of hevene,
 A spyrit of gret repentaunce;
 Thowȝ thou be gylty of synnës sevene,
 A sorwefull herte is Goddys plesaunce.
 Syn thou wylt noȝt thi self avaunce,
 God wyll noȝt dispysen thé;
 Whil thou wylt make good ordynaunce
 Of ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXII.

*Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua, Syon :
 ut edificentur muri Iherusalem.*

My soule, that often hath be distryed,
 Graunte me thi wyll to bygge ageyn.
 Thi goodnesse was nevere 3yt denyed :
 There hath no man matèr to pleyne.
 Thi bounté passyth, as alle men seyn,
 All that was or evere schal be ;
 And ellys my speche were all in veyn,
 Of ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXIII.

*Nunc acceptabis sacrificium justicie, oblationes et
 holocausta : tunc imponent super altare tuum vitulos.*

Offryng and schedyng of beestys blood
 Were made in awterys, in figure
 Of Cryist, that deyid up on the rood,
 To raunsoun synfull creäture.
 Whan I do ony forfetur,
 A contrite heart I offere to thé :
 Accepte this, Lord, for ryzt rekure,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXIV.

*DOMINE ! exaudi oracionem mea[m] : et clamor
 meus ad te veniat.*

HERE me, Lord, I calle and crye :
 Thou art my comfort in wele and wo.
 Accepte my prayère gracyously ;
 I trustē fully thou wylt do so.
 Zyf thou fayle me I knowe no mo :
 In dyspeyr thannē levyst thou me.
 I am but lost, 3yf I forgo
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXV.

*Non avertas faciem tuam a me : in quacumque
die tribulor, inclina ad me aurem tuam.*

Fro me turne nozt away thi face,
Thowz I to thé be often unkynde.
Ful selde thowz I deserve thi grace,
Whan thou art wroth, of mercy have mynde.
Zyf I seke grace, lete me it fynde ;
And goodly thyn erys bowe to me.
Fro synne may no thyng me unbynde,
But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXVI.

*In quacumque die invocavero te : velociter exaudi
me.*

Every day to synne I falle,
And selde do ryght and oftē wrong :
Zyf I be sory, and to thé calle,
Lete nozt thi mercy tarye to longe.
Sprede thi grace on me amonge,
Whan I have synned in ony degré.
For trust to thé, this is my songe,
‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXVII.

*Quia defecerunt, sicut fumus, dies mei : et ossa
mea, sicut cremium, aruerunt.*

My dayes begynne to fayle and fade ;
Thei wanyssche as smoke, whan it is hye :
My bonys were stronge, and myghtyly made ;
But now thei clynge, and waxe all drye.

This is a tokene that I schal dye :
 My day is sett, I schal noȝt fle.
 I take me fully to thi mercy :
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXVIII.

*Percussus sum ut fenum, et aruit cor meum : quia
 oblitus sum comedere panem meum.*

I am smetyn down, and begynne to welwe,
 As heyȝ that lythe aȝens the sunne :
 I have no myght my mete to swelwe ;
 For dry myn herte to gydere is runne.
 My deth with inne me is begunne ;
 I falle as doth the leef on tre :
 My soule I hope to blysse be wunne,
 With ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXIX.

A voce gemitus mei : adhesit os meum carni mee.

For sorwe my lyppës cleve to gyder ;
 My mouth[ě] hath no myght to speke :
 I may noȝt meve me hyder ne thyder ;
 Myn herte for wo begynneth to breke.
 For stark, my lemys I may not streke.
 Mercyfull Lord ! rewě on me !
 And wickyd werkys whan thou schalt wreke,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXX.

*Similis factus sum pelicano solitudinis : factus
 sum sicut nicticorax in domicilio.*

To dreedful deth I am dyȝt,
 As a pelycan in wyldyrnesse ;

And as a backe, that flyith be nyzt,
 I am withdrawyn fro all goodnesse.
 Thou helyst my woundys more and lesse ;
 With thyn herte blood thou wasschyst me :
 As oftyn I kan fynde wytnesse;
 At ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LXXXI.

Vigilavi: et factus sum sicut passer solitarius in tecto.

I dar nozt slepe, but ever more wake,
 As a sparwe that is alone.
 The feend is busy my soule to take ;
 And frendys have I fewe or none.
 Whan wordely trust away is gone,
 All hope and helpe it is in thé :
 To thi mercy' I make my mone ;
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LXXXII.

Tota die exprobrabant michi inimici mei: et, qui laudabant me, adversum me jurabant.

Myn enmyes often me reprevyn,
 And bakbyte me with outen enchésoun :
 Now may no man othir levyn,
 For wylfulness is holde resoun ;
 All day we se in trust is tresoun,
 And preysing prevyd sotylté.
 False othys ben now nozt gesoun :
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LXXXIII.

Quia cinerem tanquam panem manducabam: et potum meum cum fletu miscebam.

Asschys I eete in stede of brede,
 My drynk is watyr that I wepe ;
 Whan I thynke I schal be deed,
 Be turnyd to asschys, and lye ful depe.
 My deth evermore in mynde I kepe ;
 I wote nozt whanne myn ende schal be :
 In to my grave er evere I crepe,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXXIV.

A facie ire indignationis tue : quia elevans assisti me.

Sythen thou woldyst my soule avaunce,
 And make me eyr of hevene blysse ;
 I am worthy the more penaunce,
 As often as I do amysse.
 Fro thi wratthe who schal me wysse,
 Whan sorwe and synne schul vengyd be ?
 All myn hope schal lyin in thysse,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXXV.

Dies mei, sicut umbra, declinaverunt : et ego sicut fenum arui.

My dayes as schadewe waxe drye and derke,
 On me no lyght of grace may schyne ;
 Deth on me hath set his merke :
 As gres in medewe I drye and dwyne.
 My synnes I drede thei schul be myne,
 And more schal I nozt bere with me ;
 But 3yf I make the bettere my fyne,
 Wyth ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXXVI.

Tu autem, Domine, in eternum permanes : et memoriale tuum in generatione[m] et generatione[m].

There lastyth no thyng but thou alone ;
 For here may I nozt longe abyde.
 Whan my soule in peyne schal grone,
 What schal avayle me all my pryde ?
 Lust and lykyng I sette be syde ;
 And sette evermore my mynde in thé.
 I prey thé, that thou wylt nozt hyde
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXXVII.

Tu exurgens, Domine, misereberis Syon : quia tempus miserendi ejus, quia venit tempus.

Have mercy of Syon, Davydes towr,
 That signyfyeth the ordre of knyzt ;
 They schulde be holy cherchys socour,
 And máyntēne the feyth with al here myzt.
 Late nevere knyztthod, azen the ryght,
 Be lost with tresoun and sotylté.
 For we preye, bothe day and nyzt,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

LXXXVIII.

Quoniam placuerunt servis tuis lapides ejus : et terre ejus miserebuntur.

Every knyzt is callyd a ston
 Of Syon, for holy cherchis defens ;
 And goddys servauntys, everylkon,
 Thei schulde plese, with gret reverens.

Thanne wratthe schulde slake, and al offens;
 And mercy on erthe schulde be so fre,
 That preyerys schulde turne all vyolens
 To ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

LXXXIX.

*Et timebunt gentes nomen tuum, Domine ! et
 omnes reges terre gloriam tuam.*

All peple in erthe thi name schal drede,
 And kyngës to thi blysse schul bende.
 Of thi grace a kyng hath nede :
 Mercyfull Lord, be thou his frende !
 For thou only mayst save, or schende,
 Bothe hye and lowe of iche degré.
 Lete hym nevere forfeite, thruȝ the fende,
 Azens ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XC.

*Quia edificavit Dominus Syon : et videbitur in
 gloria sua.*

Syon a merour is, to say,
 That God hath bygged and sett ful hye :
 There sytt oure kyng, be trewë fay,
 That schal herétykes alle distrye.
 He máyntěnyth oure cherchë gracyouslye,
 And kepyth it, (as ȝe may se),
 That preyith for hym ful hertylye,
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XCI.

*Respexit in oracionem humilium : et non spreuit
 precem eorum.*

Zyf lordys willen to God be meke,
 And leve cruelté and coveytise,
 Holy cherche to encrese and eke,
 And worschyp God in his servyse;
 Thanne will nozt God prayerys dispyse,
 For kyng and for the comounté,
 Whan we syngen, in devoutē wyse,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCII.

*Scribantur hec in generatione altera : et populus,
 qui creabitur, laudabit Dominum.*

Mekenes of kynges in bokys is wretyn,
 As of David and Ezechye ;
 For othere aftyr hem schulde wetyn,
 How thei schulde lyvē vertouslye,
 And thanke here God, that sytt on hye,
 That formyth and stabelyth kyngēs see,
 To kynges that trustyn stedfastlye
 To ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCIII.

*Quia prospexit de excelso sancto suo : Dominus
 de celo in terram aspexit.*

God beholdyth bothe more and lesse,
 Fro hevене there he sytteth in trone,
 How térauntys in erthe his peple oppresse,
 That han non helpe but hym alone.
 As thei dore, they make here mone,
 To hym that all oure Juge schal be :
 For alle here freendys ben i gone,
 Saaf ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCIV.

*Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum : et solveret
filios interemptorum.*

God heryth his peple weyle and wepe,
That lyeth in feterys boundē sore :
In stokkys, and in prysons depe,
Thei curse the tyme that thei were bore.
Here faderys were slāyn hem before;
And they be faste, and mowe noȝt fle :
Helpe ne frenschypp have thei no more,
But ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XCV.

*Ut annuncient in Syon nomen Domini : et laudem
ejus in Iherusalem.*

This name is knowyn of kyng and knyȝt,
In the mount of Syon, that thou ches.
Thou art preysid, bothe day and nyȝt,
In Ierusalem the cyté of pes.
Presthod of preysing schal noȝt ces :
For thou hast made thi peple fre.
Thy mercy hath made a ful reles,
With ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

XCVI.

*In conveniendo populos in unum ; et reges, ut
serviant Domino.*

Preestys, parfyȝt in here lyvyng,
Schulde teche the peple the ryȝt way ;
And tellyn knyȝtes, comounnerys, and kyng,
How thei schulde servē God, to pay ;

And stere hem, all that evere thei may,
 To pes, [and] love, and charyté;
 And for the peple synge, and say,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCVII.

*Respondit ei in via virtutis sue: paucitatem
 dierum meorum nuncia michi.*

The weye to vertew I wolde fayne lere,
 In bodily lyif whil I have space:
 For my tyme is lytel here;
 My dayes be waxen wonder scace;
 And whider I schal, or to what place,
 It lythe in Goddys pryvyté.
 But evere I hope to fynde sum grace,
 Wyth ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCVIII.

*Ne revoces me in dimidio dierum meorum: in
 generatione[m] et generationem, anni tui.*

Calle me nozt sodeynly ageyn,
 Whan half my dayes ben i past;
 Ne dampne me nozt to endles peyn,
 But 3yve me lyif that evere schal last.
 Thi 3erys ben endles, and may nozt wast;
 But I am goyng, and hens muste fle:
 Myn hope and trust fully I caste,
 In ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

XCIX.

*Inicio tu, Domine, terram fundasti: et opera
 manuum tuarum sunt celi.*

First thou madyst *both earth and heven,*
 Down to the lowest *element* ;
 The sterrys, and the *planetys seven,*
 That mevyn abowtyn the *firmament* :
 Thanne madyst thou man, *with ävy'sement,*
 In erthe thi servaunt for to be.
 Lete hym nevere therfore be schent :
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

C.

*Ipsi peribunt ; tu autem permanes : et omnes sicut
 vestimentum veterascent.*

Whan alle the planetys, that turnyn abowte,
 At the day of dome schul cese and reste ;
 Alle erthely thynges schul were owte ;
 Castellys and towrys schul bende and breste :
 Thanne thou schalt laste, for thou art beste !
 Begynnyng thou art, and ende schalt be !
 Late me thanne be no straungë geste,
 To ' Ne reminiscaris Domine !'

CI.

*Et sicut oportorium mutabis eos, et mutabuntur :
 tu autem idem ipse es, et anni tui non deficient.*

Mann[ë]s *flesh shall beë* [d]ystryed,
 As clothys doth were with wedyr and wynde ;
 And after *ryse and* [be] *gloryfyed,*
 In holy *scripture as we fynde* :
 But *thou art unmutable* be kynd !
 There *is no changyng foundyn in thé* !
 Whan *thou dost body and soule unbynde,*
 ' Ne reminiscaris Domine !'

CII.

Filii servorum tuorum habitabunt: et semen eorum in seculum dirigetur.

Thi servauntys and thi chyldeyn, in fere,
 Schul be delyveryd fro peynes of helle:
 To thé thei schul be leve and dere,
 Evere more in endles joye to dwelle.
 There is no tunge that blysse may telle,
 Nor hertē thynke, nor eyzē se;
 That God to synfull men will selle,
 For ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CIII.

DE profundis clamavi ad te, Domine! Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

To thé, Lord! I calle and cry,
 Fro the depe dale of sorow [and woo:]
 Here my vöys graciously,
 And schelde me fro [my feerfull foo.]
 I preye for me and many moe
 That ben in peyne, and mowe [not fflee:]
 To dredefull dome whan we should goe,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CIV.

Fiant aures tue intendentes, in vocem deprecationis mee.

Bowe thin erys hyderward,
 And here my prayerys, whan I have nede.
 Of mercy thou were nevere so hard,
 Thi grace thou woldyst never man forbede,

That wolde be sory of his mysdede ;
 Thi mercy is redyere than he.
 Hym thar no more but speke, and spede,
 Of ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

CV.

*Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine ! Domine,
 quis sustinebit ?*

Zyf thou woldyst vengē thé anon,
 Whan we have synned, and no thyng spare ;
 Oure lyif in erthe schulde sone be gon,
 Oure merthe schulde turne to sorwe and care ;
 Thi ryztwysnes wolde us furfare ;
 We durst nozt hyde, we myzte nozt fle.
 Thanne schuldē many on bé ful bare
 Of ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

CVI.

*Quia apud te propiciacio est : et propter legem
 tuam sustinui te, Domine !*

A law of mercy thou hast gyven,
 To hym that wyll no synnēs hyde,
 But clenly to a preest be schryven,
 And leve rebellyoun and his pryde.
 Thi mercy is bothe long and wyde :
 Ther of alle men han gret plenté,
 That wyll nozt lese, ne caste asyde,
 ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

CVII.

*Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus : speravit
 anima mea in Domino.*

I am in hope of thi beheste,
 Thi woordys fully I beleve,—
 That thou wylt save bothe most and leste,
 That wylfully thé wyl nozt greve.
 There is no man that may myscheve,
 Whyll thou of mercy art so fre ;
 With sorwefull herte 3yf he wyl meve,
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CVIII.

*A custodia matutina, usque ad noctem : speret
 Israel in Domino.*

I trustē fully thou wylt me kepe
 Fro all myscheef, bothe day and nyzt.
 Wher so evere I wake or slepe,
 Wyth me is evere an aungyl bryzt :
 Thow3 he apere nozt to my syzt,
 Ful tendyrly he kepyth me ;
 He steryth myn herte, with al his myzt,
 To ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CIX.

*Quia apud Dominum misericordia : et copiosa
 apud eum redempcio.*

Thou art mercyfull and pyteuous,
 Zyf we oure lyvyng will amende ;
 Oure raumsoun is ful copyous,
 For thou art redy thi grace to sende.
 But, 3yf we wille oure synne defende,
 And dyspyse thi lawe and thé ;
 Thanne mustē ryztwysnesse suspende
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CX.

Et ipse redimet Israel, ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

Lord ! ful bytterly thou hast bouzt
 Wrecchyd mannës forfetur.
 Whan he was lost, thou hast hym souzt ;
 Thi lyif thou potyst in aventure.
 There myzte no porë creäture,
 Whan we were thrallë, make us fre ;
 For on owre syde was no recure,
 But ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CXI.

DOMINE, exaudi oracionem meam ; auribus percipe obsecrationem meam, in veritate tua : exaudi [me,] in tua justicia.

To thé, Lord, my cause I take :
 Thi doom is truthe and ryztwysnesse :
 On myn enmy'es a pleynt I make,
 That steryn me evere to wickydnesse.
 Here my prayère, and redresse
 The malyce that thei schewe to me.
 I leve my synne ; I take wytnesse
 Of ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CXII.

Et non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine ! quia non justificabitur in conspectu tuo omnis vivens.

What so evere I háve ben here before,
 Deme me nozt on the hardest wyse ;
 I have do mys ; I will no more,
 But take me fully to thi servyse.

Before so ryztfull a justyse,
 No lyvyng man gyltles may be :
 Therfore I rede, no man dyspyse
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine ! ’

CXIII.

Quia persecutus est inimicus animam meam : humiliavit in terra vitam meam.

Myn enemyes ben ful harde to knowe,
 That so faste my soule pursewe :
 Thei drawe my love to the world ful lowe,
 That be resoun I schulde eschewe.
 They make me, to the ful, untrewē.
 Out of here handys I may noȝt fle,
 But ȝyf thi grace in me renewe
 ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine ! ’

CXIV.

Collocavit me in obscuris, sicut mortuos seculi : et anxius est super me spiritus meus ; in me turbatum est cor meum.

Thei cumbre me in wyll and werk.
 My spirite is ful of wo wyth inne.
 Alle my woordys be waxē derk,
 For thei be mynged with dedly synne.
 Myn herte begynneth to breste atwynne,
 And hope of helpe I kan non se,
 But ȝyf I may frenschypp wynne
 With ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine ! ’

CXV.

Memor fui dierum antiquorum ; meditatus sum in omnibus operibus tuis : in factis manuum tuarum meditabar.

God hath chastysed, for here mysdede,
 Summe of oure faderys, as I fynde;
 And largely qwytt hem herē mede,
 That han to hym be good and kynde.
 His werkys schul nevere out of my mynde:
 Love and dreed they prentyn on me;
 That I dar nevere more leve be hynde
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXVI.

*Expandi manus meas ad te: anima mea, sicut
 terra sine aqua, tibi.*

Often tymes myn handys I sprede,
 And my synne be ful ypocrysye;
 For I lyve noȝt ther after in dede;
 Myn herte is fals[ē] feynt, and drye.
 There ben no terys in myn eye;
 Thowȝ I wolde wepe, it wyll noȝt be:
 I kan noȝt preye ryȝt hertylye,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXVII.

*Velociter exaudi me, Domine! defecit spiritus
 meus.*

Here me, Lord, and wyll noȝt tarye:
 My spirite begynneth to feynte and fayle.
 Suffere nevere my soule myskarye,
 Whannē the feendys will me assayle.
 Evere he is redy to gyvve batayle,
 And I drede sore his cruelté:
 I have non armour, of plate nor mayle,
 But ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXVIII.

*Non avertas faciem tuam a me : et similis ero
descendentibus in lacum.*

Turne noȝt away fro me thi face,
But lete me have a syȝte of itt :
For, ȝyf thou withdrawe thi grace,
My soule in synne schal sone be schytt.
Who so falle in that depě pytt,
It is so derk he schal noȝt se.
Thanne is non helpe in mannys wytt,
But ‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CXIX.

*Auditam fac michi mane misericordiam tuam :
quia in te speravi.*

Of thi mercy’ I wolde fayn lere
Be tymě, ȝyf it be thi lyst,
In this world, whil I am here :
In thé is al myn hope and tryst !
Syth truthe and mercy were freendys and kyst,
There was nevere man, of no degré,
(But ȝyf he wolde hym self,) that myst
‘ Ne reminiscaris, Domine !’

CXX.

*Notam fac michi viam in qua ambulem : quia ad
te levavi animam meam.*

Teche me, Lord, the ryȝt[ě] weye,
That I may my soulě save;
Ȝyf the gospell trewly seye,
Me thar no more but aske and have.

Thou were nevere scarce, to knyzt nor knave,
 That wolde lyfte up his herte to thé,
 And devoutly crye, and crave,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXXI.

Eripe me de inimicis meis, Domine! ad te confugi: doce me facere voluntatem tuam, quia Deus meus es tu.

Delyvere me, Lord, after thi myzt,
 Fro myn enemyes that wole me ille:
 Thei púrsewe me, bothe day and nyzt;
 Thei seke my soule to spoyle and spylle.
 Teche me to parforme thi wylle:
 Thou art my Lord, and evere schalt be!
 This is my prayère, lowde and style,
 ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXXII.

Spiritus tuus bonus deducet me in terram rectam: propter nomen tuum, Domine, vivificabis me in equitate tua.

To the lond of ryztwysnesse
 Thi spirit schal lede me hole and sounde,
 Tyl God schal deme bothe more and lesse:
 Thanne schal I ryse out of the grounde.
 There schal truthe and ryght be founde;
 We schul be demyd be equité.
 There schal no man, for peny ne pounce,
 Have ‘Ne reminiscaris, Domine!’

CXXIII.

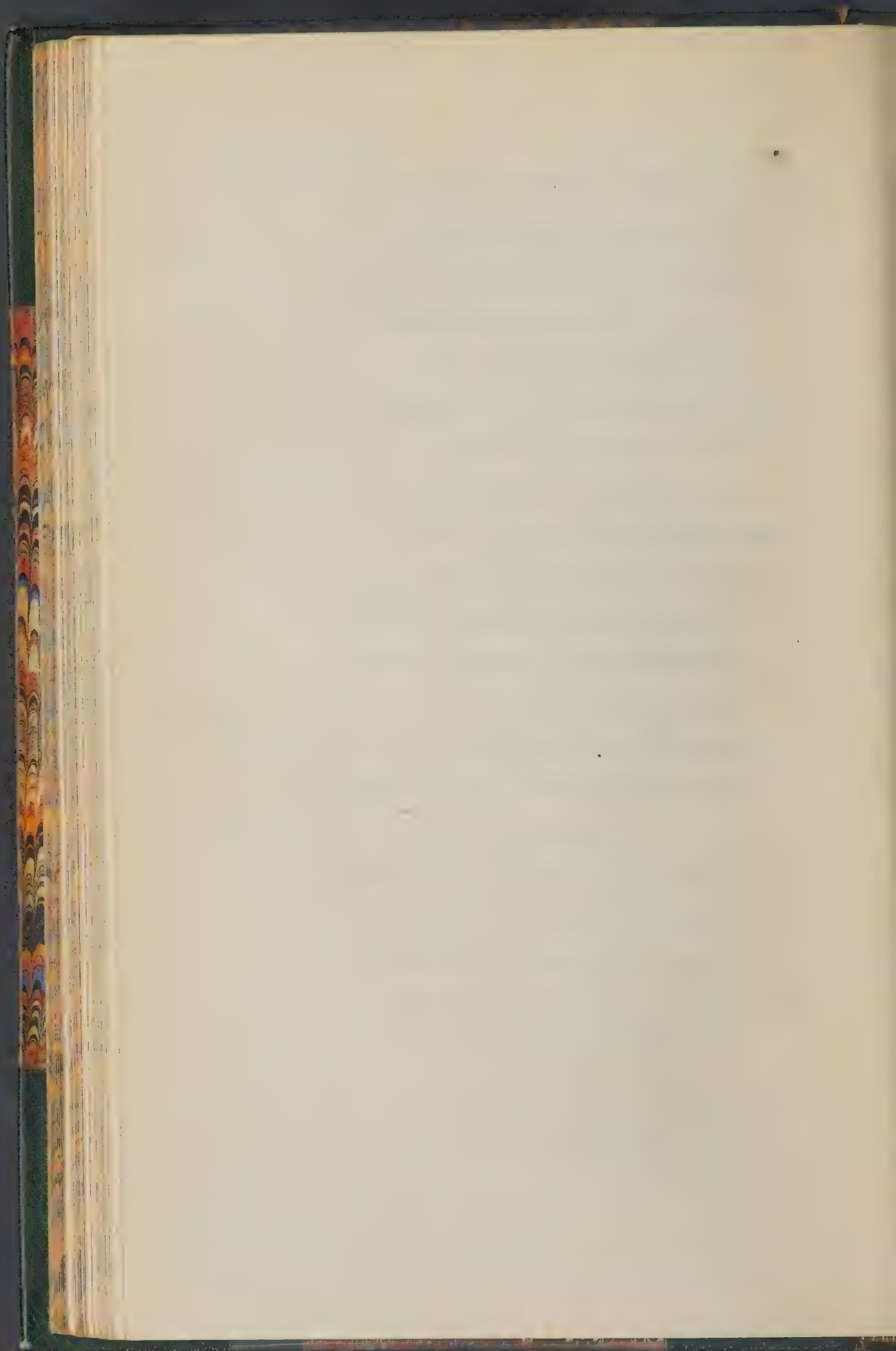
Educes de tribulacione animam meam: et in misericordia tua disperdes inimicos meos.

Lord ! ledð me fro peynës kene,
And myn enmy'es dysparple wyde ;
Whan thou schalt deme alle men be dene,
There is no man that may hym hyde.
Make me thanne with hem abyde,
That schul be savyd, and go with thé ;
For thei ben provyd, ageyn that tyde,
Of ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !'

CXXIV.

*Et perdes omnes qui tribulant animam meam :
quoniam ego servus tuus sum.*

Allë feendys, ferse and felle,
That wolde my soulë schame and schende,
Thei schul be dampnyd to the peynes of helle,
Whanne thi servauntys to blysse schul wende.
That joye and blyssë he us sende,
That schadde his blood up on a tre ;
And alle that makyn here last ende
Wyth ' Ne reminiscaris, Domine !' AMEN.



APPENDIX I.

[Harl. MS. 1845, ff. 15, 16.]

Legitur in Vita Sancti BERNARDI Abbatis Clarevallis, quod Demon sibi semel apparuit, dicens se scire octo versus in Psalterio, quos qui cotidie diceret, tanti meriti acquireret, ac si totum Psalterium Davidicum decantasset. Et cum beatus Bernardus instaret ut sibi eosdem versus ostenderet, ille vero hoc facere recusaret; tunc beatus Bernardus, "Scio," in[quit,] "quid faciam: nam quotidie legam totum Psalterium, deinceps; sicque predictos versus non obmittam." Quod cum audisset Demon, ne tantum bonum faceret, potius sibi hos versus ostendit. Sunt autem qui sequuntur.†*

Illumina oculos meos, ne unquam obdormiam in morte: nequando dicat inimicus meus, 'Prevalui adversus eum.' (Ps. xii. 4.)

In manus tuas, Domine,‡ commendo spiritum meum: redemisti me, Domine Deus veritatis! (Ps. xxx. 6.)

* MS. *scio inquit faciam.*

† MS. *sequitur.*

‡ *Domine* does not occur here in many Psalters.

Locutus sum in lingua mea, 'Notum michi fac, Domine, finem meum ;

' Et numerum dierum meorum, quis est : ut sciam quid desit michi.' (*Ps.* xxxviii. 5, 6.)

Fac mecum signum in bono,* ut videant qui te oderunt,† et confundantur : quoniam tu, Domine, adjuvisti me, et consolatus es me. (*Ps.* lxxxv. 16.)

Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea : tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo. (*Ps.* cxv. 7.)

Periit fuga a me : et non est qui requirat animam [meam.]‡ (*Ps.* cxli. 6.)

Clamavi ad te, Domine : dixi, 'Tu es spes mea, porcio mea in terra vivencium.' (*Ps.* cxli. 7.)

Oratio dicenda post hos versus.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus ! qui Ezechie Regi, inde te cum lacrimis humiliter deprecanti, vite spacium protendisti ! concede michi indigno famulo tuo, ante diem mortis mee, tantum vite spacium, quo, ad mensuram, ut omnia peccata mea valeam deplorare ; et veniam ac gratiam, secundum misericordiam tuam, consequi merear. Per Christum.

* The Psalters read *in bonum*.

† The Psalters, *qui oderunt me*.

‡ This word is added from the Psalters, to complete the sense.

Item alia oracio.

Domine Jesu C[h]riste! per illam amaritudinem mortis quam sustinuisti pro me in cruce, maxime cum anima tua egressa fuit de corpore tuo; miserere anime in gressu suo. Amen.*

APPENDIX II.

[Royal MS. 17 A. XXVII. ff. 86 b—88 b.]

We redenne in the Lpf of Seynt Bernard, that the Debelle seyð to him, he knew biij. versus in the Sauter, tho wheche versus and a man sey hem weche day, he schal neber be dampnude. And Seynt Bernard askut whiche they were; and he sayde he schulde neber wyte fro hym. And he sayde he wolde ellus say tho hol Sauter uche day. And he answerud and sayd, he wold razur telle him whyche they wer; and zese hit arne.

* In the MS. is added the following short prayer, without a rubric: but, as it was added with a different pen, it seems not properly to belong to this article. "Peto, Domine Jesu, largire michi in amore tuo modum sine mensura, affectum sine modo, languorem s[i]ne ordine, ardorem sine discrecione. Amen."

I.

Illumina oculos meos ne umquam obdormiam.

Zyf lizt unto myn ežě sizt,
That I nouzt slepe whan I schal dye.
Lat nouzt my fo, in gostly fizt,
Seyn, 'I have over hym the maystrie':
But shilde me fro that foulě wizt,
That fel out of thin hevenis hye;
That he be nome me nouz[t] my myzt,
Whan I schal to thé 'mercy' cry.

II.

In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.

In to thi hondus I be take my gost;
Lord, sothfast God! thow hast me bouzt.
Thow quittist me fro the fendis host,
There I was thral in presoun brouzt.
My soule is thin, Lord, welle thow wost:
Hit is to thi liknessě wrouzt.
To that tresor the ryzt is most:
Saviour! for sake hit nouzt.

III.

Locutus sum lingua mea, notum fac michi.

I have spokyn with my tunge,—
'Lord make me myn endy[n]g to knowe,
Sodenly that I be nouzt slunge
In fire, that makith gostis glowe.
But, Lord, that warnist olde and zunge!
Soo warně me, that am thin owe;
That I be nouzt in clottus clunge,
Til al mi syne wey be throwe.'

IV.

Et numerum dierum meorum qui est, ut.

‘And sene the numbere of dayis myne,
That I may wyte what lakith me :
Of deth sende me sum certayne syn,
Er my lyf dayis dispendid be.
Teche me to plesē thé and thyne !
Lat me nouȝt lackē charité ;
So that sum vertu in me may schine,
Jesus ! in plesaunce of thé.’

V.

Dirupisti vincula mea: tibi sacrificabo.

Thow hast to brokē, Lord, in two,
Cloos imade my hondis alle.
A sacrificēce I schal thé do,
Of preysing, and thi namē calle.
Dēre Lord ! lat hit be so ;
The fendus feteris lat hem falle ;
That I may loos and freli go,
Thé to preyse in heven halle.

VI.

Periit fuga a me, et non est qui.

Fro me hath flizte perischid and failid,
And ther nis none that my soule wil seke ;
For they, that han me sore a saylid,
Sowȝt soule and bodi eke.
But alle here fraud hath nouȝt a vaylid ;
Jesu ! thow madist hem so meke,
Whan thow were to the deth traváylit,
To save the soulis that were seke.

VII.

Clamavi ad te, Domine Deus, tu es spes.

I eride, and sayde, ‘ Thow art my trist,
My part in the lond of hem that lyve :
Ther thow art lyf, lykyng, and list ;
Ther drede of deth to deme is dryve.
Ther is non hongur, ne no thrist ;
Al care lyth closid undir clive :
But al the wele that may be wyst,
Thow partist hit, Lord, man to zeive.

VIII.

Fac mecum signum in bono, ut videant.

Do with me sum token in gode,
That they mow sen, and schamid be,
That have me hatyd : for thow, Lord, stode
To helpyn and [to] counfort me.
My gostly fon, that ben so wode,
Confundē hem, for thi pyté ;
And me conforte with gostly fode,
That al my lyst be layd on thé.

NOTES.

Stanza 1.—“ In wynter, whan the wedir was cold.”—It was the fashion of the poets of that age, to begin their poems with a description, or at least a notice, of the season; and, in the present instance, the author's devotional poem is much enlivened with this introduction. Chaucer's “ Canterbury Tales,” and especially his “ Flower and the Leaf,” open in this way; and there is a religious meditation among Hoccleve's poems (quoted on stanza LXXXIII.), which opens in a similar manner.

Ibid.—“ Knockyng upon my brest.”—So Chaucer, treating of “ Penance,” says—“ Than is discipline eke, in *knocking of thy brest*, in scourging with yerdes, in tribulation, in suffring patiently wronges that ben don to thee; and eke in patient suffring of maladies, or losing of worldly catel, or wif, or child, or other frendes.” (*Chaucer's Persones Tale*, Canterbury Tales, ed. Oxford, 1798, 4to. II. 386.) This act is borrowed from the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican; of whom the latter “ *percutiebat pectus suum*, dicens, Deus! propitius esto mihi peccatori.” (Luc. xviii. 13.)

Page 1.—*Ne reminiscaris*, &c.—This passage, from which the burden of the whole poem is borrowed, is found in ancient Breviaries as the *antiphona* at the end of the seven Penitential Psalms, next before the Litany. Hence it has been adopted in the English Common Prayer-Book, and stands in the Litany, between the response to the third invo-

cation, and the first of the deprecations, in these words:—
 “Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers; neither take thou vengeance of our sins: spare us, good Lord, spare thy people, whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood; and be not angry with us for ever.” This is an exact translation of the old *antiphona*, excepting the last clause, which would complete it thus,—
 “and give not thine inheritance into perdition.” A MS. Breviary, written in England in the fifteenth century, (in the editor’s possession) adds these words, *propter nomen sanctum tuum* (“because of thy holy name”); where it occurs at the end of the fifteen Graduals (which follow the seven Penitential) Psalms, and immediately before the rubric “*Sequatur Letania.*” It is composed from the following texts, partly apocryphal and partly scriptural:—

“Et nunc, Domine, memor esto mei; et ne vindictam sumas de peccatis meis: neque reminiscaris delicta nostra, vel parentum meorum.” (Tobit. iii. 3.)

“Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni: quos præioso sanguine redemisti.” (Hymnus sanctorum Ambrosii et Augustini, inc. *Te Deum.*)

“Numquid in æternum irasceris nobis? aut extends iram tuam a generatione in generationem?” (Psalm. lxxxv. 5.)

Stanza iv.—“To schryve me clene and aske penaunce.”—
 See notes on stanza xxii.

Stanza vi.—“Or evere.”—So in the MS. but in other places *er evere* (see st. xxii. xxxii. lxxxiii.); and the word *er* frequently occurs for *before*, in this poem.

Stanza viii.—In the Latin text, *omnia* is an addition to the text of the Psalters: yet it occurs also in two MS. copies of the Penitential Psalms, in the editor’s hands.

Stanza ix.—The Latin text omits *sed* before “*tu*,” which is in all other copies.

Stanza x.—“To the kyng and knave.”—“Tho, that thou clepest thy *thralles*, ben Goddes peple: for humble folk ben *Cristes frendes*; they ben contubernial with the Lord, thy King. Thinke also, that of swiche seed as *cherles* springen, of swiche seed springen *lordes*. The same deth that taketh the *cherl*, swiche deth taketh the *lord*,” &c. (*Chaucer's Persones Tale*, p. 352.)

Stanza xiii.—“In town and felde.”—MS. “add” for *and*.

Stanza xiv.—“Fro Iosaphath, that gret vale.”—Alluding to a vulgar tradition, that the general judgment is to take place in the valley of Jehosaphat, under the wall of Jerusalem. Either the proper name ought to be pronounced in four syllables, or the word “gret” must be written and read *gretě*, to complete this line.

Ibid.—“And cursede wretchys departe fro me.”—The verb here is not neuter, or in the second person plural, as it is in the English translation of this verse, “*Depart* from me, all ye workers of iniquity” (Ps. vi. 8.): but is an active verb, meaning *Separate those from me*; as in the old words of plighting, “till death us *departe*,” altered in the modern print to “do part.” “*Departe*” occurs, as a verb neuter, in st. LII.; but otherwise in st. LIII.

Stanza xvi.—“Thi mercy, Lord, I muste ataine.”—The rhyme requires *atame*, which is most probably the true reading, and would mean *conciliate*, from the Anglo-Saxon *atamian*. The MS. is ambiguous.

Stanza xx.—“The hand of vengeance.”—Apparently a mistake for *Thi*; as in the Latin, *manus tua*.

Ibid.—"The prycke of conseyence."—This idea is undoubtedly borrowed from the title of the most popular religious poem of the middle ages, Hampole's *Prick* (or sting) of *Conscience*; which is too well known to need more than a passing mention.

Ibid.—"Un to thé."—The measure requires the first of these syllables to be omitted; as also "myn," in the first line of st. XXI.

Stanza XXI.—"My synnes fele."—By comparing st. xv. it will be seen that "fele" is not the verb *to feel*, but an adjective meaning *many*.

Stanza XXII.—"Of thi synnes wilt thé schryve."—Chaucer quotes this verse of the Psalm thus: "I say, quoth David, I purposed fermely *to shrive me*; and thou, Lord, relesedst my sinne." (*Persones Tale*, p. 302.)

Ibid.—"Whil thou wilt here thi penance dryve."—That is, *exercise repentance*. That painful discipline was not meant by the word *penance* (as in st. iv.), is evident from the whole tenor of the "*Persones Tale*," especially the following passage:—

"Seint Ambrose sayth, That penance is the plainyng of man for the gilt that he hath don, and no more to do any thing for which him ought to plaine. And som Doctour sayth: Penance is the waymenting of man that sorweth for his sinne, and peineth himself, for he hath misdoun. Penance with certain circumstances, is veray repentance of man, that holdeth himself in sorwe and other peine, for his giltes; and for he schal be veray penitent, he shal first bewailen the sinnes that he hath don, and stedfastly purpose in his herte to have shrift of mouth, and to don satisfaction, and never to don thing, for which him ought more to bewayle or complaine, and

to continue in good werkes; or elles his repentance may not availe." (*Chaucer's Persones Tale*, p. 281-2.)

Stanza xxiii.—"Seven sythes," &c.—This saying is not Christ's, but Solomon's: "*Septies enim in die cadet justus, et resurget.*" (Prov. xxiv. 16.) Perhaps the poet had in his mind these words of the gospel, "*Et si septies in die peccaverit in te, et septies in die conversus fuerit ad te, dicens 'Pœnitet me! dimitte illi.'*" (Luc. xvii. 4.)

Stanza xxiv.—"Through thi fleshly governaunce."—It means what is called in Paul's epistles, 'walking after the flesh,'—the *φρονημα σαρκος*, which puzzled so much the compilers of the Thirty-nine Articles.

Stanza xxvi.—Other Latin copies read, *in hac via qua gradieris*.

Stanza xxxi.—"Have reward."—In modern English *regard*. But so Chaucer: "Take *reward* of thin owen value, that thou ne be to foule to thyself." (*Persones Tale*, p. 287.)

Stanza xxxix.—"Thou knowyst."—MS. *You*; the capital of the Saxon letter þ (which occurs throughout the Sloane MS.) being here made exactly like Y.

Ibid.—"For erthe I was, and erthe schal be."—Alluding to those solemn words in Genesis iii. 19:—

"In sudore vultus tui vesceris pane tuo,
Donec revertaris in *terram* de qua sumptus es!
Quia *pulvis* es;
Et in *pulverem* reverteris!"

Stanza xlvi.—"Forghyve me my synnes."—The second word is redundant, and is perhaps a mistake.

Stanza xlvii.—"Lokyn in leed."—Alluding to the custom of burying in *leaden coffins*. See App. II. st. iii.

Stanza LII.—“That thou wylt me nevere forsake.”—By transposing the fourth and fifth words, the line may be restored to its proper measure; thus, *nevere me forsake*. There is no instance of ‘nevere’ accented otherwise than on the first syllable, throughout this poem.

Stanza LIII, line 2.—The MS. has *god lord*: which words do not seem intended to represent the “*Domine Deus*” in the text, because the paraphrase of the foregoing verse gives only ‘Lord’ for that double invocation, which is not used by the author in English. The editor’s addition of a final *e*, makes the phrase *good Lord*, of which there is an example in st. LXV.

Stanza LXII.—“*Auditui*.”—Here begins the Harleian fragment, in which the various readings of this stanza are:—line 1, *My synne yff I wolle not defende*; and line 5, *that he boute dere*.

Stanza LXIII, line 2.—MS. Harl. repeats the pronoun, thus, *thou turne*; it omits the third line; reads *play* for “place” at the end of the fourth; and omits “thi” in the fifth.

Stanza LXIV, line 1.—Harl. reads *ben* for “be;” omits “to” in line 2; reads *evermore* for “ever” in line 5; and omits “Wyth” in line 8.

Stanza LXV.—“Thi mercy.”—Harl. *my trespas*, whereby the sense is destroyed.

Stanza LXVI.—“Fadyr that art of myghtes most.”—Harl. read *as thou*, for “that.” The phrase which follows seems to be equivalent to *maximus virtutibus*: it occurs in the beginning of the Legend of Saint Ede, edited by the editor of this work:—

" Almyghty God in Trinité,
 Fader and Sone and Holy Gostè!
 Helpe and spede and consell me,
 As thou art *God of myghtus moste*."
 (*Chronicon Vilodunense*, Lond. 1830, fol.)

Stanza LXVII.—" In hye."—Harl. *an hie*.

Stanza LXVIII, line 3.—Harl. reads, *me for to shende*.

Stanza LXIX.—Harl. adds *both*, after " shall" in the first line; in the fourth, it reads *wolde* for " wyll; and the fifth line stands thus—*Yff I trespas I woll not hide*.

Stanza LXXI.—" Gylty of synnes sevene."—The Harl. MS. inserts *the*, making the sense clearer, at the expense of the measure. The poet evidently alludes to "the seven deadly sins," which are thus recited in the elements of religious instruction of the Catholics, intitled "*Institutio Christiana*," commonly prefixed to their manuals of devotion. "*Septem peccata capitalia, quæ communiter mortalia appellantur. Superbia, Avaritia, Luxuria, Invidia, Gula, Ira, et Acedia*." They formed the principal topics of the pulpit before the Reformation; and are largely discoursed of in the *Persones Tale*: to illustrate which, the following short poem is here offered to the reader, from an elegant little Wicliffite MS. of the fourteenth century, in the Harleian collection. (No. 2339, ff. 116 b,—117 b.)

THESE BE THE VII. DEEDLY SYNNEs THAT SUEN.

Pride is heed of alkyns synne,
 That makith mannys soule fro God to twyn;
 To wickide highnes he wole ay;
 And loveth to myche his owne noblay.
 Him silf he preisith in his thought,
 And othere men he settith at nought.

Envye folowith pride comounly :
 Whanne men faren weel, he is sory ;
 Whanne men faren yvel, he joieth withynne ;
 He laugheth nevere, but at synne.

Wraththe unto these two is knytt :
 To take venjaunce is al his witt ;
 To sle, to smyte, to procure woo,
 To warie folk, to sclaundre also.

The *coveitous* man knowith no skille,
 For al this world mai him not fille :
 The worldis weelthe he willith ay,
 With right or wrong, gete whether he may.

Glottenye hath greet appetite ;
 To ete eerli and late is his delite :
 He loveth no mesure of etinge,
 And ay he wole be drinkynge.

The sixte synne is *leccherie* :
 To manye a soule it worchith noie :
 But men it leve, and hem amende,
 In fier of helle thei wole be brende.

Slownes is a cursid thing :
 For it is evere weri of weel doying.
 Good werk he lothith to bigynne ;
 And lightli therof he wole blynne.

These ben the synnes sevene,
 That reven men the blis of hevene.

Ibid. l. 5.—Harl. *Sethe thou wylt not thi selff enchaunce.*
 The word "Of" is omitted by Harl. in the last line.

Stanza LXII. l. 5.—For "as" Harl. reads *that*; and *all*
 for "ellys" in line 7.

Stanza LXXIII.—The reading of "*Nunc*" for *Tunc* has been
 occasioned, probably, by the mistake of the rubrisher; who

painted the blue capital *N* without looking at a copy. Such mistakes are frequent in embellished MSS., but seldom affect the sense: perhaps the old story of *Mumpsimus*, for *Sumpsimus*, may be accounted for in this way.

Stanza LXXIV.—The omission of a letter in the Latin text is supplied by the editor, as also at stanzas LXXXVI. and XCVIII. The only variation of the Harleian copy is, the omission of “my” in the second line.

Stanza LXXV.—Harl. reads *oft be*, for “be often,” in line 2; and *on* for “of,” in line 4; adds *thou* before “bowe,” in line 6; and omits *me* in line 7.

Stanza LXXVI.—Harl. reads *in* for “to,” in line 1; *ofte do wrong*, in line 2; and *in thé thus*, for “in thé this,” in line 7.

Stanza LXXVII.—Harl. reads *chaunge*, for “clynge,” in line 4; and *may*, for “schal,” in line 6.

Stanza LXXVIII.—Harl. reads the second line thus, *As thay that lie agaynst the sonne*; transposes the words in line 4, thus, *For drie to gedur my hert is ronne*; and inserts *it* between “me is,” in line 5.

Stanza LXXIX.—Mistaking “me” for *ne*, in line 3, Harl. reads *nor hedur nor thedur*; it also reads *On* for “And,” in line 7.

Stanza LXXX.—The first line seems to require *adyght*, or *ydyght*, for the simple participle “dyght.” The author rarely uses any old prefix; but *iyone* in st. XCIII., and *ipast* in st. XCVIII., are proofs that he was not averse to the use of it, and intended to say *idyght*, to fill up his measure.

Ibid. l. 7.—For “oftyn,” Harl. reads *oft as*; and omits “At” in line 8.

Stanza LXXXI.—“Sparwe that is alone.”—*Sparowe that sitteth alone*, Harl. The same MS. omits “away” in line 5.

Stanza LXXXII.—Harl. in line 1, reads *me ofte*, for “often me;” omits “me” in line 2; and reads *holden resoun* in line 7, for “now noght gesoun.”

Stanza LXXXIII.—“I wote noght whanne myn ende schal be.”—Harl. *I wote not whenne my deth shall be*. This thought is beautifully expressed in the first stanza of one of Hoccleve’s poems, a Balade translated by command of Master Robert Chichele:—

“As that I walkid in the monthe of May
Besyde a grove, in an hevy musynge
Flowers diverse I sy right fresh and gay,
And briddes herde I eek lustyly synge;
That to myn herte yaf a confortynge:
But evere o thoght me stang unto the herte,
That dye I sholde, and hadde no knowynge
Whanne, ne whidir, I sholde hennes sterte.”

Mr. Mason, the editor of some of Hoccleve’s poems, describes this as the seventeenth of those contained in his MS. (Preface, p. 17, 1796, 4to.) But what has become of that MS., or why Hoccleve’s poem *De Regimine Principum*, and other productions, have not been published, the present editor can give no account whatever.

Stanza LXXXIV.—“Schal lyin in thyssse.”—Harl. *in the is*.

Stanza LXXXV.—“As schadewe waxe.”—Harl. *ben shadowed and waxen*.

Stanza LXXXVI.—“Noght hyde.”—Harl. *me hide*.

Stanza LXXXVII.—After “Syon,” Harl. inserts the preposition *on*; and reads “*the ordre of a knyght*” in line 2. The sentiment of this stanza, and of the next, is more akin to the religion of Mohammed than to Christianity: but such was chivalry,—an attempt to serve God and mammon upon a grand scale. An allusion to it occurs in Chaucer’s *Persones Tale*, in these words. “What say we than of hem that pille and don extortions to holy chiche? Certes, the *sword*, that men yeven first to a knight, whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth *that he shuld defend holy chirche*, and not robbe it ne pille it; and who so doth, is traitour to Crist.” (*Canterbury Tales*, ii. 352.)

Stanza LXXXVIII.—“Schulde be so fre.”—Transposed in Harl. *so fre shuld be*.

Stanza LXXXIX. l. 1.—For “schal,” Harl. reads *shuld*; as also for “schul” in line 2.

Stanza xc.—“Syon a merour is.”—The poet strangely resorts to this explanation of the name *Sion*, after his chivalric allegory of a tower composed of stones: he might have found something consistent with his former idea, in the same authority from which he gained the notion of a mirror namely, a *watch-tower*. The following passages are extracted from the “*Interpretationes Nominum Hebraicorum*,” commonly subjoined to MS. and early printed Latin Bibles. “*Sion. specula, vel semen ejus.*—*Sion, mandatum, vel numen, sive speculum aut speculatio.*” (*Biblia, Venetiis, 1497, 4to.*) In that old glossary, a poet or spiritualizer might meet with almost any explanation that might suit his fancy; the interpretations being often as widely different as the poles are far asunder.

Ibid. l. 2.—Harl. omits “and sett;” reads *setteth* for “sytt,” in line 3; omits “alle” in line 4; and alters the sense, by putting *to* in the stead of “for,” in line 7.

Stanza xci.—Harl. reads *to God will* for “willen to God,” in line 1; *kirke* for “cherche,” in line 3; and *For kynges and for comnyté*, in line 6.

Stanza xcii. l. 1.—Harl. reads, *in bokes ben writen*.

Stanza xciii.—“Freendys ben igone.”—Harl. reads *frendys away ben gone*.

Stanza xciv.—Harl. adds *both* after “peple,” in line 1; omits “they,” in line 6; and reads *Help nor no frendship*, in line 7.

Stanza xcv. l. 2.—Harl. mistakenly reads *these chese*, for “thou ches.”

Ibid. l. 4.—“Jerusalem the cyté of pes.”—The “Interpretationes” (quoted before) explain the name thus:—“Jerosolyma: *pacifica, vel visio pacis*.—Jerusalem: *pacifica, vel pacis visio, sive timor perfectus, aut timebit perfecte*.”

Stanza xcvi. l. 6.—The editor has added another conjunction, to complete the measure. In the Harleian MS. the final letter of *pese* might have been pronounced; but the word is always written without a final *e* in the Sloane MS.

Stanza xcix.—The words printed in italics were reingrossed, by an old hand, in the place where some liquid had almost discharged the old writing of the Sloane MS. The

orthography does not seem to have been exactly followed : the words exactly agree with the Harleian copy.

Stanza c.—MS. Harl. transposes the words “bende” and “breste,” in line 5, whereby the rhyme is spoiled; and “thou art” (*arte thou*), in line 6.

Stanza ci.—In the Latin text, the MS. reads “*oportorium*” for *opertorium*. Those portions of this stanza which are in italics were reingrossed, as in stanza xcix; and those within brackets are corrections obtained from the Harleian copy, which reads the whole stanza thus:—

Mannes flessh shal be dystroyed,
As clothes that weren with wedur and wynde;
And after rise and be glorified,
In holy scripture as we fynde:
But thou art in mutabull, by kynde!
Ther is no chonging fownden in thé!
When thou schalt body and soule unbinde,
Ne reminiscaris, Domine!

Stanza cii.—Harl. reads, *Thi childer and thi serrauntes*, in line 1; and adds *the* before “peynes,” in line 2.

Stanza ciii.—This stanza has been sadly botched by the second hand, and is corrected by the help of the Harleian copy. The Sloane MS. omits the two last words of the second line; reads *from all woe*, in line 4; *many moe* (where the original seems to have been “manye mo”), in line 5; and omits the two last words of line 6. In line 7, Harl. reads, *shall goo*.

Stanza civ.—*Him thar*, &c.—See note on stanza cxx.

Stanza cv.—Harl. transposes “schulde sone” (*sone shulld*), in line 3; and reads *myght* for “merthe,” in line 4.

Stanza cvi.—The words in italics were reingrossed by an old hand, where the original writing was obscured. In line 3, Harl. reads, *But clense to a preest hym to schryven*: omits “his,” in line 4; and reads *and* for “ne,” in line 7.

Stanza cvii.—Harl. reads line 4, thus, *Thou wilt not wilfully thé greve*; in line 6, *art of thi mercy*, for “of mercy art;” and for “ghyf,” in line 7, *and*.

Stanza cviii.—Harl. reads line 3 thus, *Whether I wake or I slepe*; in line 6, for “kepyth me,” *doth me kepe*; and for “steryth myn herte,” in line 7, *sturreth me*.

Stanza cix.—In line 1, for “piteuous,” Harl. reads *precious*; and *wold* for “will,” in line 2.

Stanza cx.—Harl. omits “hast,” in line 3; and reads *he made* for “make,” in line 6.

Stanza cxI, cxii.—In the Latin text of the former stanza, *me* is omitted in the Sloane MS., but occurs in the Harleian, and in the Psalters: in the latter, *Domine* is an addition not found in the Psalter, but occurs in some of the Breviaries.

Stanza cxiii.—Harl. reads *thi* for “the,” in line 7; and prefixes *Of* to line 8.

Stanza cxv.—In line 2, Harl. reads *we* for “I;” adds *for* after “hem,” in line 2; and omits “my,” in line 5.

Stanza cxvi, l. 1.—The Harleian copy ends with this line—*Often tymes my handes I sprede*.

Stanza cxix.—“Sythe truthe and mercy were freendys and .

kyst."—Alluding to Psalm lxxxiv. 11, (or lxxxv. 10, in the English version,) *Misericordia et veritas obviaverunt sibi: justitia et pax osculatæ sunt.*

Stanza cxx.—*Zyf the gospels*, &c.—In this and other places, where the Saxon character ȝ (expressed in this work by ȝ) occurs at the beginning of a line, it is merely a plain Z in the MS. The reference is to these words:—*Petite et dabitur vobis*; (Matt. vii. 7; Luc. xi. 9;) the phrase "Me thar," meaning *me oportet*, 'I need no more than ask, and have.' Compare stanza civ. So Chaucer,—

"And therefore this proverb is sayd ful soth,
Him thar not winnen wel that evil doth;
A gilour shal him self begiled be."

(*Canterbury Tales*, v. 4317-9; whereupon see Tyrwhitt's note.)

NOTES ON APPENDIX.

App. i.—This article is taken from a MS. of Prayers in Latin, written about the end of the fourteenth century. The references to the Psalter are added to the several verses, by the editor, according to the numbers of the Latin Psalms, which differ from the English, (as may appear by comparing the two versions,) thus:—

LATIN VULGATE.		ENGLISH.	
(1)	Psalm xii. 4.		Psalm xiii. 3, 4.
(2)	„ xxx. 6.	„	xxxi. 5.
(3, 4)	xxxviii. 5, 6.	„	xxxix. 3, 4.
(5)	„ lxxxv. 16.	„	lxxxvi. 17.
(6)	„ cxv. 7.	„	cxvi. 16, 17.
(7, 8)	cxli. 6, 7.	„	cxlii. 4, 5.

App. II.—In the Legend, lines 8 and 9, the character 3 is put for þ, in the MS. Read *rathur* and *these*.

Stanza II, l. 7.—MS. “the” for *thi*.

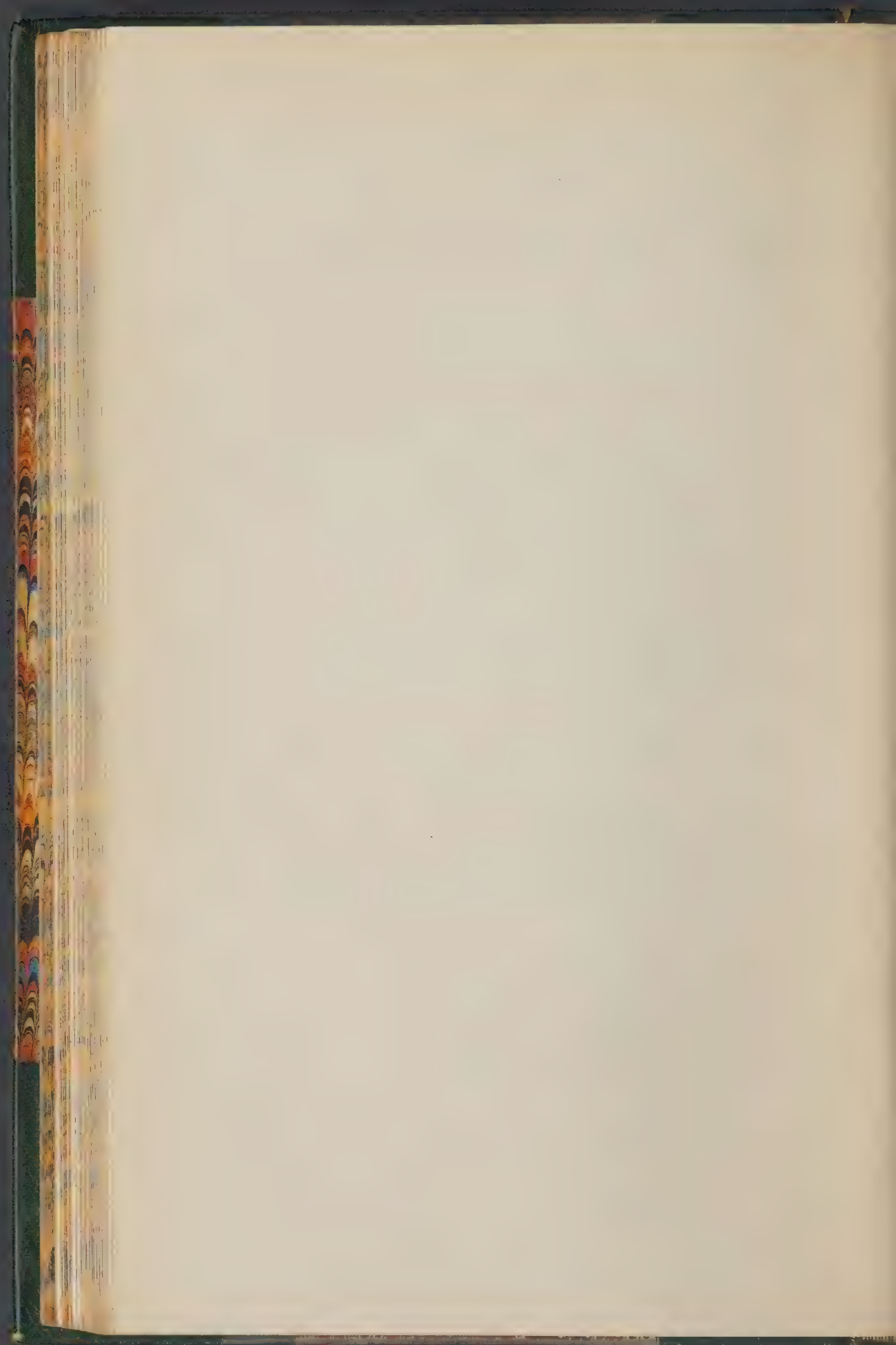
Stanza III.—*In clottus clunge*.—Wrapped in cloths, that is, in his *winding sheet*.

Stanza IV.—*Of deth sende me sum ccertayne syn*.—A sign or token before death was accounted a most desirable thing in the times of superstition. In the following rubric of a prayer, attributed to the venerable Beda, which occurs in many antient books of devotion,—a vision of the virgin Mary is promised to those who should daily use it.—“*Oracio venerabilis BEDE presbiteri, de septem verbis domini nostri Jesu Christi in cruce pendentis; quam quicumque cotidie devote dixerit flexis genibus, nec diabolus nec malus homo ei nocere poterit, et per triginta dies ante obitum suum, videbit beatam virginem Mariam corporaliter, facie ad faciem, sibi in auxilium preparatam. Domine Jesu Christe, qui septem verba,*” &c.—(Editor’s MS.)

Stanza VIII.—The text of this verse is out of place: it rightly stands the *fifth*, in the foregoing appendix. The editor has added a syllable in the fourth line, to complete the metre.

Ibid.—“For thi pité.”—The following is Chaucer’s remark on divine pity:—“For certes, our Lord Jesu Crist hath spared us so benignely in our folies, that, if he ne had *pitee* on mannes soule, a sory songe might we alle singe!”—(*Persones Tale*, p. 303.)

THE
HARMONY OF THE CHURCH.



THE
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BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

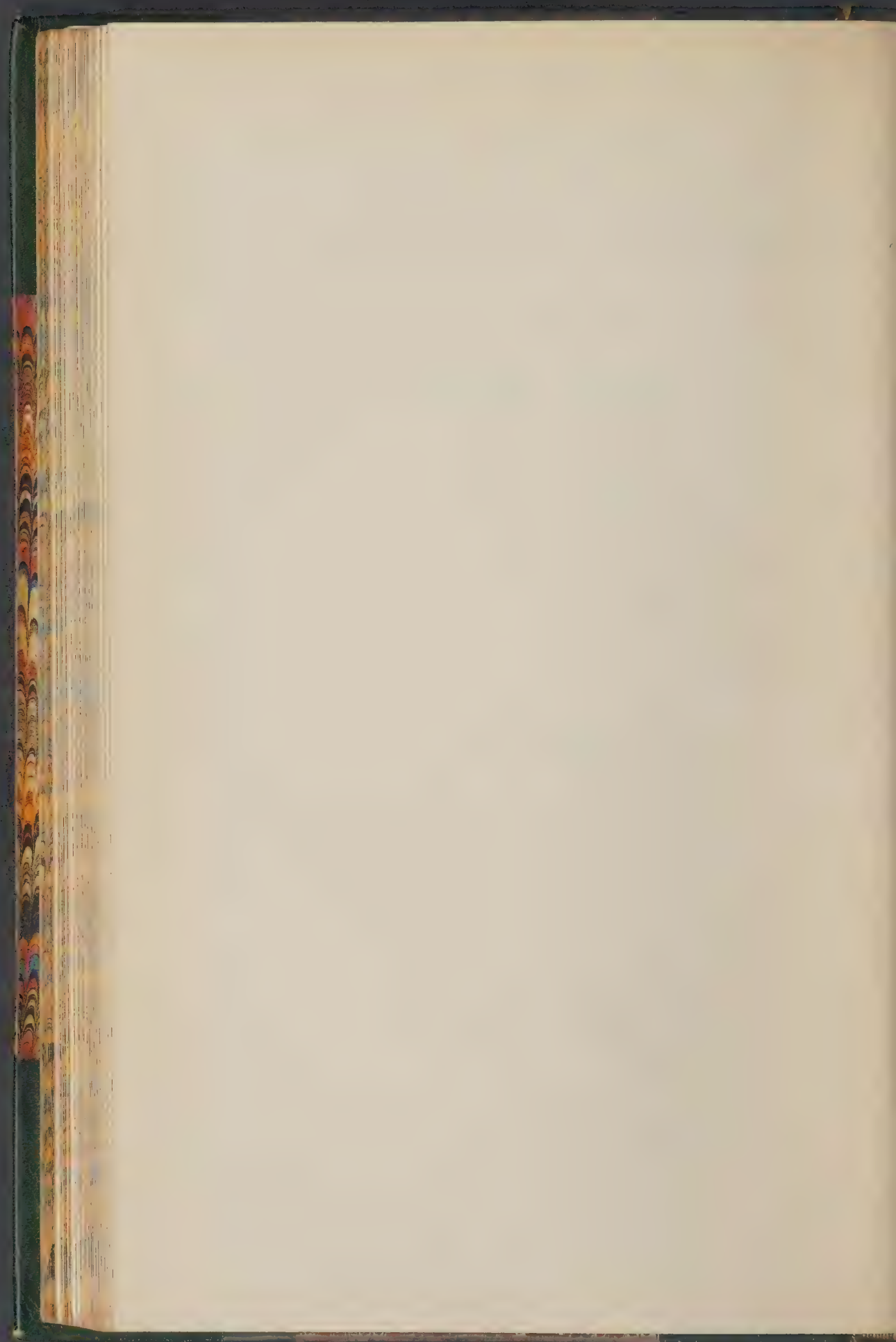
NOW FIRST REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1591.

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

LONDON:
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M,DCCC,XLIII.



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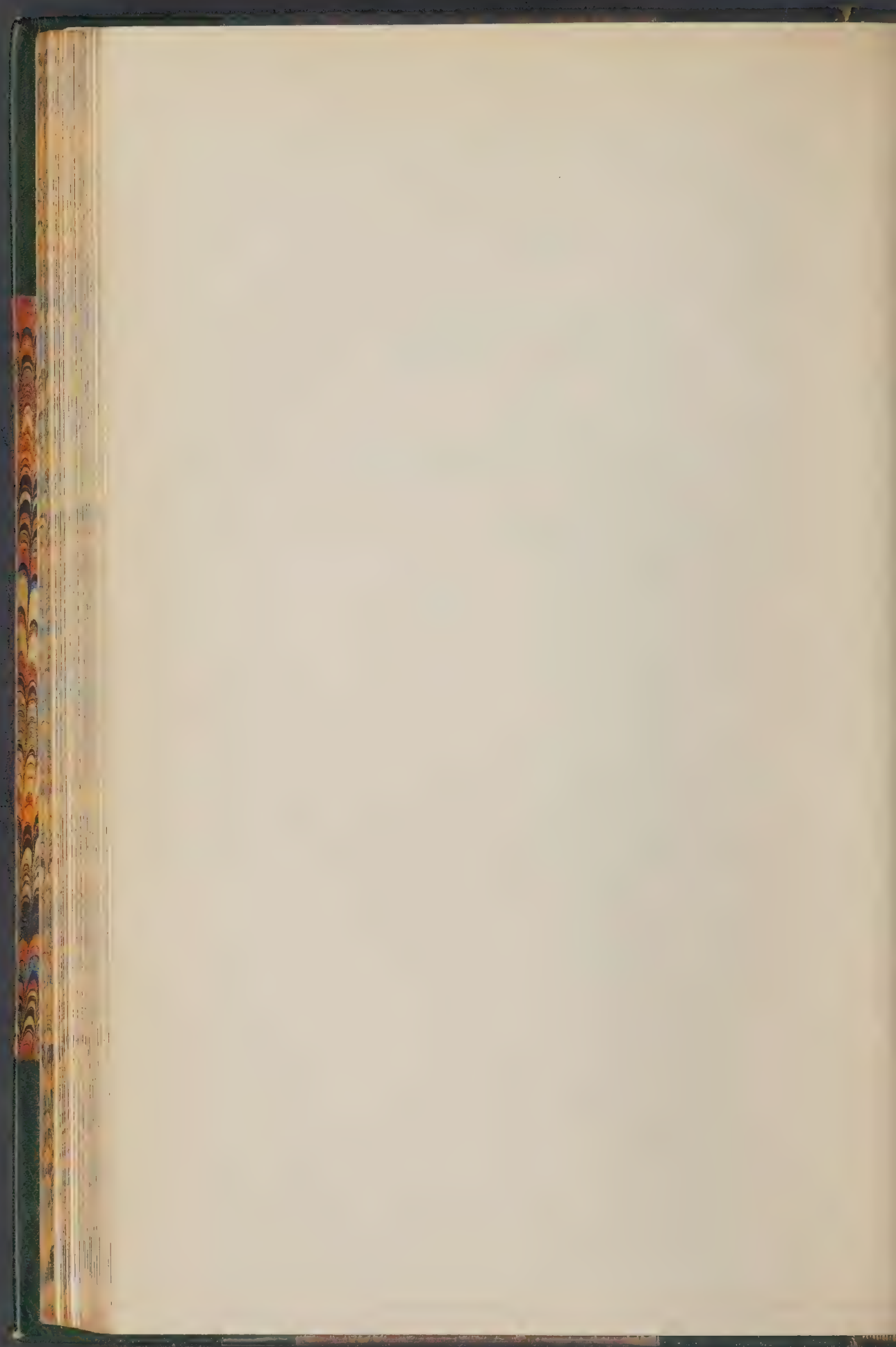
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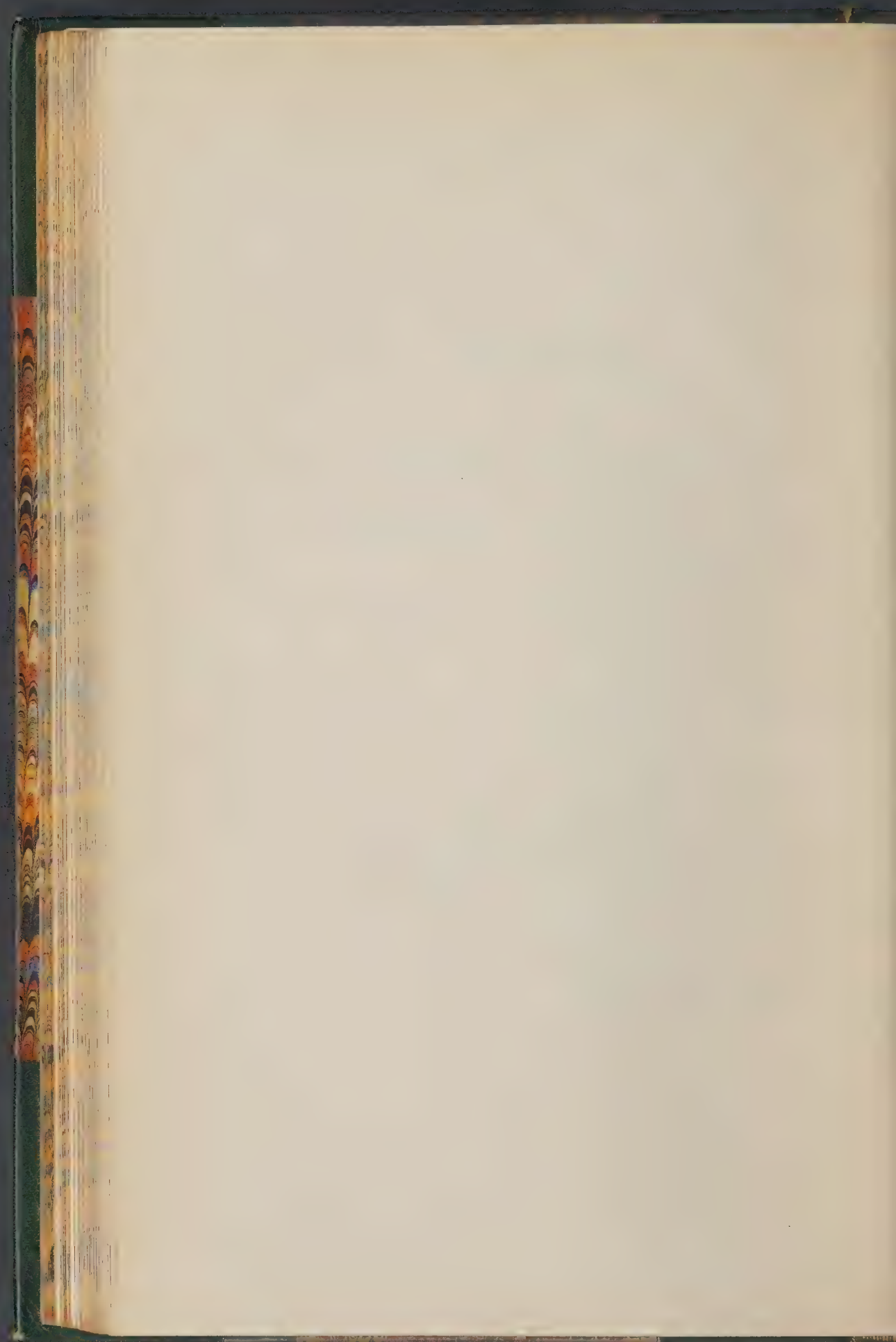


PREFACE.

THE following Tract is not included in the Editions of Drayton's Works. The original is a small black-letter quarto.

The Harmony of the Church is nothing more than select portions of Scripture "reduced into sundrie kinds of English meeter"; and, perhaps, exhibits in the versification less of the artist than Drayton's later writings. It has, however, considerable claims to our attention, both as the earliest publication of so celebrated a poet, and as being now reprinted from a copy which is in all probability unique.

A. D.



THE
HARMONIE OF THE CHURCH.

CONTAINING,

THE SPIRITUALL SONGES AND HOLY HYMNES, OF GODLY
MEN, PATRIARKES AND PROPHETES: ALL, SWEETLY
SOUNDING, TO THE PRAISE AND GLORY
OF THE HIGHEST.

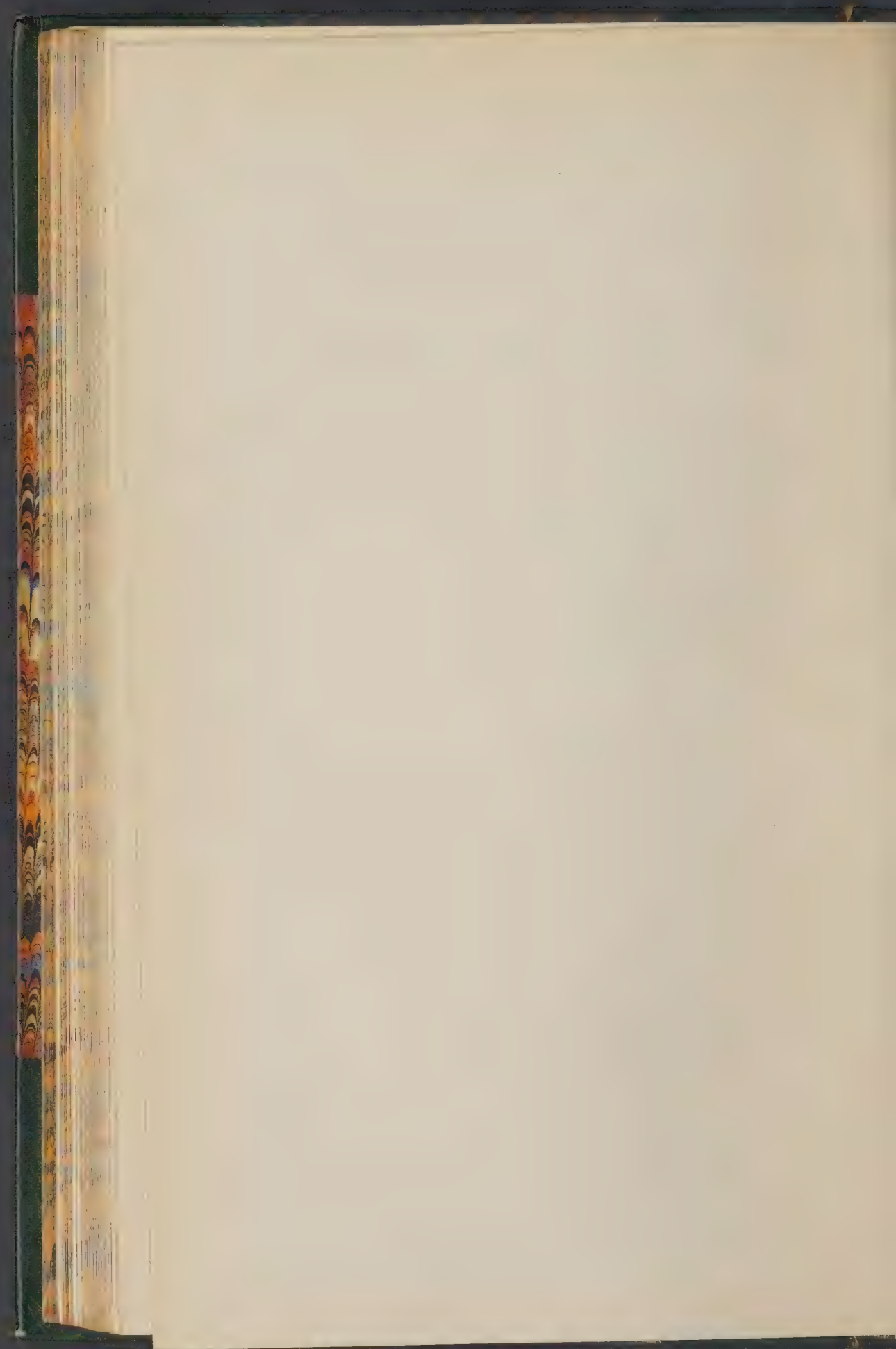
NOW (NEWLIE) REDUCED INTO SUNDRIE KINDS OF ENGLISH
MEETER: MEETE TO BE READ OR SUNG, FOR THE
SOLACE AND COMFORT OF THE GODLY.

By M. D.

LONDON.

Printed by Richard Jhones, at the Rose and Crowne,
neere Holborne Bridge.

1591.



TO THE GODLY AND VERTUOUS LADY, THE
LADY JANE DEUOREUX, OF MERIUALE.

Good madame, oft imagining with my selfe howe to manifest my well meaning vnto your Ladishippe, and in my loue towards you most vnwilling to bee founde ingratefull, either in the behalfe of my countrie, or the place of my byrth, to the one your godlie life beeing a president of perfect vertue, to the other your bountifull hospitalitie an exceeding releefe :

Then, good Ladie, my selfe, as an admyrer of your manie vertues, and a well-wisher vnto your happie and desired estate, doo here present the fruites of my labours vnto your modest and discreet consideration; hoping that you will measure them, not by my abilitie, but by their authoritie, not as poems of poets, but praiers of prophets; and vouchsafe to be their gracious patronesse against any gracelesse parasite; and endeavour your selfe with this good Debora, Hester, and Iudith (whose songes of praise I here present to your Ladiship) to the aduancing of Gods glorie and the beautifieng of his Church. Thus committing your Ladiship and all your actions to the protection of the Almighty, and my short translation to your curteous censure, I humbly take my leaue. London, this 10. of Feb. 1590.

Your Ladiships to commaund, in all dutifull seruices,

MICHAELL DRAYTON.

TO THE CURTEOUS READER.

GENTLE READER, my meaning is not with the varietie of verse to feede any vaine humour, neither to trouble thee with deuises of mine owne inuention, as carieng an ouerweening of mine owne wit; but here I present thee with these Psalmes or Songes of praise, so exactly translated as the prose would permit, or sence would any way suffer me: which (if thou shalt be the same in hart thou art in name, I mean, a Christian) I doubt not but thou wilt take as great delight in these as in any poetical fiction: I speak not of Mars the god of wars, nor of Venus the goddessse of loue, but of the Lord of Hostes that made heauen and earth; not of toyes in Mount Ida, but of triumphes in Mount Sion; not of vanitie, but of veritie; not of tales, but of truethes.

Thus submitting my selfe vnto thy clemencie, and my labours vnto thy indifferencie, I wish thee as my selfe.

Thine, as his owne,

M. D.

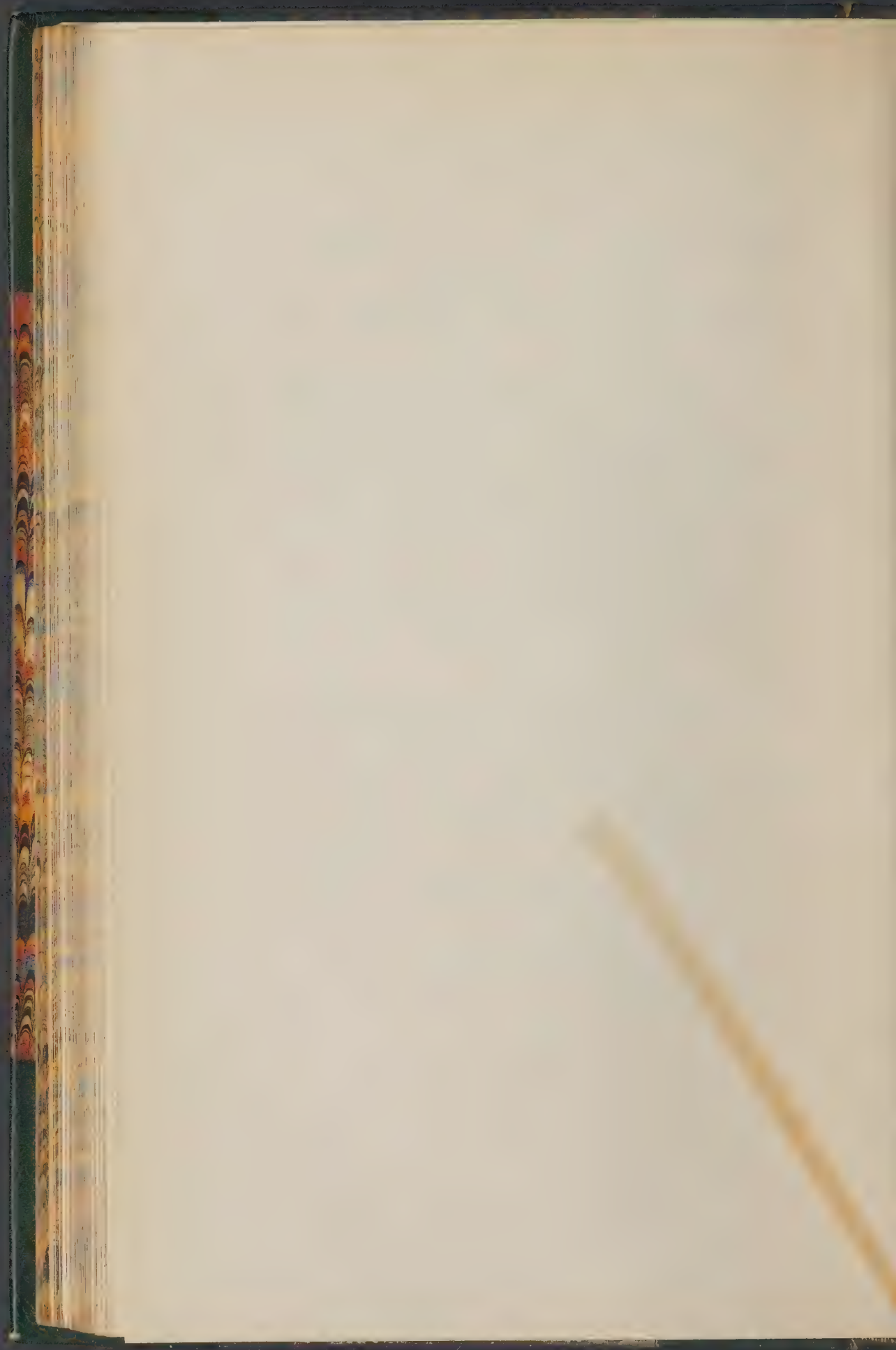
THE SPIRITUALL SONGES AND HOLY HYMNES
CONTAINED IN THIS BOOK.

1. The most notable Song of Moses which he made a litle before his death.
 2. The Song of the Israelites for their deliuerance out of Egypt.
 3. The most excellent Song of Salomon, containing eight Chapters.
 4. The Song of Annah.
 5. The Praier of Jeremiah.
 6. The Song of Deborah and Barach.
 7. A Song of the Faithfull for the mercies of God.
 8. Another Song of the Faithfull.
 9. A Song of thankses to God.
 10. Another Song of the Faithfull.
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OTHER SONGES AND PRAIERS OUT OF THE
BOOKES OF APOCRIPHA.

11. The Praier of Judith.
12. The Song of Judith.
13. A Praier in Ecclesiasticus of the Author.
14. The Praier of Salomon.
15. A Song of Ihesus the sonne of Sirach.
16. The Praier of Hester.
17. The Praier of Mardocheus.
18. A Praier in the person of the Faithfull.
19. A Praier of Tobias.

FINIS.



THE MOST NOTABLE SONG OF MOSES, CONTAINING GODS BENEFITES
TO HIS PEOPLE, WHICH HE TAUGHT THE CHILDREN OF ISRAELL
A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH, AND COMMANDED THEM TO LEARNE
IT, AND TEACH IT VNTO THEIR CHILDREN, AS A WITNESSE
BETWEENE GOD AND THEM.

Deutronom. Chap. xxxii.

YEE Heauens aboue, vnto my speach attend,
And, Earth below, giue eare vnto my will :
My doctrine shall like pleasant drops discend,
My words like heauenly dew shal down distil,
Like as sweet showers refresh the hearbs again,
Or as the grasse is nourish'd by the raine.

I will describe Iehouahs name aright,
And to that God giue euerlasting praise :
Perfect is he, a God of woondrous might ;
With iudgment he directeth all his waies ;
He onely true, and without sinne to trust ;
Righteous is he, and he is onely iust.

With loathsome sinne now are you all defilde,
Not of his seed, but bastards basely borne ;
And from his mercie therefore quite exilde,
Mischieuous men, through follie all forlorne :
Is it not he which hath you dearly bought,
Proportion'd you, and made you iust of nought ?

Consider well the times and ages past ;
Aske thy forefathers, and they shall thee tell
That when Iehouah did deuide at last
Th' inheritance that to the nations fel,
And seperating Adams heires, he gaue
The portion his Israell should haue.

His people be the portion of the Lord,
Iacob the lot of his inheritance :
In wilderness he hath thee not abhorr'd,
But in wild deserts did thee still aduance ;
He taught thee still, and had a care of thee,
And kept thee as the apple of his eie.

Like as the eagle tricketh vp her neast,
Therein to lay her litle birdes full soft,
And on her backe doth suffer them to rest,
And with her wings doth carie them aloft ;
Euen so the Lord with care hath nourisht thee,
And thou hast had no other God but he :

And great Iehouah giueth vnto thee
The fertilst soyle the earth did euer yeeld,
That thou all pleasure mightst beholde and see,
And tast the fruit of the most pleasant field ;
Honey for thee out of the flint he brought,
And oile out of the craggie rocke he wrought ;

With finest butter still he hath thee fed,
With milke of sheep he hath thee cherished ;

With fat of lambes and rammes in Bazan bred,
With flesh of goates he hath thee nourished ;
With finest wheat he hath refresht thee still,
And gaue thee wine, thereof to drink thy fill.

But hee that should be thankfull then for this,
Once waxing fat, began to spurne and kicke:
Thou art so crancke, and such thy grosenesse is,
That now to lust thy prouender doth pricke,
That he that made thee thou remembrest not,
And he that sau'd thee thou hast clean forgot.

With idols they offend his gracious eies,
And by their sinne prouoke him vnto yre ;
To deuils they doo offer sacrifice,
Forsake their God, and other goddes desire,
Gods whose beginnings were but strange and new,
Whom yet their fathers neuer fear'd nor knew.

He which begat thee is cleane out of mind,
The God which form'd thee thou doost not regard :
The Lord to angre was therewith inclinde,
His sonnes and daughters should him so reward,
And there he vow'd his chearfull face to hide,
To see their end and what would them betide :

For faithlesse they and froward are become,
And with no God moue me to ielousie ;
To angre they prouoke me all and some,
And still offend me with their vanitie ;

And with no people I will mooue them then,
And angre them with vaine and foolish men:

For why, my wrath is kindled like the fire,
And shall descend to the infernall lake;
The earth shall be consumed in mine ire,
My flames shal make the mighty mountains quake;
With many plagues I wil them stil annoy,
And with mine arrowes I will them destroy;

With hunger, heat, and with destruction,
I wil them burne, consume, and ouerthrow;
They shal be meat for beasts to feed vpon,
The ground inuenom'd whereupon they goe;
In field, in chamber stil my sword shall slay
Man, maid, and child, with him whose head is gray;

And I will scatter them both far and neare,
And hencefoorth make their memorie to cease,
Saue that the furious enemie I feare,
And that his pride should thereby more increase,
And they should say, and foorth this rumor ring,
That they, and not the Lord, haue done this thing.

They are a nation void of counsell quite,
To vnderstand there doth not one intend;
But were they wise, in it they would delite,
And would consider of their latter end:
Can one or two put thousands to the flight,
Except the Lord do help them with his might?

For with our God their gods may not compare,
 Our foes themselues will still the same confesse ;
 Their vines of Sodome and Gomorra are,
 Their grapes of gaule, clusters of bitternesse ;
 Their wine is like to dragons poison sure,
 Or gaule of aspes that no man may endure.

And haue not I laid vp in store this thing ?
 Amongst my treasures doo I not it hide ?
 The recompence with vengeance wil I bring,
 And all in time their foot awry shall slide ;
 For their destruction, loe, is nowe at hand,
 And mischief here euen at their heels doth stand !

For why, the Lord doth iudge the earth alone,
 And to his seruants shew himselfe most kinde :
 When he shall see their power is past and gone,
 And none kept vp in hold nor left behind,
 When men shal say, let vs your goddes behold,—
 Where be they now whom ye so much extold ?

Which oft did eat the fatted sacrifice,
 And dranke the wine of the drinke offering ?
 Vnto your helpe now let vs see them rise :
 Loe, I am God, and there is no such thing !
 I kil, giue life, I wound, make whole againe ;
 Out of my handes no man can ought retaine :

I lift my hands on high to heauen aboue,
 Immortall I, and onely liue for euer ;

My glittering sword I sharpe for my behooe,
In righteous iudgment still I doo perseuer ;
I wil send vengeance on mine enemies,
And many plagues on them which me dispise :

Mine arrowes then of blood shal haue their fill,
My sword shal eate the verie flesh of men,
For such my saintes as they doo slay and kill,
And for the captiues they imprison then ;
And when I once begin reuenge to take,
From plague and vengeance then I will not slake.

Ye nations all, honour his people then :
He will reuenge his seruantes guiltlesse blood,
And surely plague the vile and wicked men
Which stoutlie haue against him euer stood ;
He will shew mercie stil vnto his land,
And on his people brought foorth by his hand.

A SONG OF MOSES AND THE ISRAELITES FOR THEIR DELIUERANCE
OUT OF EGYPT.

The xv. Chap. of Exodus.

I WILL sing praise vnto the Lord for aie,
Who hath triumphed gloriously alone ;
The horse and rider he hath ouerthrowen,
And swallowed vp euen in the raging sea.

He is my strength, he is my song of praise,
He is the God of my saluation ;
A temple will I build to him alone,
I will exalt my fathers God alwaies.

The Lord Iehouah is a man of warre ;
Pharao, his chariots, and his mightie hoste
Were by his hand in the wilde waters lost,
His captaines drowned in Red Sea so farre,

Into the bottom there they sanke like stones,
The mightie depthes our enemies deuour :
Thy owne right hand is gloorious in thy power,
Thy owne right hand hath bruised al their bones ;

And in thy glorie thou subuerted hast
The rebels rising to resist thy power ;
Thou sentst thy wrath which shall them all deuour
Euen as the fire doth the stubble wast ;

And with a blast out of thy nostrilles
The flowing flood stood still as any stone ;
The waters were congealed all in one,
And firme and sure as any rockes or hilles.

The furious foe so vainly vaunteth stil,
And voweth to pursue with endlesse toile,
And not returne til he haue got the spoile ;
With fire and sword they wil destroy and kill :

Thou sentst the wind which ouerwhelm'd them all ;
The surging seas came sousing in againe ;
As in the water, so with might and maine,
Like lead, vnto the bottome downe they fall.

Oh mightie Lord, who may with thee compare ?
Amongst the gods I find none like to thee,
Whose glorie's in holines, whose feares in praises be,
Whose chiefe delights in working woonders are :

Thou stretchest out thy right and holy arme,
And presently the earth did them deuour ;
And thou wilt bring vs by thy mightie power,
As thou hast promist, without further harme :

And for thy people, Lord, thou shalt prouide
A place and seat of quietnesse and rest :
The nations all with feare shall be opprest,
And Palestina quake for all her pride ;

The dukes of Edom shal hang downe the head,
The Moabites shall tremble then for feare,
The Cananites in presence shall appeare,
Like vnto men whose fainting heartes were dead ;

And feare and dread shall fall on them, alas !
Because thou helpest with thy mighty hand ;
So stil as stones amazed they shal stand,
Oh mightie Lord, while thine elect doo passe !

And thou shalt bring thy chosen and elect
Unto the mount of thine inheritance,
A place prepared thy people to aduance;
A sanctuary there thou shalt erect,

Which thou, oh Lord, establish'd hast therefore,
And there thy name shal raigne for euermore!

THE MOST EXCELLENT SONG, WHICH WAS SALOMONS, WHEREIN
IS DECLARED THE TRUE AND VNFAINED LOUE BETWEENE
CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH, CONTAINING VIII. CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

LET him imbrace his deare with many a friendly kisse,
For why, thy loue than any wine to me more pleasant is;
In smel thou art most like sweet odors vnto me,
Thy name like precious ointment is, so sweet as sweet
may be;

Therefore the virgins al of thee enamored are,
Entice me on to follow thee,—loe, we ourselues prepare!
The King hath brought me in to chamber richly dight;
He is my ioy, his loue is sweet, the good in him delight.
Ye daughters of Ierusalem, although that browne I bee,
Than arras rich or cedars fruits I seemlier am to see:
Disdaine me not, although I be not passing faire,
For why, the glowing sunny raies discoloured haue my
laire:

My mothers darlings deare, with enuie swelling so,
Haue me constrain'd to keep their vine, thus I mine
own forgoe.

Tell me, my sweet and deare, where thou thy flocke
doost feed,

Or where thy litle lamblings rest about midday indeed,
Els shall I walke about, all wandring like a stray,
And seeke thee, after other flocks, through many an
vnknowne way.

If that my pathes, oh paragon, be so vnknownen to thee,
Go feed thy flock amongst the tents wher none but
shepherds be.

My true and loyal loue, I may thee well compare
To famous Pharaos horses great, which in his cha-
riots are :

Thy cheeks bedect with precious stone, most louely to
behold ;

About thy neck likewise do hang great massy chaines
of gold :

Fine costlie borders, for my loue, of gold we wil prepare,
With siluer studs accordinglie, of worke surpassing rare.
Whiles he at table sat, perfumes then did I make
Of spicknard sweet and delicate, al for my true louses
sake :

My loue, more sweet than myrrhe, between my breasts
doth ly,

Or camphere that doth spring and grow in vine of
Engady.

How faire art thou, my loue, my doue, my darling deare!
Thine eies most like vnto the doues in sight to me appeare:

Oh, how exceeding faire and seemly to be seene !
The bed where we together lie is hung with pleasant
greene ;
The beames our house vphold, they all of cedar be ;
The reaching rafters of the same of fyrre, that stately
tree.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

I AM the fragrant flower of braue vermilion hue,
And lillie in the valey low ysprong vp fresh and new.
As lillie flower excels the thorne or litle chyer of grasse,
So far my loue the virgins all in beautie doth surpasse;
Or as the barren crooked stocke vnto the straightest tree,
Nomore the sonnes vnto my loue may ought compared be.
To rest by his sweet side, to mee a heauenly blisse ;
The fruit that springeth from my loue exceeding pleasant is.

To celler he me brings of wine abundant store ;
His loue displaied ouer me, how can I wish for more ?
Fil forth your flagons, then, whereof the fume may flie;
Bring forth your cates to comfort me,—ah me, for loue
I die !

His left hand clipping close about my necke doth hold,
His right doth sweetly me imbrace, and eke my
corps enfold.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, ye Jewish daughters all,

Not once to stir nor wake my loue, vntil she please to call.

But stay, me thinks, this is mine owne loues voice I heare:
Loe, how he skips from hill to hill! loe, yon he doth
 appeare!

My loue is like a roe that frisketh in the wood,
Or like the strong and stately hart in prime and lusty
 blood:

He closely shroudes himselfe behind our wall, I see,
And through the gate he dooth disclose and shew him-
 selfe to me;

And, calling then, he saith, Come to thine owne, my
 deare,

For, lo, the clouds are past and gone, the skies are
 christal cleare;

The flowers in the field so faire and freshly spring;
The birds do chant with merie glee, the turtle now
 doth sing;

The fig-trees bear such store that boughs with waight
 are bent,

The vines with blossoms do abound, which yeeld a sweet
 accent!

Come to thine owne, my deare, my darling, and my doue;
Leaue thou the place of thine abode, come to thine own
 true loue;

Let me behold thy face, most pleasant to the sight,
And heare my best beloueds voice that most doth me
 delight.

Destroy the subtil fox that doth the grapes deuoure,
For, loe, behold, the time is come, the vines do bud
 and floure!

My loue to me is true, and I likewise his owne,
Which in the lilles takes repast, himselfe euen all alone:

Until the day doth spring, or shadowes fade away,
Be as a roe, or like the harts which on the mountaines
play.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

By night within my bed I romed here and there ;
But al in vain, I could not find my loue and friendly fere.
Then straight waies vp I rose, and searching euery street
Throughout the city far and neer ; but him I could not
meete :

The watchmen found me tho, to whom I then can say,
Haue ye not seen mine owne true loue of late come this
a way ?

Then passing them, I found my loue I long had sought,
And to my mothers chamber then my darling haue I
brought.

I charge you by the roes and hinds, this vow to me
you make,

Ye Jewish daughters, not to call my loue till she doe wake.
Who's that which doth from wildernes in mighty smoke
appeare,

Like the perfumes of odors sweet which merchants hold
so dear ?

About the bed of Salomon, behold, there is a band
Of threescore valiant Israelites which al in armour stand ;
All expert men of war, with sword stil ready prest,
Least foes in night time should approch, when men
suspect them least.

King Salomon hath made of Liban tree so sure
Apallace braue, whose pillars strong are al of siluer pure:
The pauement beaten gold, the hangings purple graine,
The daughters of Ierusalem with ioy to entertaine.
Ye Sion daughters, see where Salomon is set
In royall throan, and on his head the princely coronet,
Wherewith his mother first adorn'd him (as they say),
When he in mariage linked was, euen on his wedding
day.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

BEHOLD, thou art al faire, my loue, my hearts delight:
Thine eies so louely like the doues appear to me in sight;
Thy haire surpassing faire and seemely to the eie,
Like to a goodly heard of goates on Gilead mountaine hie;
Thy teeth like new washt sheep returning from the flood,
Wheras not one is barren found, but beareth twinnes
so good;
Thy lips like scarlet thred, thy talke dooth breed delight;
Thy temples like pomgranet faire doth shew to me in
sight;
Thy necke like Dauids Tower, which for defence doth
stand,
Wherein the shieldes and targets be of men of mightie
hand;
Thy breasts like twinned roes in prime and youthfull age,
Which feed among the lillies sweet, their hunger to
asswage.

Until the day doe spring, and night be banisht hence,
I will ascend into the mount of myrrhe and frankensence.
Thou art all faire, my loue, most seemly eke to see ;
From head to foot, from top to toe, there is no spot in thee.
Come downe from Libanon, from Libanon aboue,
And from Amanahs mountain hie come to thine own
true loue ;

From Sheuers stately top, from Hermon hil so hie,
From lions dens, and from the cliffes where lurking
leopards lie.

My spouse and sister deare, thy loue hath wounded me ;
Thy louely eie and seemly neck hath made me yeeld
to thee :

Thy loue far better is than any wine to me,
Thy odors sweet doth far surpasse the smell where
spices be :

Thy lips like hony combe, vnder thy tongue doth lie
The honey sweet ; thy garments smel like Libanon on hie.
My spouse a garden is, fast vnder locke and kay,
Or like a fountaine closely kept, where sealed is the way.
Like to a pleasant plot I may thee well compare,
Where camphere, spicknard, dainty fruits, with sweet
pomgranets are,

Euen spicknard, saffron, calamus, and synamom do
growe,

With incense, myrrhe, and alloes, with many spices moe.
Oh fountaine passing pure, oh well of life most deare,
Oh spring of loftie Libanon, of water christal cleare !
Ye north and southern winds, vpon my garden blow,
That the sweet spice that is therein on euery side may
flow :

Vnto his garden place my loue for his repast
Shall walke, and of the fruites therein shal take a
pleasant tast.

THE FIFT CHAPTER.

WITHIN my garden plot, loe, I am present now !
I gathered haue the myrrhe and spice that in aboun-
dance growe ;

With honey, milke, and wine I haue refresht me here:
Eat, drink, my friends, be mery there with harty
friendly cheare.

Although in slumbering sleepe it seemes to you I lay,
Yet heare I my beloued knock, me thinks I heare him say,
Open to me the gate, my loue, my hearts delight,
For, loe, my locks are all bedewed with drizzling drops
of night !

My garments are put off, then may I not doo so :
Shal I defile my feet I washt so white as any snow ?
Then fast euen by the dore to me he shew'd his hand ;
My heart was then enamoured when as I saw him
stand.

Then straight waies vp I rose to ope the dore with
speed ;
My handes and fingers dropped myrrhe vpon the bar
indeed.

Then opened I the dore vnto my loue at last ;
But all in vaine, for why, before my loue was gone
and past.

There sought I for my loue, then could I crie and call;
But him I could not find, nor he nould answer me at all.
The watchmen found me then, as thus I walk'd astray;
They wounded me, and from my head my vaile they
took away.

Ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye my loue doo see,
Tell him that I am sicke for loue, yea, tel him this
from me.

Thou peerelesse gem of price, I pray thee to vs tell
What is thy loue, what may he be that doth so far
excell?

In my beloueds face the rose and lilly striue;
Among ten thousand men not one is found so faire aliue:
His head like finest gold, with secret sweet perfume;
His curled locks hang all as black as any rauens plume;
His eies be like to doues on riuers banks below,
Ywasht with milk, whose collours are most gallant to
the show;

His cheeks like to a plot where spice and flowers growe;
His lips like to the lilly white, from whence pure
myrrh doth flow;

His hands like rings of gold with costly chrisalet;
His belly like the yuory white with seemly saphyrs set;
His legs like pillers strong of marble set in gold;
His countenance like Libanon or cedars to behold;
His mouth it is as sweet, yea, sweet as sweet may be:
This is my loue; ye virgins, loe, euen such a one is he!
Thou fairest of vs al, whether is thy louer gone?
Tel vs, and we will goe with thee; thou shalt not goe
alone.

THE SIXT CHAPTER.

Downe to his garden place mine own true loue is gone,
Among the spice and lillies sweet to walke himselfe
alone.

True am I to my loue ; and he my louing make,
Which in the lillies makes abode, and doth his pleasure take.

With Tirzah or Ierusalem thy beautie may be waide,
In shew like to an armie great, whose ensignes are
displaid.

Oh, turne away thine eies ! for they haue wounded me:
Thy haire are like a heard of goats on Gilead mount
that be ;

Thy teeth like new washt sheep returning from the
flood,

Whereas not one is barren found, but beareth twins
a good ;

The temples of thy head, within thy locks, to showe,
Are like to the pomgranet fruit that in the orchards
grow.

Of concubines four score there are, of queens twice
treble ten,

Of virgins for the multitude not to be numbred then ;
But yet my doue alone and vndefiled fere,

Her mothers only daughter is, to her exceeding deare:
The virgins saw my loue, and they haue lik'd her well,
The queens, and eke the concubines, they say she doth
excell.

Who's she I doo behold, so like the morning cleare,

Or like the moon when towards the ful in pride she
doth appear ?

Bright as the radiant raies that from the sun descend,
Or like an army terrible when ensignes they extend ?
Unto the nuts downe will I goe and fruitfull valeyes lowe,
To see if that the vine doo bud and the pomgranets
growe.

My selfe I know not I, ne nothing knew I then :
Let me be like a chariot, euen of thy noble men.
Return againe, oh, make returne, thou Shulamite so
deare !

Let vs enioy thy company ; I pray thee soiorne here.
What see you in the Shulamite ? in her what may
you see,
But like a troupe of warlike men that in the armies be ?

THE SEUENTH CHAPTER.

How stately are thy steps with braue and lofty pace,
Thou daintie princesse, darling deare, with comely
gallant grace !

The ioints of thy fair thighs, the which so straight do
stand,

Are like to curious iewels wrought by cunning work-
mans hand ;

Thy nauell like a goblet is which stil with wine doth
flowe ;

Thy belly like an heape of wheat, about which lillies
growe ;

Thy breasts I may compare like to two litle roes,
Which follow on their mothers steps when forth to
feed she goes ;

Thy necke like to a tower of costly iuory fram'd ;
Thine eies like Heshbon waters clear, by that Bath-
rabbin nam'd ;

Thy nose like Libanon Tower, most seemly to the eie,
Which towards Damascus citie faire, that stately town,
doth ly ;

Thy head like scarlet red, thy haire of purple hue :
The king in thee doth take delight as in his lady true.
How faire art thou, my loue, and seemly to the sight !
The pleasures that abound in thee, they are my chiefe
delight :

Thy stature like the palme, the tall and straightest tree ;
Thy brests, the which do thee adorne, most like to
clusters be :

Upon the pleasant palme, I said, I wil take holde,
And rest vpon her pleasant boughes, I said, I wil be
bolde :

Thy breasts are like a bunch of grapes on the most
fruitful vine ;

Thy nose in smel like to the fruit of al most pure and
fine ;

The roofe of thy sweet mouth like purest wine doth tast,
Which makes the very aged lagh, forgetting sorrowes
past.

I am vnto my loue a faithfull friendly fere,
And he is likewise vnto me most tender and most deare.
Goe we into the field, to sport vs in the plaine,
And in the pleasant villages, my loue, let vs remaine :

Then early will we rise, and see if that the vine do
flourish,
And if the earth accordingly do the pomgranets nourish.
I feele the mandrakes smell, within our gates that be :
The sweetest things both new and olde, my loue, I
kept for thee.

THE EIGHT CHAPTER.

OH that thou weart my brother borne,
that suckt my mothers breast !
Then sweetly would I kisse thy lippes,
and by thee take my rest.
Vnto my mothers closet sure mine own loue will I
bring,
And be obedient vnto him in euery kind of thing :
There wil I giue to thee, my loue, the daintie spiced
wine,
And pleasant liquor that distils from the pomgranet fine.
With his left hand he shal support, and eke my head
vpreare,
And with the right most louingly he shal imbrace his
deare.
Ye daughters of Ierusalem, doo not my loue disease,
But suffer her to take her rest so long as she shall please.
Who's that which from the wildernes yon commeth
from aboue,
And in this sort familiarly dooth leane vpon her loue?

Vnder a pleasant aple tree, from whence like fruit doth
spring,

Thy mother first conceiued thee, euen forth which did
thee bring.

Let it be like a priuie seale within thy secret heart,
Or like a signet on thy hand thy secrets to impart;
For iealousie is like the graue, and loue more strong
than death,

From whose hot brands ther doth proceed a flaming
fiery breath:

The flouds cannot alay his heat, nor water quench his
flame,

Neither the greatest treasure can counteruaile the
same.

Our litle sister hath no breasts: what shal we doo or say,
When we shal giue her to her spouse vpon her wed-
ding day?

If that she be a wall, on that foundation sure
A princely pallace wil we build of siluer passing pure;
And if she be a doore, she shall inclosed be
With braue and goodly squared boords of the fine
cedar tree.

I am a mightie wall, my breasts like towers hie;
Then am I passing beautifull in my beloueds eie.
King Salomon a vinyard had in faire Baalhamon field;
Each one in siluer yeerely dooth a thousand peeces
yeeld:

But yet my vineyard, Salomon, thy vine doth far excell
For fruit and goodnes of the same, thou know'st it
very wel:

A thousand siluer peeces are euen yearely due to me,
Two thousand likewise vnto them the which her keepers
be.

Oh thou that in the garden dwell'st, learne me thy
voice to know,
That I may listen to the same, as thy companions doo!
Flie, my beloued, hence away, and be thou like the roe,
Or as the hart on mountaine tops, wheron sweet
spices growe.

THE SONG OF ANNAH FOR THE BRINGING FOORTH OF SAMUEL
HER SONNE.

The Second Chap. of the First Booke of Samuel.

My heart doth in the Lord reioice, that liuing Lord of
might,
Which doth his seruants horn exalt in al his peoples sight:
I wil reioice in their despight which erst haue me abhord,
Because that my saluation dependeth on the Lord.
None is so holie as the Lord ; besides thee none there are ;
With our God there is no god that may himselfe compare.
See that no more presumptuously ye neither boast nor
vaunt,
Nor yet vnseemly speak such things, so proud and
arrogant ;
For why, the counsell of the Lord in depth cannot be
sought,
Our enterprises and our actes by him to passe are brought.

The bowe is broke, the mightie ones subuerted are at
length,
And they which weake and feeble were increased are
in strength.
They that were ful and had great store, with labor buy
their bread,
And they which hungrie were and poore, with plenty
now are fed ;
So that the womb which barren was hath many chil-
dren born,
And she which store of children had is left now all
forlorne.
The Lord doth kill and make aliue, his iudgments all
are iust ;
He throweth downe into the graue, and raiseth from
the dust.
The Lord doth make both rich and poore ; he al our
thoughts doth trie ;
He bringeth low, and eke againe exalteth vp on hie.
He raiseth vp the simple soule, whom men pursude
with hate,
To sit amongst the mightie ones in chaire of princely
state ;
For why, the pillers of the earth he placed with his hand,
Whose mighty strength doth stil support the waight of
al the land.
He wil preserue his saints ; likewise the wicked men
at length
He wil confound ; let no man seem to glory in his
strength.

The enemies of God, the Lord, shal be destroyed all ;
From heauen he shal thunder send, that on their heads
shal fall.
The mightie Lord shall iudge the world, and giue his
power alone
Vnto the king, and shal exalt his owne annointed one.

THE SONG OF IONAH IN THE WHALES BELLIE.

In the Second Chap. of Ionah.

IN griefe and anguish of my heart, my voice I did extend
Unto the Lord, and he therto a willing eare did lend ;
Euen from the deep and darkest pit and the infernall lake,
To me he hath bow'd down his eare, for his great
mercies sake.
For thou into the midst of surging seas so deepe
Hast cast me forth, whose bottom is so low and
woondrous steep ;
Whose mighty wallowing waues, which from the
floods do flow,
Haue with their power vp swallowed me, and ouer-
whelm'd me tho.
Then said I, loe, I am exilde from presence of thy face !
Yet wil I once againe behold thy house and dwelling
place :
The waters haue encompassed me, the floods inclosde me
round,
The weeds haue sore encombred me, which in the
seas abound :

Vnto the valeyes down I went, beneath the hils which
stand ;
The earth hath there enuiron'd me with force of al
the land :
Yet hast thou stil preserued me from al these dangers
here,
And brought my life out of the pit, oh Lord, my God
so deare !
My soule consuming thus with care, I praied vnto the
Lord,
And he from out his holie place heard me with one
accord.
Who to vain lieng vanities doth whollie him betake
Doth erre, also Gods mercie he doth vtterly forsake :
But I wil offer vnto him the sacrifice of praise,
And pay my vowes, ascribing thanks vnto the Lord
alwaies.

THE PRAIER OF IEREMIAH, BEWAILING THE CAPTIUITIE
OF THE PEOPLE.

In the Fift Chap. of his Lamentations.

CAL vnto mind, oh mightie Lord, the wrongs we
daily take !
Consider and behold the same, for thy great mercies
sake.
Our lands and our inheritance meere^r strangers do
possesse,
The alients in our houses dwel, and we without redresse.

We now, alas, are fatherlesse ! and stil pursude with
hate ;

Our mourning mothers nowe remaine in wofull widdowes
state.

We buy the water which we drink, such is our grieu-
ous want,

Likewise the wood euen for our vse that we ourselues
did plant.

Our neckes are subiect to the yoke of persecutions thrall,
We wearied out with cruell toile, and find no rest at all.
Afore time we in Egypt land and in Assyria serued,
For food our hunger to sustaine, least that we should
haue sterued.

Our fathers, which are dead and gone, haue sinned
wondrous sore,

And we now scourg'd for their offence, ah, woe are we
therefore !

Those seruile slaues which bondmen be, of them in
fear we stand,

Yet no man doth deliuer vs from cruel caitiues hand.
Our liuings we are forc'd to get in perils of our liues,
The drie and barren wildernesse therto by danger
driues.

Our skins be scortcht, as though they had bin in an
ouen dride,

With famine and the penury which here we doo abide.
Our wiues and maides defloured are by violence and
force,

On Sion and in Iuda land, sans pity or remorse.

Our kings by cruel enimies with cordes are hanged vp,
Our grauest sage and ancient men haue tasted of that cup;
Our yoong men they haue put to sword, not one at al
they spare,

Our litle boyes vpon the tree sans pitie hanged are.
Our elders sitting in the gates can now no more be found,
Our youth leaue off to take delight in musicks sacred
sound.

The ioy and comfort of our heart away is fled and gone,
Our solace is with sorrow mixt, our mirth is turn'd to
mone.

Our glory now is laid full low and buried in the ground,
Our sins ful sore do burthen vs, whose greatnes doth
abound.

Oh holy blessed Sion hill, my heart is woe for thee!
Mine eies poure foorth a flood of teares this dismal
day to see,

Which art destroied, and now lieth wast from sacred
vse and trade;

Thy holie place is now a den of filthy foxes made.
But thou, the euerliuing Lord, which doost remaine
for aye,

Whose seat aboue the firmament full sure and still
doth stay,

Wherefore dost thou forsake thine owne? shal we
forgotten be?

Turne vs, good Lord, and so we shall be turned vnto
thee;

Lord, cal vs home from our exile to place of our abode:
Thou long inough hast punisht vs; oh Lord, now
spare thy rod!

THE SONG OF DEBORAH AND BARACKE.

The Fift Chap. of Iudges.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the which reuenge
on Israels wrongs doth take,
Likewise for those which offered vp
themselves for Israels sake.

Heare this, ye kings, ye princes al, giue eare with one
accord ; .

I wil giue thanks, yea, sing the praise of Israels
liuing Lord.

When thou departedst, Lord, from Seir, and out of
Edom field,

The earth gan quake, the heauens rain, the cloudes
their water yeeld :

The mountains hie before the Lord haue melted euery del,
As Synay did in presence of the Lord of Israell.

In time of Sangar, Anaths sonne, and in old Iaels daies,
The paths were al vnoccupied, men sought forth
vnknown waies :

The townes and cities there lay wast, and to decay
they fel,

Til Deborah a matrone graue became in Israell.

They chose them gods; then garboils did within their
gates abound ;

A spear or shield in Israel there was not to be found.
In those which gouern Israel my heart doth take delight,
And in the valiant people there : oh, praise the Lord
of might !

Speak, ye that on white asses ride, and that by Midden
dwell,

And ye that daily trade the waies, see forth your minds
you tell.

The clattering noise of archers shot, when as the
arrowes flew,

Appeased was amongst the sort which water daily drew:
The rightousnesse of God the Lord shal be declared
there,

And likewise Israels rightousnes which worship him
in feare:

The people with reioicing hearts then all with one
consent,

I mean the Lords inheritance, vnto the gates they went.
Deborah, vp, arise, and sing a sweet and worthy song:
Baracke, lead them as captiues forth which vnto thee
belong.

For they which at this day remaine do rule like lords
alone:

The Lord ouer the mightie ones giues me dominion.
The roots of Ephraim arose gainst Amalecke to fight,
And so likewise did Benjamin with all their power
and might.

From Macher came a company which chiefest sway
did beare,

From Zebulon which cunning clarks and famous writers
were.

The kings which came of Isacher were with Deborah tho,
Yea, Isacher and Barack both attend on her also.

He was dismounted in the vale: for the deuisions sake
Of Ruben, the people there great lamentation make.

Gilead by Iorden made abode, and Dan on shipboord lay,
And Asher in the desart, he vpon the shore doth stay.
They of Zebulon and Nepthaly, like worthy valiant
wightes,

Before their foes, euen in the field, aduanc'd themselues
in fights.

The kings themselues in person fought, the kings of
Canaan,

In Tanach plaine wheras the streame of swift Megidoran.
No pay, no hyer, ne coine at all, not one did seem to take;
They serued not for greedy gain nor filthy lucre sake.
The heauens hy and heauenly powers these things to
passe haue brought ;

The stars against proud Sisera euen in their course
haue fought.

The stream of Kishons ancient brook hath ouerwhelm'd
them there :

My soule, sith thou hast done thy part, be now of harty
cheare.

The hardened hooues of barbed horse were al in peeces
broke

By force of mightie men which met with many a sturdy
stroke.

The angel hath pronounc'd a curse, which shal on
Meroz fall,

And those that doo inhabite there, a curse light on
them all ;

Because they put not forth their hands to help the
liuing Lord

Against the proud and mighty ones which haue his
truth abhord.

Iaell, the Kenit Hebers wife, most happy shal be blest
Aboue al other women there which in the tents do rest.
He asked water for to drink; she gaue sweet milk to him,
Yea, butter in a lordly dish which was full tricke and
trim.

Her left hand to the naile she put, her right the ham-
mer wrought,

Wherewith presumptuous Sisera vnto his death she
brought;

And from his corps his head she cut with mortal
deadly wound,

When through the temples of his head she naid him
to the ground:

He bowed then vnto the earth, and at her feet can fall;
And where he fell, there still he lay bereau'd of sences all.
The mother then of Sisera, in window where she lay,
Doth marueil much that this her sonne doth make so
long a stay:

Her ladies then, they hearing that, make answer by
and by;

Yea, to her speaches past before her selfe doth this
replie,—

Hath he not gotten mightie spoiles, and now diuision
makes?

Each one a damosell hath or twaine which he as captiue
takes;

Sisera of costly coloured robes, ful rich with needle
wrought,

Hath got a pray which vnto him as chiefest spoiles are
brought.

So let thine enemies, O Lord, sustaine and suffer blame;
And let thy chosen blessed ones, that loue and feare
thy name,
Be like the son when in the morne his glorie doth
increase,
Or like the land which many a yeare hath bin in rest
and peace !

ANOTHER SONG OF THE FAITHFULL FOR THE MERCIES OF GOD.

In the xii. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

Oh liuing Lord, I still will laude thy name !
For though thou wert offended once with me,
Thy heauy wrath is turn'd from me againe,
And graciously thou now doost comfort mee.

Behold, the Lord is my saluation ;
I trust in him, and feare not any power :
He is my song, the strength I leane vpon ;
The Lord God is my louing Sauour.

Therefore with ioy out of the well of life
Draw forth sweet water which it dooth affoord,
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Cal on the name of God, the liuing Lord :

Extol his works and woonders to the sunne,
Vnto al people let his praise be showne,
Record in song the meruails he hath done,
And let his glorie through the world be blowne.

Crie out aloud and shout on Sion hill ;
I giue thee charge that this proclaimed be, —
The great and mightie King of Israell
Now onely dwelleth in the midst of thee.

A SONG OF THE FAITHFULL.

In the Third Chap. of the Prophesie of Habacucke.

LORD, at thy voice my heart for feare hath trembled :
Vnto the world, Lord, let thy workes be shoven ;
In these our daies now let thy power be knownen,
And yet in wrath let mercie be remembred.

From Teman, loe, our God you may behold,
The Holie One from Paran mount so hie !
His glorie hath cleane couered the skie,
And in the earth his praises be inolde.

His shining was more clearer than the light ;
And from his hands a fulnesse did proceed,
Which did contain his wrath and power indeed ;
Consuming plagues and fire were in his sight.

He stood aloft and compassed the land,
And of the nations doth defusion make ;
The mountains rent, the hilles for feare did quake :
His vnknown pathes no man may vnderstand.

The Morians tentes, euen for their wickednes,
I might behold, the land of Midian,
Amaz'd and trembling, like vnto a man
Forsaken quite and left in great distresse.

What, did the riuers moue the Lord to ire?
Or did the floods his maiesty displease?
Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
That thou camest forth in chariot hot as fire?

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate;
Vnto the tribes thy oath doth surely stand;
And by thy strength thou didst deuide the land,
And from the earth the riuers seporate.

The mountaines saw, and trembled for feare;
The sturdy streame with speed forth passed by;
The mightv deptes shout out a hideous crie,
And then aloft their waues they did vpreare.

The sun and moon amid their course stood still;
Thy speares and arrowes forth with shining went:
Thou spoilest the land, being to anger bent,
And in displeasure thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest forth for thine owne chosens sake,
For the sauegard of thine annointed one:
The house of wicked men is ouerthrowne,
And their foundations now goe all to wracke.

Their townes thou strikest, by thy mightie power,
With their own weapons made for their defence,
Who like a whyrl-wind came with the pretence,
The poore and simple man quite to deuoure.

Thou madest thy horse on seas to gallop fast,
Vpon the waues thou ridest here and there :
My intrals trembled then for verie feare,
And at thy voice my lips shooke at the last.

Griefe pierc'd my bones, and feare did me annoy,
In time of trouble where I might find rest ;
For to reuenge when once the Lord is prest,
With plagues he wil the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound ;
No pleasure in the citie shall be found,
The field no more her fruit shal feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
In stall of bullocks there shall be no choice :
Yet in the Lord, my Sauour, I reioice,
My hope in God yet wil I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay ;
My feet for swiftnesse it is he will make
Like to the hinds who none in course can take ;
Vpon high places he will make me way.

A SONG OF THANKES TO GOD, IN THAT HEE SHEWETH HIMSELFE
IUDGE OF THE WORLD IN PUNISHING THE WICKED
AND MAINTAINING THE GODLIE.

In the xv. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

Oh Lord, my God, with praise I wil perseuer,
Thy blessed name in song I wil record,
For the great wonders thou hast done, O Lord !
Thy trueth and counsels haue bene certain euer.

A mightie citie thou makest ruinat,
The strongest townes thou bringest to decay,
A place where strangers vsually do stay,
And shall not be reduc'd to former state.

The proudest people therefore stoupe to thee,
The strongest cities haue thee still in feare :
Thou strengthnest the poore man in dispaire,
And helpest the needie in necessitie ;

Thou art a sure refuge against a shower,
A shadow which doth from the heat defend :
The raging blasts the mighty forth doth send,
Is like a storme which shakes the stateliest tower.

Thou shalt abate the forraine strangers pride,
Like as the heat doth drie the moistest place ;
The glorie of the proud thou shalt deface,
Like as the cloudes the sunny beames doo hide.

The Lord of hostes shal in this mount prouide,
And to his people here shal make a feast
Of fatted things and dainties of the best,
Of marrow and wines finely purified :

And in this mountaine by his mightie hand
That same dark cloud the Lord wil cleane destroy,
Euen with the vaile which doth his folke annoy ;
And death no more before his face shall stand.

The Lord will wipe out of his chosens eies
The teares which doo their faces so distaine ;
And their rebuke shal now no more remaine ;
Thus saith the Lord, these be his promises.

And men shal say then, loe, this same is he,
This is our God on whom we did attend,
This is the Lord that will vs stil defend !
We will be glad and ioyfull, Lord, in thee :

Thy hand, oh Lord, here in this mount shall rest ;
And cursed Moab shall by thee be beaten,
As in thy iudgment thou of long doost threaten,
As in Mamena straw of men is thresht !

And ouer them the Lord his hand shal holde,
As he that swimmeth stretcheth him at length ;
And by his power and by his mighty strength
The proud and stout by him shal be controlde.

Thy highest walles and towers of all thy trust
He shall bring downe, and lay them all full lowe ;
Vnto the ground his hand shall make them bow,
And lay thy pride and glorie in the dust.

ANOTHER SONG OF THE FAITHFULL, WHEREIN IS DECLARED IN
WHAT CONSISTETH THE SALUATION OF THE CHURCH.

In the xvi. Chap. of the Prophetie of Isaiah.

AND in that day this same shal be our song,
In Iuda land this shall be sung and said;
We haue a citie which is woondrous strong,
And for the walles the Lord himself our aid.

Open the gates, yea, set them open wide,
And let the godly and the righteous passe ;
Yea, let them enter, and therein abide,
Which keepe his lawes, and do his trueth imbrace.

And in thy iudgment thou wilt sure preserue
In perfect peace those which doo trust in thee :
Trust in the Lord which dooth all trust deserue ;
He is thy strength, and none but onelie he.

He will bring downe the proud that looke so hie ;
The stateliest buildings he wil soone abase,
And make them euen with the ground to lie,
And vnto dust he will their pride deface :

It shall be troden to the verie ground ;
The poore and needy downe the same shal tread :
The iust mans way in righteousnes is found ;
Into a path most plaine thou wilt him lead.

But we haue waited long for thee, oh Lord !
And in thy way of iudgment we do rest ;
Our soules doth ioy thy name still to record,
And thy remembrance doth content vs best.

My soule hath long'd for thee, oh Lord ! by night,
And in the morn my spirit for thee hath sought :
Thy iudgments to the earth giue such a light,
As al the world by them thy trueth is taught.

But shew thy mercie to the wicked man,—
He wil not learne thy righteousnes to know ;
His chiefe delight is still to curse and ban,
And vnto thee himselfe he will not bow.

They doo not once at all regard thy power ;
Thy peoples zeale shall let them see their shame :
But with a fire thou shalt thy foes deuoure,
And cleane consume them with a burning flame.

With peace thou wilt preserue vs, Lord, alone,
For thou hast wrought great woonders for our sake ;
And other gods beside thee haue we none,
Only in thee we all our comfort take.

The dead and such as sleep within the graue,
Shal giue no glorie nor yeeld praise to thee,
Which here on earth no place nor being haue,
And thou hast rooted out of memorie.

Oh Lord ! thou doost this nation multiply,
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase :
Thou art most glorious in thy maiesty ;
Thou hast inlarg'd the earth with perfect peace.

We cride to thee, and oft our hands did wring,
When we haue seen thee bent to punishment ;
Like to a woman in childbyrth traueiling,
Euen so in paine we mourne and doo lament :

We haue conceiu'd and laboured with paine,
But only wind at last we forth haue brought ;
Vpon the earth no hope there doth remaine,
The wicked world likewise auailles vs nought.

The dead shal liue, and such as sleep in graue
With their own bodies once shal rise againe :
Sing, ye that in the dust your dwelling haue ;
The earth no more her bodies shall retaine.

Come, come, my people, to my chamber here,
And shut the doores vp surely after thee ;
Hide thou thy selfe, and doo not once appeare,
Nor let thine eies mine indignation see :

For from aboue the Lord is now dispos'd
To scourge the sinnes that in the world remaine :
His seruants blood in earth shal be disclosde,
And she shal now yeeld vp her people slaine.

FINIS.

HEREAFTER FOLLOVVE CERTAIN OTHER SONGS AND PRAIERS
OF GODLY MEN AND WOMEN, OUT OF THE BOOKES
OF APOCRIPHA.

THE PRAIER OF IUDITH FOR THE DELIUERANCE OF THE
PEOPLE.

In the ix. Chap. of the book of Iudith.

Oh Lord ! the God of Simeon,
my soueraigne father deare,
To whom thou gauest strength and might
the sword in hand to beare,
To take reuenge on those which first the maidens
wombe did tame,
And spoiled her virginitie with great reproch and shame;
For which offence thou gauest vp their princes to be
slaine,
So that their wounds with gory blood their beds did
all distain ;
Their seruants with their lords, ech one, haue felt thy
wrath alike,
Who sitting in their roial seat thou sparest not to strike;

Their wiues, their daughters, and their goods, thou
gau'st, for thy behoue,

As prais, as captiues, and as spoiles, to those whom
thou didst loue,

Who, moou'd with zeale, could not abide their blood
defil'd to see ;

Then heare me, Lord, a widow poore which here do
cal to thee.

Things past, and things not yet discern'd, thy prouidence
hath wrought,

Things present, and the things to come, by thee to
passe are brought ;

Each thing is present at thy call thy wisdom doth
deuise,

Thy secret iudgments long before thy knowledge doth
comprise.

Th' Assirians now in multitude a mighty number are,
Whose horsmen on their barbed horse themselues to
war prepare ;

Their hope in footmen doth consist, in sling, in speare,
and shield ;

They know not thee to be the Lord whose force doth
win the field.

Let all their force, their strength, and power be by thy
might abated,

Who vow thy temple to defile which thou hast conse-
crated,

Yea, to pollute thy tabernacle, thy house, and holy
place,

And with their instruments of war thine altars to deface.

Behold their pride, and poure on them thy wrath and
 heauy yre,
And strength my hand to execute the thing I now
 desire ;
Smite thou the seruant and the lord, as they together
 stand,
Abate their glory and their pride euen by a womans
 hand :
For in the greatest multitude thou takest not delight,
Nor in the strong and valiant men consisteth not thy
 might ;
But to the humble, lowly, meeke, the succourlesse, and
 poore,
Thou art a help, defence, refuge, and louing sauour.
My father in thy name did trust, O Israels Lord most
 deare,
Of heauen, of earth, of sea and land ! doo thou my
 praier heare :
Grant thou me wit, sleight, power, strength to wound
 them, which aduance
Themselues ouer thy Sion hil and thine inheritance :
Declare to nations far and neare, and let them know
 ful well,
Thou art the Lord whose power and strength defend-
 eth Israell.

THE SONG OF IUDITH, HAUIING SLAINE HOLOPHERNES.

In the xvi. Chap. of the book of Iudith.

TUNE vp the timbrels, then, with laud vnto the Lord,
Sound foorth his praise on simbals loud, with songs of
one accord ;

Declare and shew his praise, also his name rehearse,
In song of thanks exactly pend, of sweet and noble
verse.

The Lord he ceaseth warres, euen he the verie same,
Tis he that doth appease all strife ; Iehouah is his name ;
The which hath pitcht his tent, our surest strength
and aide,

Amongst vs here, least that our foes shuld make vs
once dismaid.

From northren mountain tops proud Assur came a
downe,

With warlike men, a multitude of famous high renowne,
Whose footmen stopt the streams where riuers woont
to flowe,

And horsmen couered all the vales that lay the hilles
belowe.

His purpose was for to destroy my land with sword
and fire,

To put my yongmen to the sword did thirst with hot
desire,

My children to captiuitie he would haue borne away,
My virgins so by rape and force as spoiles and chiefest
pray.

But yet the high and mighty Lord his people doth defend,
And by a silly womans hand hath brought him to his end;
For why, their mightie men with armes were not
subdude,

Nor with their blood our yoong mens hands were not
at al imbrude,

No, none of Titans line this proud Assirian slue,
Nor any gyants aid we crau'd this souldier to subdue;
But Iudith she alone, Meraris daughter deere,
Whose heauenly hue hath bred his baine, and brought
him to his beere.

She left her mourning weed, and deckt her selfe with gold,
In royall robes of seemly showe, all Israell to behold;
With odors she perfum'd her selfe after the queintest
guise,

Her haire with fillet finely bound as art could wel deuise;
Her slippers neat and trim his eies and fancie fed,
Her beautie hath bewicht his mind, her sword cut off
his head.

The Perseans were amaz'd, her modestie was such,
The Medes at her bold enterprise they marueiled as
much;

Amongst th' Assyrians then great clamors can arise,
When as the fact so lately done apear'd before their eies.
The sons, which erst my daughters haue euen on their
bodies born,

Haue slaine them as they fled in chace, as men so quite
forlorne;

Euen at the presence of the Lord the stoutest turn'd
his backe,

His power did so astonish them that al things went to
wracke.

A song now let vs sing of thankes vnto the Lord,
Yea, in a song of pleasant tune let vs his praise record.
Oh God, thou mightie Lord! who is there like to
thee?

In strength and power to thee, oh Lord, none may
compared be!

Thy creatures all obey and serue thee in their trade,
For thou no sooner spakst the word but euery thing
was made;

Thou sentest foorth the spirit which did thy worke
fulfill,

And nothing can withstand thy voice, but listen to thy
will.

The mountains shal remoue wher their foundation lay,
Likewise the floods, the craggy rocks like wax shal
melt away:

But they that feare the Lord, and in him put their
trust,

Those will he loue, and stil impute amongst the good
and iust.

But woe be those that seeke his chosen flocks decay!
The Lord God wil reuenge their wrongs at the last
iudgement day;

For he such quenchlesse fire and gnawing wormes shal
send

Into their flesh, as shal consume them world without
an end.

A PRAIER OF THE AUTHOUR.

In the xxiii. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

LORD of my life, my guide and gouernour,
Father, of thee this one thing I require ;
Thou wilt not leaue me to the wicked power,
Which seeke my fall, and stil my death desire.

Oh, who is he that shall instruct my thought,
And so with wisdom shall inspire my heart,
In ignorance that nothing may be wrought
By me with them whose sinne shall not depart ?

Least that mine errors growe and multiplie,
And to destruction through my sinnes I fall,
My foes reioice at my aduersitie,
Who in thy mercie haue no hope at all.

My Lord and God, from whom my life I tooke,
Vnto the wicked leaue me not a pray ;
A haughty mind, a proud disdainfull looke,
From me thy seruant take thou cleane away.

Vaine hope likewise, with vile concupiscence,
Lord, of thy mercie take thou cleane from me ;
Retaine thou him in true obedience,
Who with desire daily serueth thee.

Let not desire to please the greedy mawe,
Or appetite of any fleshly lust,
Thy seruant from his louing Lord withdraw,
But giue thou me a mind both good and iust.

THE PRAIER OF SALOMON.

In the ix. Chap. of the Book of Wisdome.

OH God of our forefathers all,
of mercie thou the Lord,
Which heauen and earth and all thinges els
createdst with thy word,

And by thy wisdome madest man like to thy selfe alone,
And gauest him ouer thy workes the chiefe dominion,
That he shoud rule vpon the earth with equity and right,
And that his iudgments should be pure and vpright in
thy sight!—

Giue me that wisdome which about thy sacred throne
doth stay,
And from amongst thine own elect, Lord, put me not
away;

For I thy seruant am, and of thy handmaid borne,
A sillie soule, whose life, alas! is short and all forlorne,
And do not vnderstand at all what ought to be my guide,
I mean thy statutes and thy lawes, least that I slip aside;
For though a man in worldly things for wisdome be
esteem'd,

Yet if thy wisdom want in him, his is but folly deem'd.
Thou chosest me to be a king, to sit on royall throne,
To iudge the folk which thou of right dost challenge
for thy own:

Thou hast commanded me to build a temple on thy hill,
And altar in the self same place where thou thy selfe
doost dwel,

Euen like vnto thy tabernacle in each kind of respect,
A thing most holy, which at first thy selfe thou didst
erect.

Thy wisdome being stil with thee which vnderstands
thy trade,

When as thou framedst first the world, and her
foundation laid,

Which knew the thing that most of all was pleasant in
thy sight,

Thy wil and thy commandements wherein thou takst
delight;

Send her down from that heauenly seat wheras she
doth abide,

That she may shew to me thy will, and be my onely guide ;
For she dooth know and vnderstand, yea, al things
doth foresee,

And by her works and mighty power I shall preserued
bee :

Then shal my works accepted be and liked in thy sight,
When I vpon my fathers throne shall iudge thy folke
aright.

Who knoweth the counsell of the Lord, his deep and
secret skil,

Or who may search into his works, or know his holy will ?
For why, the thoughts of mortal men are nothing els
but care,

Their forecasts and deuises all, things most vncertaine
are.

The bodie is vnto the soule a waight and burthen great,
The earthly house depresseth down the mind with
cares repleat :

The things which here on earth remain we hardly
can discern,
To find their secret vse and trade with labor great we
learne ;
For who doth search, or seek to know with traueill
and with care,
The secrets of the mightie Lord, which hie in heauen
are ?
Who can thy counsels vnderstand, except thou doo
impart
Thy wisdom, and thy holy spirit doost send into his
heart ?
For so the waies of mortal men reformed are, and
taught
The things that most delighteth thee, which wisdom
forth haue brought.

A SONG OF IHESUS THE SONNE OF SIRACH.

In the last Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

I WILL confesse thy name, O Lord,
And giue thee praise with one accord !
My God, my King, and Sauour,
Vnto thy name be thanks and power !

I haue bene succoured by thee,
And thou hast still preserued me,
And from destruction kept me long,
And from report of slaunderous tongue ;

From lips stil exercise with lies,
And from my cruell enemies,
Thou me in mercie doost deliuer ;
Thy blessed name be praisde for euer !

From monsters that would me deuoure,
From cruell tyrants and their power ;
In all affliction, paine, and grieve,
Thou succourest me with some reliefe ;

From the cruell burning flame,
Poore I inclosde within the same,
From the deepe infernall pit,
From venom'd tongues that poison spit ;

From speeches that of malice spring,
From accusation to the king,
From all reproch and infamy,
From slander and like villanie.

My soule, to death praise thou the Lord,
And laud his name with one accord ;
For death was readie thee to take,
And thou neare the infernall lake.

They compassed me round about,
But there was none to helpe me out ;
I look'd when succour would appeare,
But there was none that would come neare.

Vpon thy mercies then I thought,
And on the wonders thou hast wrought,
How from destruction thou doost saue
Such as in thee affiance haue :

In praier then I did perseuer,
That thou from death wouldst me deliuer ;
Vnto the Lord I crie and call,
That he would rid me out of thrall.

Therefore I still will praise thy name,
And euer thanke thee for the same ;
My praiers shall of thee be heard,
And neuer from thy eares debard :

Thou sau'st me from destruction,
And other mischiefs more than one ;
Therefore wil I praise thee, O Lord,
And in my songs thy name record !

THE PRAIER OF HESTER FOR THE DELIUERANCE OF HER
AND HER PEOPLE.

In the xiiii. Chap. of Hester.

O MIGHTY Lord, thou art our God ! to thee for aid I
 crie,
To help a woman desolate, sith danger now is nie.
Euen from my youth I oft haue hard my predecessors
 tel,

That from amongst the nations all thou chosest Israell,
And chosest those our fathers were from theirs that
went before,

To be thine owne, and hast perform'd thy promise
euermore.

Now, Lord, we haue committed sin most grieuous in
thine eies ;

Wherefore thou hast deliuered vs vnto our enemies ;
Because that to their heathen gods with worship we
haue gone,

Knowing that thou art God the Lord, the righteous
Lord alone.

Yet not content nor satisfied with these our captiues
bands,

But with their idols they themselues haue ioin'd and
shaken hands,

Quite to abolish and subuert what thou appointed hast,
And this thine owne inheritance euen vtterly to waste,
To shut and stop the mouthes of those that yeeld thee
thanks and praise,

Thy glorious temples to defile, thine altars vp to raise,
And to induce the heathen folke to laud their idols
might,

To magnifie a fleshly king, a man, a mortall wight.
Then let not such the scepter sway whose glorie is of
nought,

Least they deride vs when that we to miserie are brought,
And those deuises they haue wrought t' intangle vs
withall,

May turne vnto their owne decay, and on their heads
may fall.

Remember, Lord, and shew thy selfe to vs in time of need,
And strengthen me, thou King of kings, and Lord of
power indeed ;

Instruct my tongue with eloquence, my speaches to
impart

Before the lions face, and by thy wisdome turne his
heart

To hate our deadly enemy, so wholly bent to ill,—
Destroy him and al such as doo consent vnto his will ;
But let thy hand deliuer vs, and help and succour me,
Sith I am now left comfortlesse, and haue no help but
thee.

Thou know'st right well all things, O Lord ! and this
thou knowest then,

I hate the glory and the pompe of wicked sinful men,
And vtterly detest the bed of any heathen wight,
Vncircumcised, most vnpure, and odious in thy sight :
Thou knowest my necessitie, and that with hate I beare
This token of preheminnce which on my head I weare,
And as a filthy menstruous cloath I take thereof such
shame,

As, being by my selfe alone, I neuer weare the same ;
And that at Hamans table yet thy handmaid hath not fed,
Nor tooke delight in princes feast, nor drank wine
offered ;

And neuer ioi'd in any thing, since first I hether came,
Vntil this day, but in the Lord, thou God of Abraham !
Oh thou, the high and mightie God, heare thou the
voice and crie

Of them, whose hope, whose trust, and stay only on
thee doth lie !

And now in need deliuer vs out of their cruell hand,
And from the dread and feare, O Lord, wherein we
dayly stand !

THE PRAIER OF MARDOCHEUS.

In the xiii. Chap. of Hester.

OH Lord, my Lord, that art the King of might,
Within whose power all thinges their being haue !
Who may withstand that liueth in thy sight,
If thou thy chosen Israell wilt saue ?

For thou hast made the earth and heauen aboue,
And al things els that in the same do mooue.

Thou madest all things, and they are all thine own,
And there is none that may resist thy will :
Thou know'st all things, and this of thee is knowne,
I did not erst for malice nor for ill,
Presumption nor vaine glorie els at all,
Come nor bow downe vnto proud Hamans call.

I could haue bin content for Israels sake
To kisse the soles euen of his verie feet,
But that I would not mans vaine honor take
Before Gods glorie, being so vnmeet,
And would not worship none, O Lord, but thee !
And not of pride, as thou thy selfe doost see.

Therefore, oh Lord, my God and heauenly King,
Haue mercie on the people thou hast bought !
For they imagine and deuise the thing
How to destroy and bring vs vnto nought,
Thine heritance, which thou so long hast fed,
And out so far from Egypt land hast led.

Oh, heare my praier, and mercie doe extend
Vpon thy portion of inheritance !
For sorrowe now some ioy and solace send,
That we may liue thy glorie to aduance ;
And suffer not their mouthes shut vp, oh Lord,
Which stil thy name with praises doo record !

A PRAIER IN THE PERSON OF THE FAITHFULL.

The xxxvi. Chap. of Ecclesiasticus.

HAUE mercie on vs, blessed Lord,
Which madest all thinges with thy word ;
Behold vs, Sauour, from aboue,
Illuminate vs with thy loue :

And let the wicked dread thy name,
Which neuer sought vnto the same,
And knowe that thou art God alone,
And like in woonders to be none.

Oh Lord, lift vp thy mightie hand !
The world thy power shall vnderstand :
As by vs thou art sanctified,
By them so be thou magnified ;

That they may learne thy power to knowe,
As we that be thy seruantes doo :
Thou art the liuing Lord alone,
And other goddes besides thee none.

Renew the signes, Lord, thou hast showne,
And let thy woonderous woorks be knowne ;
Declare the strength of thy right hand,
Let them thy power vnderstand :

Arise to iudgment in thine yre,
Poure out thy wrath as hot as fire ;
Destroy the cruell aduersarie,
To spoile our foes, Lord, doo not tarie :

Shorten thou these wicked daies ;
Thinke on thine oath at all assaies ;
Let thy woonders, Lord, appeare,
And be thou praised farre and neare :

In burning fire, Lord, let them die
Which doe escape and seek to flie ;
And let them perish with annoy
Which seeke thy people to destroy :

Cleaue thou the heads of mighty kings,
Our enemies in godly things;
And let the world behold and see
That we are chosen vnto thee:

Lord, gather Iacob vnto thee,
That they thy might and power may see,
That they thy wondrous works may show,
And to be thine themselues may know.

Vnto thy folke impute no blame
Which euer cald vpon thy name;
To Israel, Lord, be thou milde,
Thy only heir, thy first borne child;

Vnto Ierusalem shew pitie,
Thy sanctuarie and thy citie;
Blesse Sion where thy prophets liue,
Thy glorie to thy people giue:

And be thou witnesse vnto those
Which haue bene thine still to dispose,
And raise them vp, oh Lord, on hie,
Which in thy name doo prophesie!

Reward them, Lord, that waite for thee,
That they thy prophets trueth may see;
Heare thou thy seruants praier, oh Lord,
As thou to Aaron gauest thy word!

Guide vs in way of righteousnesse :
The earth thy glorie shall expresse ;
And to the world it shall be knowne,
Thou art eternall and alone.

A PRAIER OF TOBIAS, EXHORTING ALL MEN TO PRAISE THE LORD.

Tobias, Chap. xiii.

Bless'd be that King which euermore shal raign,
So euer may his kingdome blessed be !
Which punisheth and pitttieth againe,
Which sends to hell and likewise setteth free ;
 Before whose presence may no creature stand,
 Nor any thing auoid his heauie hand.

Ye children of his chosen Israell,
Before the Gentles stil confesse his name,
With whom he hath appointed you to dwell,
Euen there, I say, extol and laude his fame :
 He is a Lord and God most gracious,
 And still hath bene a father vnto vs.

He wil scourge vs for our iniquitie ;
Yet mercie will he take on vs againe,
And from those nations gathered shall we be,
With whom as strangers now we do remaine,
 Yf in your harts he shal repentance find,
 And turne to him with zeale and willing mind.

When as your dealings shall be found vpright,
Then wil he turn his face from you no more,
Nor thenceforth hide his presence from your sight,
But lend his mercie then, laid vp in store ;
Therefore confesse his name, and praises sing
To that most great and highest heauenly King.

I will confesse him in captiuitie,
And to a wicked people shewe his might :
Oh, turne to him, vile sinners that you be,
And doo the thing is vpright in his sight !
Who's there can tell if he will mercie showe,
Or take compassion on you, yea or noe ?

I will extoll and laude thy name alwaies,
My soule, the praise of heauens King expresse ;
All tongues on earth shall spread abroad his praise,
All nations shew foorth his righteousness ;
Ierusalem, thou shalt be scourged then,
But he wil spare the sonnes of righteous men.

Faile not to giue the Lord his praises due,
And still extoll that euerlasting King ;
And help to build his tabernacle newe,
In which his saints shall euer sit and sing,
In which the captiues shall haue end of grieve,
In which the poore shall euer find reliefe.

Many shall come from countries far and neare,
And shall great giftes vnto his presence bring ;

Many before his presence shall appeare,
And shal reioice in this great heauenly King :
 Cursed be those which hate thy blessed name,
 But bless'd be those which loue and like the same.

Triumph with ioy, ye that be good and iust ;
Though scattered now, yet shall you gathered be ;
Then in the Lord fix all your hope and trust,
And rest in peace till you these blessings see :
 Blessed be those which haue bin touch'd with griefe,
 When they haue seen thee scourg'd and want reliefe.

Those only shall reioice with thee againe,
And those shall be partakers of thy glorie,
And shall in blisse for ay with thee remaine,
Now passed once these troubles transitorie :
 Then, oh my soule, see thou reioice and sing,
 And laud the great and highest heuenly King !

And he will build Jerusalem full faire
With emeralds and saphyrs of great price ;
With precious stones he will her walles repaire,
Her towers of golde with worke of rare deuice ;
 And all her streetes with berall will he paue,
 With carbunckles and ophirs passing braue :

And all her people there shall sit and say,
Praised be God with Aleluiah !

NOTES.

P. 3. Dedication, last line but three, "*censure*," i. e. opinion, judgement.

P. 10. last line but three, "*in it they would delite*." Old ed. "*in it they woule delite*,"—a misprint, as is shewn by "would" in the next line.

P. 11. line 4, "*bitternesse*." Old ed. "bittenesse."

P. 15. last line, "*laire*," i. e. leer, skin, complexion.

P. 16. last line but two, "*Or camphere that doth spring and grow in vine of Engady*." Here "vine" is used for vineyard. Our authorized version has, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi."

P. 17. line 7, "*chyer of grasse*." Qy. does "chyer" mean spire?

—— last line but three, "*clipping*," i. e. embracing, encircling.

P. 19. line 4, "*fere*," i. e. companion.

—— line 7, "*tho*," i. e. then.

—— last line but one, "*ready prest*," i. e. *ready* prepared, provided.

P. 21. line 15, "*kay*," i. e. key.

—— last line but four, "*moe*," i. e. more.

P. 23. line 2, "*nould*," i. e. ne would,—would not.

———— "*at all*." Old ed. "*at at all*."

P. 24. line 3, "*make*," i. e. mate.

P. 25. line 6, "*ne*," i. e. nor.

P. 27. last line but 3, "*disease*," i. e. trouble, disturb.

P. 29. line 2, "*Two thousand*." Old ed. "*Two twousand*."
Compare the preceding line.

P. 30. last line but five, "*pursude*." Old ed. "*pusude*."

P. 35. line 7, "*euery* del." i. e. *every* part.

—— last line but three, "*garboils*," i. e. commotions, tumults.
Coles has, "*A Garboil, turba, rixa, contentio*." *Dict.* In
our authorized version the present passage stands,—
"*then was war in the gates*."

P. 37. line 4, "*fighths*." Old ed. "*fight*."

P. 43. title, "*xv. Chap*." Ought to be "*xxv. Chap*."

P. 45. title, "*xvi. Chap*." Ought to be "*xxvi. Chap*."

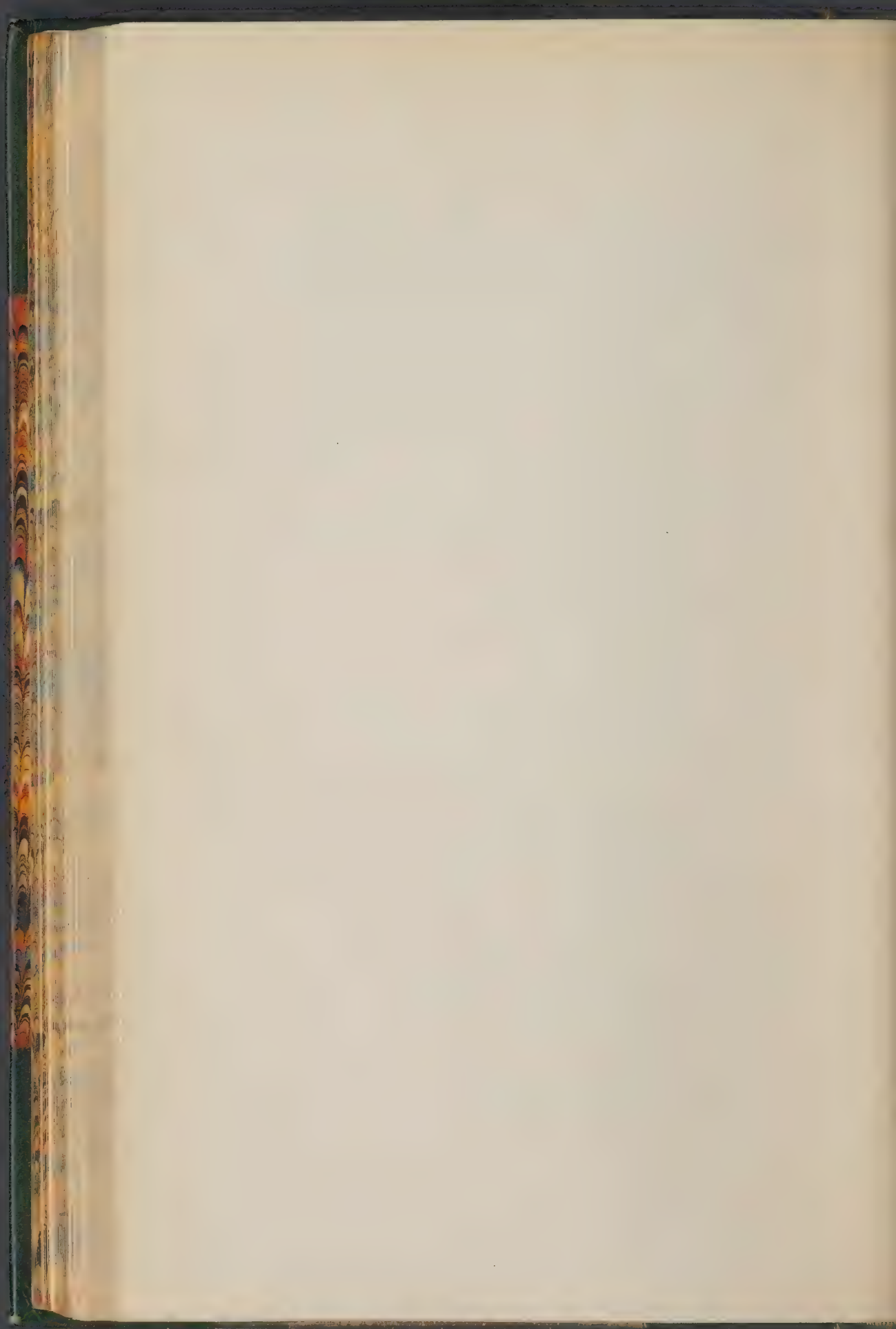
P. 51. line 10, "*renowne*". Old ed. "*renowme*",—which,
though a common form of the word in early writers,
must be a misprint here because it is against the rhyme.

P. 58. line 1, "*exercisde*". Old ed. "*exrcisde*."

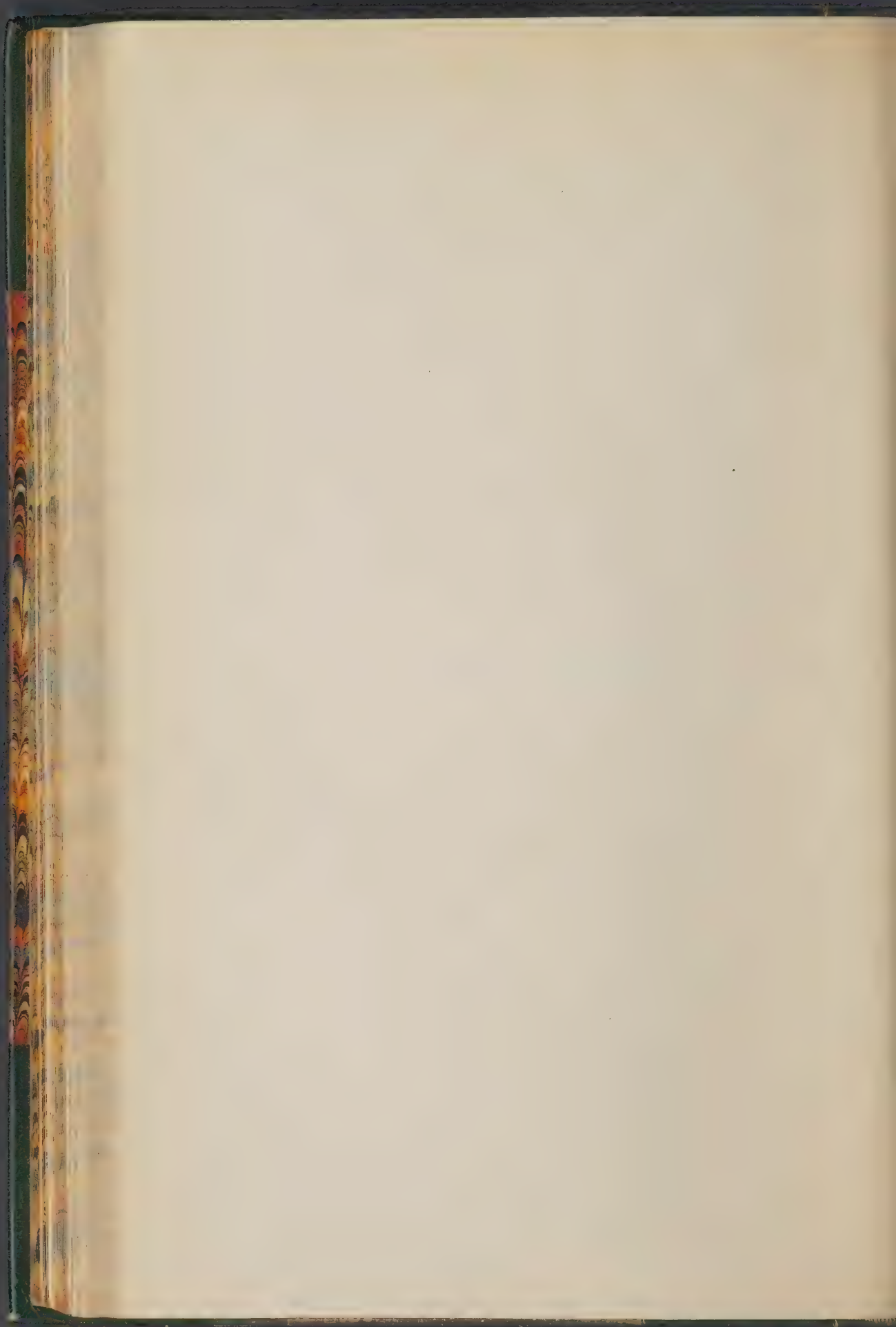
P. 64. line 18, "*at all assaies*". This expression, not unfre-
quently found in our old writers, is thus rendered by

Palsgrave, "*En tous poynts, or a tous poynts.*" *Lesclar. de la Lang. Fr.* 1530, fol. ccccxxxviii. (Table of Ad-uerbes); and Horman has, "He is a frende *at all assayes.* *Omnium horarum amicus est.*" *Vulgaria*, sig. x iiiii. ed. 1530.

P. 68. last line but two, "*ophirs*," i. e. (as in our authorized version) "stones of Ophir."



JACK OF DOVER.



JACK OF DOVER,

HIS

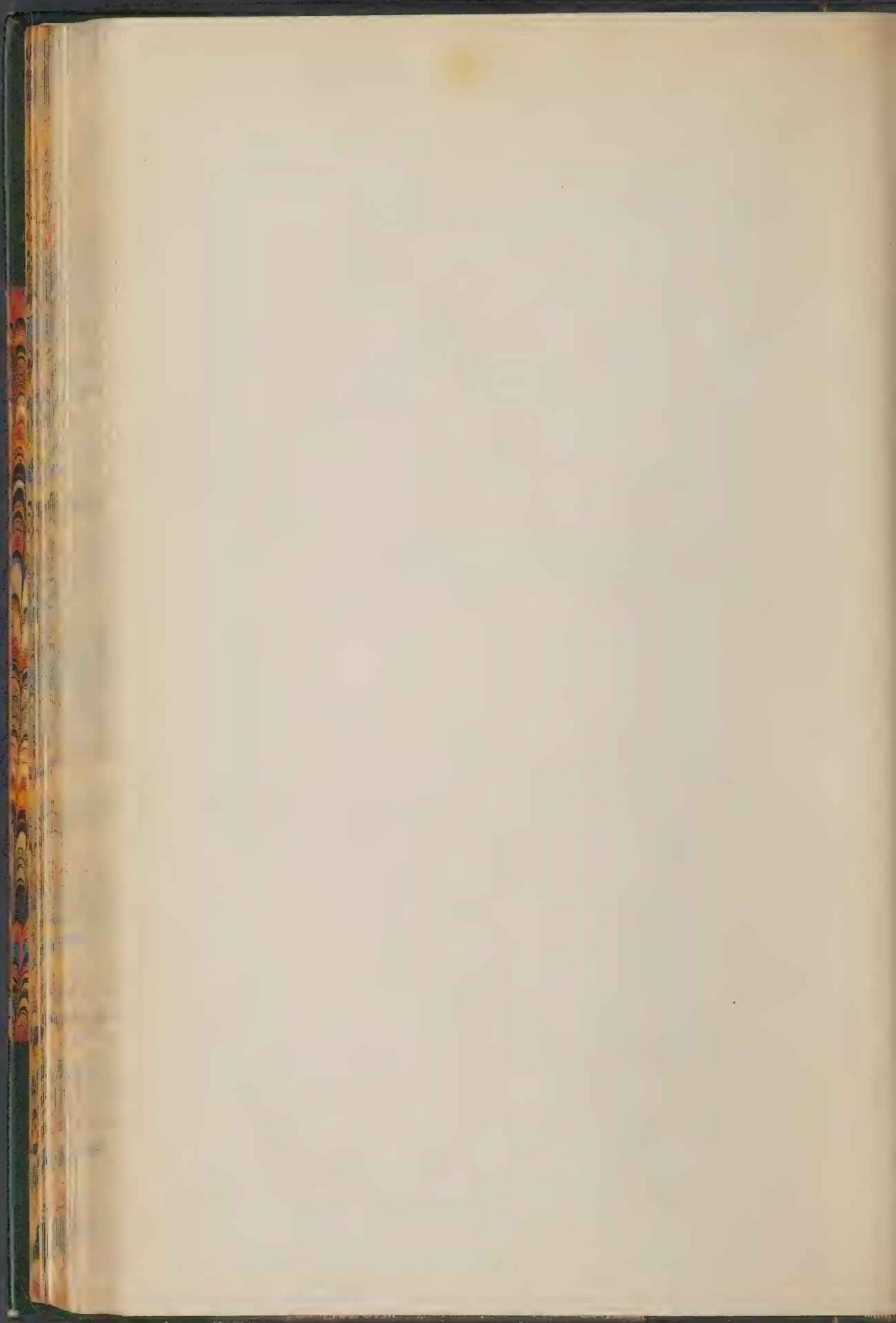
QUEST OF INQUIRIE, OR HIS PRIVY SEARCH
FOR THE VERIEST FOOLE
IN ENGLAND.

A COLLECTION OF MERRY TALES PUBLISHED AT THE
BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

EDITED FROM A COPY IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

LONDON:
REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY.

M.DCCC.XLII.



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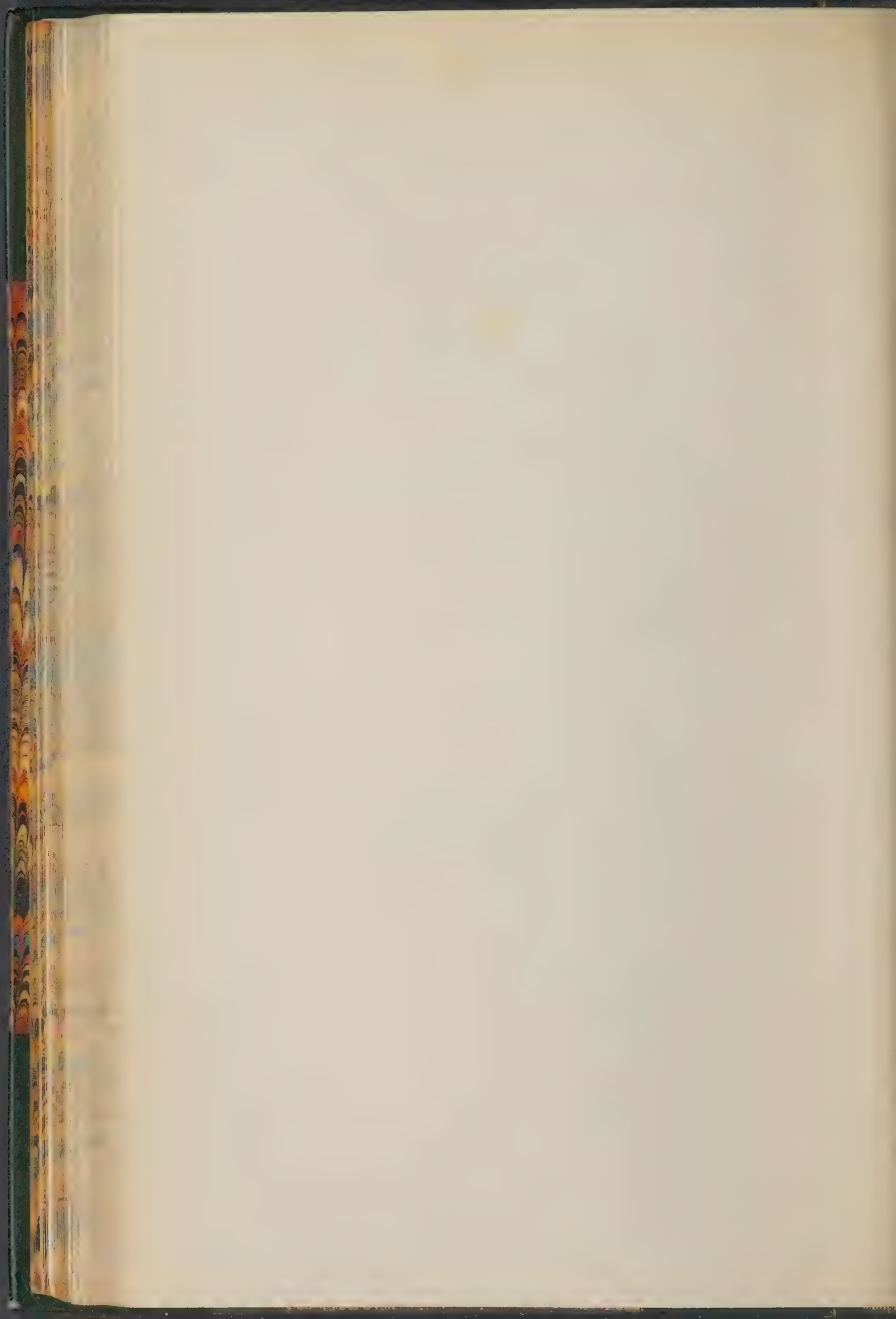
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PREFACE.

THE following little tract is extremely curious, as forming one of the links between the wit of the middle ages, and that of modern times. There is scarcely one of the merry tales contained in it which has not its counterpart among the numerous Latin stories of the monks, which were popular in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. On this account we are justified in supposing that it is only a reproduction of a work of a much earlier date than any of the known editions. It was perhaps one of the little black-letter books of the earlier times of printing in England.

There must have been an edition of the present work in or before 1601, for on the 3rd of August of that year, was entered in the Stationers' register, by W. Firebrand, the printer of the earliest

edition now in existence, "the second parte of Jack of Dover." The present edition is reprinted from the copy of the earliest known edition now preserved among the books of the late Mr. Douce, in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The second part, or "Penniles Parliament," was reprinted in the Harleian Miscellany, from an edition printed in 1608. In the Malone Library there is an edition printed at London in 1615.

The origin of the name of Jack of Dover appears to be unknown; and its application is not quite clear from the present book. Chaucer applies the name to some kind of article sold by the Cook:—

"And many a Jacke of Dover hast thou sold,
That hath bene twies hot and twies cold."

THE COKE'S PROLOGUE.

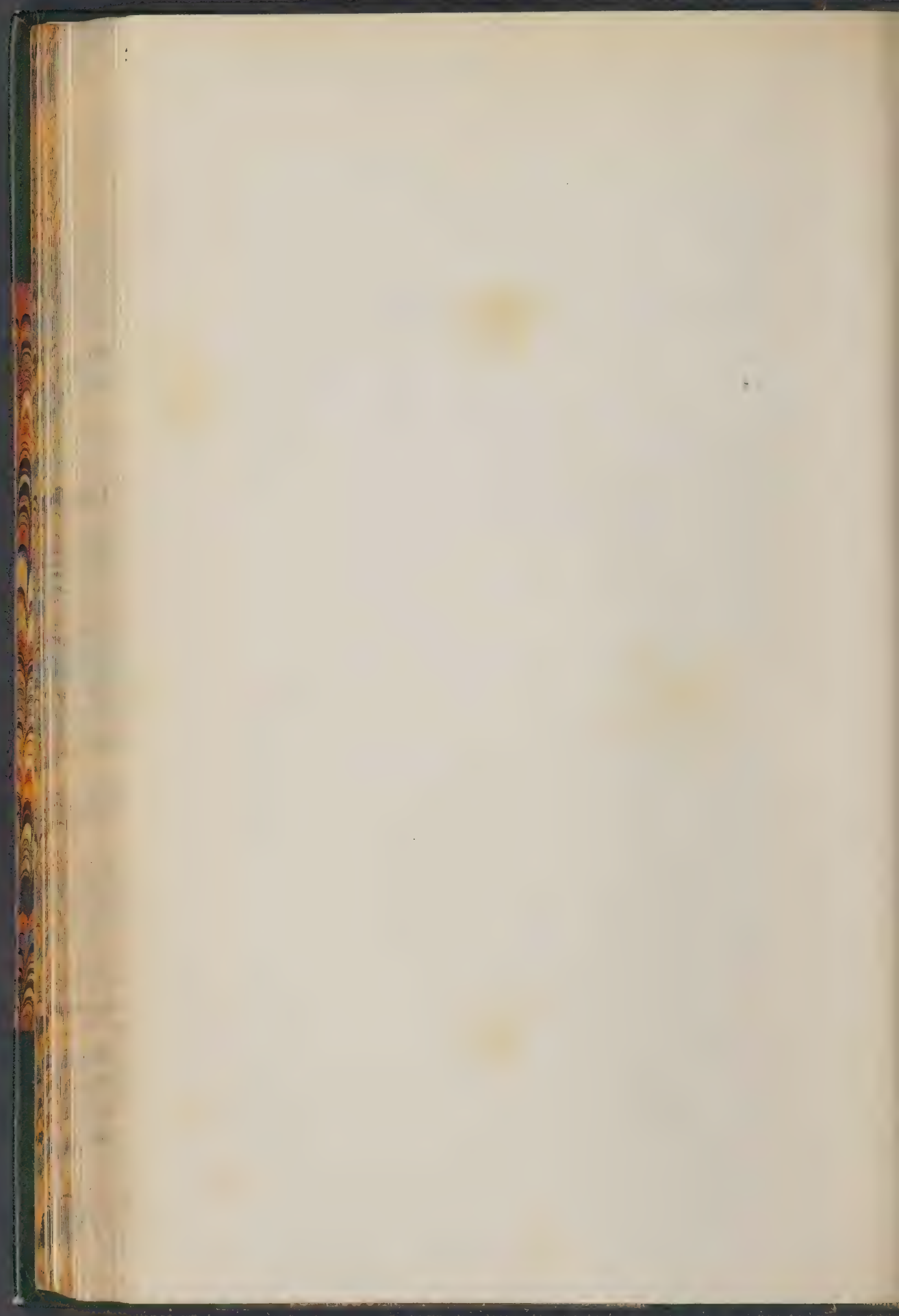
JACKE OF DOVER,

HIS QUEST OF INQUIRIE, OR HIS PRIVY
SEARCH FOR THE VERIEST FOOLE
IN ENGLAND.

LONDON:

Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be sold in
Popes head Alley, over against the Taverne doore,
neare the Exchange.

1604.



JACKE OF DOVERS QUEST OF INQUIRIE.

WHEN merry Jacke of Dover had made his privie search for the Foole of all Fooles, and making his inquirie in most of the principall places in England, at his returne home was adjudged to be the foole himselfe: but now, wearied with the motley coxcombe, he hath undertaken in some place or other to finde out a verier foole than himselfe. But first of all comming to London he went into Paules church, where, walking very melancholy in the middle ile with captaine Thingut and his fellowes, he was invited to dine at duke Humphries ordinarie, where amongst many other good stomackes that repayred to his bountifull feast, there came in a whole jury of pennilesse poets, who, being fellowes of a merry disposition (but as necessary in a common-wealth as a candle in a straw-bed) hee accepted of their company; and as from poets commeth all kind of foolerie, so he hoped by their good directions to find out this Foole of all Fooles so long lookt for: so thinking to passe away the dinner time with some pleasant chat, least (being overcloyde with too many delicates) they should surfet, he discovered to them his merry meaning, who being glad of so good an occasion

of mirth, instead of a cup of sacke and sugar for digestion, these men of litle wit began to make inquirie and to search for this aforesayde foole, thinking it a deede of charitie to ease him of so great a burthen as his motley coxcombe was, and because such weake braines as are now resident almost in every place might take benefite hereat. In this manner began the inquirie.

THE FOOLE OF HERFORDE.

UPON a time (quoth one of the jurie) it was my chaunce to be in the cittie of Herforde, when lodging in an inn I was tolde of a certain silly witted gentleman there dwelling, that wold assuredly beleeve all things that he heard for a truth, to whose house I went upon a sleeveles arrand, and finding occasion to be acquainted with him, I was well entertained, and for three dayes space had my bed and boord in his house, where amongst many other fooleries, I being a traveller made him beleeve that the steeple in Burndwood in Essex sayled in one night as far as Callis in Fraunce, and afterward returned againe to his proper place. Another time I made him beleeve that in the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire were seene five hundred of the king of Spaines gallies, which went to besiege Robbinhoodes well, and that fourty thousand schollers with elderne squirts performed such a peece of service, as they were all in a manner broken and overthrowne in the forrest. Another time I made him beleeve that Westminster hall, for suspition of treason, was banished

for ten years into Staffordshire. And last of all, I made him beleewe that a tinker should be bayted to death at Canterbury for getting two and twenty children in a yeere: whereupon, to proove me a lyer, he tooke his horse and rode thither; and I, to verrifie him a foole, tooke my horse and rode hither. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF HUNTINGTON.

AND it was my chaunce (quoth another of the jurie) upon a time to be at Huntington, where I heard tell of a simple shoemaker there dwelling, who having two litle boyes, whom he made a vaunt to bring up to learning, the better to maintaine themselves when they were men; and having kept them a yeere or two at schoole, he examined them, saying: My good boy (quoth he to one of them) what doest thou learne? and where is thy lesson? Oh, father, said the boy, I am past grace. And where art thou? quoth he to the other boy, who likewise answered, that he was at the divell and all his workes. Now, Lord blesse us, quoth the shoemaker, whither are my children learning? the one is already past grace, and the other at the divell and all his workes: whereupon he tooke them both from schoole, and set them to his owne occupation. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF BEDFORD.

Not many yeeres ago (sayd another of the jurie) it was my chaunce to be at Bedford, where in the time of my continuance there, the wives of that same place strove to exceed one another in brave apparell, and shee deemed herselfe the best woman that could get her garments made of the most finest and strangest fashion; but, amongst the rest, there was a certaine drapers wife, that although she could not put all other women downe in her upper garments, she meant to exceed them in her lower; and therefore, when other women had their stockings of wosted, jersie, silke, and such like, she got her selfe a paire made of the finest satten, and which shee continually put on when she went abroad with her neighbours, and who but shee (for the same) was talkt of almost in every company. Thus for a long time bore she the bel away, and for that fashion exceeded all her neighbours wives. But now marke what happened in the end. Her husbände, being a jollie lustie olde man, on a time looking over the subsidy booke, founde himselfe therein five pound more than he was before; whereupon he presently went to maister Mayor of Bedford to get some abatement, who hearing of his wives fantasticke humour, and knowing how he kept her in braverly beyond other women, would not grant him any, saying: Oh, sir (quoth Maister Mayor), is it not great reason that sith your wife excee-des al other women in bravery, that you likewise excee-de all other men in the Queenes

bookes? for shee, a Gods name, must be in her satten stockings; neither wooll nor wosted will serve turne: whose fault is that, pray you? To whom he replyed, saying: Oh, pardon me, sir, I beseech your worship; I am an olde man, and not the first that have married with a wanton young woman, and youth coupled with age must needs have their owne swing. I tell your worshippe my good dayes be past; and now because I cannot please her above the knee, I must needes please her beneath the knee: at which merry speeches M. Mayor got the payment in the Queenes books for that time abated. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heare found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine young man dwelling in Buckingham, who had long time (in the way of mariage) made sute unto a very rich widdow in the same towne, and to that purpose had spent much money; but all in vaine; for he had purchased no more favour at her handes, than he had when first he began his sute, Whereupon the young man (not meaning as yet to give over the same) went another way to worke, made it knowne to a cosen of his, being a merry gentleman of the same towne, who taking the matter in hand, went to this widdowes house, and tolde her of his kinsman, an olde

suter of hers, how he had now provided himselfe otherwise of a wife, and meant not to trouble her any further, and that he intended the next Sunday following to be askt in the church, but that he doubted she would forbid the banes; Not I, by my troth, quoth the widdow, nor any one for me. Whereupon the old gentleman procured her to set her hand to a bond of two hundred pound, with this condition: that neither she, nor any one for her, by any means should then or at any time after, forbid, or cause it to be forbidden: the which being done, away goes he, and wils his foresayd kinsman to haste to the church, and against the next Sunday following, bespeake the banes betwixt the widdow and himselfe. When Sunday came the widdow gets her up betimes in the morrow, decking herselfe in her best apparell, and withall she hyes unto the church, to heare who it was that her olde lover should marry. But when service was done, (contrary to her expectation) she heard that her owne name was askt unto him, she was so abashed, that she knew not what to do; yet durst not (for feare of forfeyting her bond) make any meanes to have the banes forbidden, but of force was content to let them alone; and so at the day appoynted, she was maryed to the young man, who prooved a very carefull husband, and long lyved they togither in great love and unitie. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF NORTHAMPTON.

IN like manner (quoth another of the jurie) there dwelled a certaine rich gentleman of late in the towne of Northampton, who being somewhat given to the old religion, was very charitable to the poore, and every day gave many a good almes at his doore; the which not a little greeved his wife, being a woman of a very covetous nature: but she having by good huswifery gathered together a pretty stocke of money, came unto her husband (not knowing how to bestow it of her selfe) and delivered it to him, being a bag of good old angels, and withall requested him to lay it out (for her use) upon some house or land, that if God should call him away, shee might the better maintaine herselfe afterward. The good old gentleman knowing his wives covetous nature, on this condition takes her bag of angels, promising with the same to buy her a house for ever. But so it hapned, that within few daies after he changed his wives double gold into single silver, and alwayes when he went abroad (in a merry humour) he gave of the same money to the poore, so bountifully bestowing it that in a short time he had never a whit left. All this while the poore woman thought hee was espying her out a house; but at last marvelling she heard no news thereof, tooke occasion to moove her husband of it saying: I would gladly know good husband [quoth she] where the house is you promised to buy with my money? Oh, good wife, quoth he, it is in heaven, wife: thy money hath pur-

chased us for ever a house in heaven, a house that will never decay, but stand eternally: meaning that the money he had given to the poore, had purchased them a house in heaven, where all good deeds are rewarded. But never after that time, would his wife give him any more money, but kept it secret alone to her selfe. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not here found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF OXFORD.

THERE was upon a time (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine merry black-smith dwelling in Oxford, who upon a great festival-day, was invited to dine at a noblemans table, who kept a house some two miles off; and being a merry conceited fellow, and full of jestes, he was placed amongst both honorable and worshipfull personages: to which table, amongst many other dainties, there was served in two gurnet fishes; the one being of an exceeding great bignes, was set before the nobleman himselfe; the other being a very little one, was placed in the dish that stood just before this same black-smith, who being in his merry moode, and having a desire to taste of the bigger fish, tooke the little one in his hand, and laide it close to his eare, harkning to it as though it would have spoken: which when the nobleman perceived, he greatly marvailed, and demaunded the cause of his doing so? Oh, my good

lord, quoth hee, from a friend of mine lately drowned in the seas, I would gladly heare some newes; concerning whom I have asked this little fish, and he sayth, that as yet he can tell little, by reason of his tender age, but he hath an olde kinsman (he sayth) can tell more of the matter, which now lyeth there in the dish before you, therefore I beseech your honour let me talke with him a little. Herewithall the nobleman and his guesstes were greatly delighted, and so reached him downe the bigger fish; wherein the merry black-smith had his desire, and withall was well satisfied and contented. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF WARWICKE.

Not many yeeres ago (quoth another of the jurie) there was dwelling in Warwicke a plaine country farmer, but none of the wisest: who on a time rying early in a morning, found his hose eaten and gnawne with rats; and being therewith greatly troubled in minde, thinking the same to be some token of misfortune comming towards him, went unto a neighbour of his to crave his advice and counsell therein, and to know what it signified: saying that it was the strangest thing that ever he saw. But his honest neighbour noting the simplicitie of his wit, presently made him this answere. Surely, good neighbour (quoth he), this

is no such strange thing as you speake of; but if your hose had eaten the rattes, then had it been a strange thing indeed. Hereupon the poore farmer, seeing himselfe thus flouted to his face, went his way all ashamed. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie; but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF COVENTRIE.

UPON a time there was (quoth another of the jury) a certaine petty-cannon dwelling in Coventrie, to whose house, upon a high feastival day, there came an expeart and curious musition, but very poore (as commonly men of the finest qualities be) and in hope of a reward offered to shew him the rarest musicke that ever he heard. Wilt thou so? quoth the petty-cannon; well, shew thy best, and the more cunningly that thou playest, the greater reward thou shalt have. Hereupon the poore musition cheered up his spirits, and with his instrument plaide in a most stately manner before him a long season: whereunto the petty-cannon gave good care, and on a sodaine startes up, and gets him into his study, where he remained some three or foure houres, not regarding the poore musition that all this while stood playing in the hall, hoping for some reward or other: afterwarde when it grew towards supper time, downe came the petty-cannon againe, and walkes two or three times one after another by the

musition, but sayes never a word; at which the musition began to marvell; and having nothing all this while given him for all his laboure, he boldly asked his reward. Why, quoth the petty-cannon, the reward I promised thee, I have already payde. As how? quoth the musition; as yet was nothing given me. Yes, quoth the petty-cannon, I have given thee pleasure for pleasure; for I have as much delighted thee with hope, as thou hast done me with musick. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF LESTER.

A certaine knight there was (quoth another of the jury) that on a time as he rode through Lester, had an occasion to alight and make water, and walking afterward a foote through the streetes, there came unto him a poore begger-man and asked of his worship one penny for God's sake. One penny, quoth the knight, that is no gyft for a man of worship to give. Why then, quoth the begger, give me an angell? Nay, that (sayd the knight) is no almes for a begger to take. Thus both wayes did he shake him off, as one worthy of no reward for his presumption. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this is likewise pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF NOTTINGHAM.

THERE was of late in Nottingham (quoth another of the jury) a certaine justice of peace, who one time ryding through the streete, he met with a swaggering companion called Cutting Tom; who in a braverie tooke the wall of M. Justice, and almost tumbled both him and his horse downe into the dirt. Whereupon in an anger he caused the ruffian to be staide, and asked him what he was? Mary (quoth Cutting Tom) I am a man as you are. But, quoth the justice, whom dost thou serve? Whom do I serve, quoth he, why I do serve God. Serve God, sayd the Justice, what dost thou mocke mee? goe carry the knave to prison, Ile teach him some other answer, then to say I serve God. To the jaile was he born, where for that night he lay, and on the morrow brought before him againe. Now, sirra, quoth the justice, are you better advised yet? tell me who do you serve now? Why, quoth Cutting Tom, I serve God still. But, sayd the justice, dost thou serve no body else? Yes, quoth he, I serve my Lord President of Yorke. Gods body, knave, why didst not say so at first? Mary, quoth he, because I had thought you had loved God better then my Lord President; for now I see for his sake I am set at liberty, and not for Gods: therefore Ile serve God no more, but stil my Lord President. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF LINCOLNE.

As I heard say (quoth another of the jurie) there dwelled of late a certaine poore labouring man in Lincolne, who upon a time, after his wife had so reviled him with tongue mettle, as the whole streete rung againe for wearinesse thereof, at last he went out of the house, and sate him downe quietly upon a blocke before his owne doore; his wife being more out of patience, by his quietnes and gentle sufferaunce, went up into the chamber, and out at the window powred downe a pisse-pot upon his head; which when the poore man saw, in a merry moode he spake these words: Now surely, quoth he, I thought at last that after so great a thunder, we should have some raine. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere to be found that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF YORKE.

OF late there was dwelling in Yorke (quoth another of the jury) a certaine merry cloathyer, a passing good house-keeper, and one whose table was free for any man: but so it hapned on a time, amongst many other sitting at his table, there was a countrey gentleman named Maister Fuller; with whom as then he meant to be merry, and therefore finding occasion, he spake as foloweth. Now, I pray you, Maister Fuller, quoth

he (having as then divers sortes of wildfoule upon the table) which doe you thinke the better meat, of a partridge or a woodcocke? Mary, quoth he, I do think a partridge. Not in my minde, quoth the cloathyer, for I take a woodcocke to be the better meate; for a woodcocke is fuller in the wing, fuller in the legge, fuller in the pinion, and fuller is the woodcock in all places; at which the whole company laughed hartely, and M. Fuller heard himselfe called woodcocke by craft. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF DURHAM.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jury) there was a certaine lewde pilfring fellow that served a gentleman of Durham, whom he kept for no other purpose, but onely to make cleane the yardes, sweepe the streetes, fetch in water, and such other drudgeries: this fellow upon a time having stolne and convaide away certaine trifling thinges out of his masters house, as he had done before in divers places where he dwelt, and being now detected for the same, and brought before his M., his excuse was, that by no meanes he could do withall, for it was his fortune to steale, and who (quoth he) can withstand his hard fortune? Why then, said his maister, it is also thy hard fortune to be whipt, which being likewise thy destiny, thou canst not prevent it. Here the ser-

vant alleadged that fortune was the cause of his fault, the master likewise returneth, that fortune was the cause of his punishment: to be short, it was the poore fellowes hard fortune to be well whipt, and so turned out of service. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF WESTCHESTER.

UPON a time (quoth another of the jury), there was a widow woman dwelling in Westchester, that had taken a certaine sum of mony of two cony-catchers, to keepe upon this condition, that she should not deliver it againe to the one without the other: but it so hapned that within a while after, one of these coney-catchers fayned his fellow to be dead, and came in mourning cloathes to the woman and demaunded the money. The simple woman thinking his words to be true, beleeved that his fellow was dead in deed, and therepon delivered him the money: now within few dayes after commeth the other conicatcher, and of the woman likewise demaundeth the same money; but understanding of the delivery thereof before to his fellow without his consent (as the bargaine was made), he arrested the poore woman to London, and brought her to great trouble: but being at last brought to tryall before the judges of the court, she sodainely slipt to the barre, and in this manner pleaded her owne cause. My good Lordes

(quoth she) here is a fellow troubles me without cause, and puts me to a needles charge: what need he seeke for triall, when I confesse the debt, and stand heere ready to deliver his money? Why, that is all, quoth the conicatcher, that I demaund. I, but (quoth the woman) do you remember your condition? which is, that I must not deliver it to the one without the other; therefore, go fetch thy fellow, and thou shalt have thy mony. Hereupon the conicatcher was so astonished that he knew not what to say, for his fellow was gone, and he could not tell where to find him: by which meanes he was constrained to let his action fall, and by the law was condemned to pay her charges, and withall great dammages for troubling her without cause. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery: but yet the foole of all fooles is not heare found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple fellow dwelling in Northumberland, that could not well remember his owne name, nor tell rightly to the number of just twentie, yet would many times give such good admonitions as the wisest man in all the countrey could not give better: but amongst all other, this one is worthy of memory, for going in an evening through a greene felde, it was his chaunce to over heare a lusty young batehelor making sute to a

faire milkemayd for a night's lodging, who for the same demaunded a brace of angelles; whereupon, the foole sodainly starting backe, merrely said unto him: "Oh, my goode friende (quoth he), I prithee buy not repentance so dear:" signifying to the will, that after dishonest pleasure, repentance followeth speedily. Well, quoth Jack of Dover, this in my minde was foolish wisdom, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

THE FOOLE OF WESTMERLAND.

Of late was dwelling in Westmerland (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine simple taylor, that by his maister was sent some two mile off, to a gentleman named Maister Taylor, to demaund a little money due unto his maister, for making four sutes of apparell: but coming to the gentleman when he had not so much in the house as would discharge the debt, yet meaning not to abase his creddit so much as to tell the fellow so, he found this wittie shift to drive him off for that time, for when the taylors man demanded the money, he asked the fellow what he was? And, please your worship (quoth he), I am by occupation a taylor. A taylor is a knaves name (saith the gentleman); heeres every knave as well as myselfe wil be a taylor: but I prithee, friend, what taylor art thou? for there be divers sorts of taylers: there be taylors by name, there be marchant tailors, there be womens taylers, there be

snipping taylors, there be cutting taylors, there be botching taylors, and there be honest taylors, and there be thieving taylors. By this description of taylors he drove the poore fellow to such a quandary that he knew not what to say, but returned like a foole as he went, without either money or answeare. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF LANCASTER.

THERE was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a ploughman and a butcher dwelling in Lancaster, who for a trifling matter (like two fooles) went to law, and spent much money therein, almost to both their undoings: but at last, being both consented to be tride by a lawyer dwelling in the same town, each of them, in hope of a further favour, bestowed gyftes upon him: the ploughman first of all presented him a cupple of good fat hens, desiring Mr. Lawyer to stand his good friend, and to remember his suite in law; the which he courteously tooke at his handes, saying: that what favour he could show him, he should be sure of the uttermost. But, now, when the butcher heard of the presenting of these hens by the ploughman, hee went and presently killed a good fatte hogge, and in like manner presented it to the lawyer, as a bribe to draw him to his side; the which he also tooke very courteously, and promised the like to him as he did before

to the other. But so it fell out, that shortly after the verdict passed on the butchers side ; which when the ploughman had notice of, he came unto the lawyer, and asked him wherefore his two hens were forgotten? Mary, quoth he, because there came in a fatte hogge and eate them up. Now a vengeance take that hog, quoth the ploughman, that eate both my suit in law, and hens together. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looked for.

THE FOOLE OF WORSTERSHIRE.

THERE was on a time, remayning in Worstershire, (quoth another of the jurie) a certain poet, or vercifier, that had dedicated a booke of poetrie to a merrie gentleman there dwelling, thereby to purchase his favour and reward withall: when the poet had presented the book unto him, the gentleman in outward show took it very kindly; but without any answere at all given to the poore scholler, he put it up into his pocket and went his wayes: within a while after, the poet (to put him in minde thereof) gave him certaine excellent verses, the which he likewise tooke, and put into his pocket without any answere at all; in this manner did the poore scholler oftentimes put the gentleman in minde of his goodwill, but all in vaine, for neither had he a reward nor answere at all backe. But now at last marke what hapned: when the gentleman saw he

could not be rid of the poet by anie means, himselfe with his owne handes writ certain verses in Latten, and when he spied him againe coming towards him, he sent him the verses by one of his servants : the scholler courteously tooke, and read them, not only with a loude voyce, but with pleasing jesture and amiable countenance, praying them with wonderfull admiration ; and thereupon, coming nearer to the gentleman, he put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out a few single two-pences, and offered them unto him, saying : It is no reward for your estate (right worshipfull), but if I had more, more would I give : hereupon the gentleman in regard of the schollers good wit, called his purse-bearer, and commanded foure angells forthwith to be given him. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF WINSOR.

UPON a time, there was in Winsor (quoth another of the jurie), a certaine simple outlandish doctor of phisicke, belonging to the Deane, who on a day being at dinner in Eton Colledge, in a pleasant humor asked of Maister Deane what strange matter of worth he had in the colledge, that he might see, and make report of when he came into his own countrey ? whereupon the deane called for a boy out of the schole, of some six yeeres of age ; who, being brought before him, used this

speech: M. Doctor, quoth he, this is the onely wonder that I have, which you shall quickly find, if you will aske him any question: whereupon the D. calling the boy to him, said these words,—My pretty boy (quoth he), what is it that men so admire in thee? My understanding, quoth the boy. Why, sayd the Doctor, what dost thou understand? I understand myselfe, said the boy, for I know myselfe to be a childe. Why, quoth the Doctor, couldest thou thinke that thou wert a man? Not so easely, M. Doctor, answered the boy, as to thinke that a man may be a child. As how, sayd the Doctor? By this, quoth the boy; for I have heard, that an old man decayed in wit, is a kind of child, or rather a foole. With that the Doctor casting a frowning smile upon the boy, used these words: Truly, thou art a rare childe for thy wit, but I doubt thou wilt proove like a sommer apple; soone ripe, soone rotten: thou art so full of wit now, that I feare thou wilt have little when thou art old. Like enough, sayd the boy; but will you give me leave to shew my opinion upon your wordes? Yes, my good wag (sayd he.) Then M. Doctor, quoth the boy, I gather by your words, that you had a good wit when you were young. The Doctor, biting his lip, went his way, very much displeased at the boyes witty reasons, thinking himselfe ever after to be a foole. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this, in my minde, was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of al fooles is not here found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF DARBIE.

UPON a time, there chaunced (quoth another of the jurie) to come unto a gentlemans house at Darbie, a certaine goldsmith of London, who, after dinner, looking well upon the gentlemans cupboard of plate, where amongst many other peeces very richly wrought, he had a chiefe likeing to two silver cups; the one was made in fashion of a tigar, the other of a crab-fish: whereupon he desired the gentleman to lend him for a day or two the cup made like a tigar, to make another by it; which having obtained, he carryed it away with him, and kept it at his house full three months: which the gentleman nothing pleased with, sent to him for it: which having gotten home, it fell out that within few dayes after, the same goldsmith sent to the gentleman againe, to borrow his other cup of the crab-fish; to whose messenger the gentleman made this pleasant answer: I prithee, my good friend, quoth he, commende me to thy maister, and tell him I would be glad to doe him any pleasure, but seeing my tiger, which I tooke to be one of the swiftest beastes in the world, hath been three monthes in going between London and Darbie, truley I feare my crab is so slow, that if I should let him creepe out of my doores, he would be three yeares in comming home againe, and therefore intreat him to pardon me. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery; but yet the foole of all fooles is not here found, that I looke for.

THE FOOL OF SHREWSBURIE.

IN Shrewsburie there was of late (quoth another of the jurie) a substantial innkeeper, that kept a certaine foole in his house, of whom he demanded on a time, of what profession he thought most men of the towne to be of? who answered, that he thought they were phisitions. Phisitions, quoth the innkeeper; what wager wilt thou lay on that? Mary, answered the foole, I will lay five crownes, and that within few dayes I will approve it, or else I will pay the money. Well, said the innkeeper thou shalt either pay it, or be well payd for it, if it be not so: but if thou make it good, thou shalt have five crownes of mee. Content, quoth the foole: so upon the next morning he put a clout under his chin and over his mouth, and laying his hand under his jawes, went hanging his head, up and downe the towne, as if he had bin very sicke: but at last, comming into a cutlers shop, a friend of his, he made a great shew of the paine of the toothach, asking of him a medicine for the same? who presently taught him one, with which he thankfully departed: and with this device he went almost to every house of the towne, to learne a medicine for the toothach, setting downe in a booke divers medicines, with their names that gave them: which being done, he returned to the innkeeper, with his clout about his mouth, seeming to be sore payned with the toothach, which the innkeeper perceiving, in pittie brake into this speech: Alas, poore foole, never feare it, if it be but the toothach, Ile helpe

thee presently. I pray you do, (quoth the foole) for I am in cruell paine: which he no sooner taught him, but the foole, pulling off his clout, fell into a great laughing, with these words: This is the best medicine that ever I learned, for it hath not onely made me whole, but hath gotten me five crownes. As how? said the innkeeper. Mary, thus, quoth the fool: you layde a wager with mee, that most of the towne were not phisitions, and I have proved that they be, for most part in every house I have learned medicines for my teeth, and they that give medicines can be no other then phisitions: in witnes whereof, see heere in my booke what is set downe. The innkeeper seeing himselfe thus overreacht, confessed the wager, and payde the foole his money. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF WINCHESTER.

Not far from Winchester, there dwelled (quoth another of the jury) a certaine simple justice, to whom a country gentleman made complaint of the ill demeanors and disordered lives of many under officers in his libertie, requesting him that he would send for them, and put them in some feare: the which he promised to do: whereupon he sent his warrant for all the bayliffes, constables, headborroughes, and churchwardens, that were in his liberty, and putting them

altogether in a great chamber, he put on a night gowne which was furred with blacke lambe skins, with the wrong side outward, and so with his hand before his face, as halfe blinded, ran backwards at them, crying "Boe bulbagger," as some use to feare children withal, and so, according to the gentlemans complaint, he feared them away. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolerie; but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF GLOSTER.

UPON a time, (quoth another of the jurie) a certaine fellow wanting money, came unto Gloster, where hapning into the company of a sort of maister colliars, he sodainly began this speech: My good friends (quoth he), if any of you will gaine by a poore man draw neare: I will give you that thing for a shilling a peece, which, if you use it well, shall be worth a crowne to you: whereupon the colliars, in hope of benefite, bestowed some few shillings upon him, and he to every one of them gave fower yardes of fine threede, which of purpose he had in his pocket: but to every one that receaved the threed he gave this item:—Take heed, quoth he, when you see a foole or a knave, that you let him not come neare you, by the length of this threed, and it will be worth a crowne the observing of it: whereat they all laughed to see themselves made fooles

in this manner. Well, quoth Jacke of Dover, this in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the foole of all fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF DEVONSHIRE.

AFTER this, travelling from Gloster, I tooke my journey into Devonshire, where in the time of my continuance there, I had intelligence of a plaine countrey ploughman there dwelling, who for his simplenes almost every one made a foole of: but amongst the rest a certaine covetous gentleman, having a desire to a good milch cow which this poore ploughman had, would very often times say in his hearing, that what gyftes soever any man gave him with a goodwill, should before the yeeres end be turned double againe: this poore ploughman noting his wordes very often, and thinking to have two kine for his one before the yeeres end, which would, as he thought, be a great benefite to him, gave him his said cow: the covetous gentleman taking the same very gladly, meaning never to returne her backe, put her into his neathouse amongst his other kine. The poore ploughman hying himselfe home, daily expecting when his cow should come home double: at last unawares in an evening, he heard his cow low before his window, which by chaunce had broke out of the gentlemans stable, and an other fat oxe with her; which when the ploughman saw, he held up his handes blessing himselfe, saying, See how the Lord workes with this good

gentleman ; for he, pitying my estate, hath sent my cow double home in deed, the which I will here take at his hands very thankfully : so dryving them both into his house, he killed the fat oxe and salted him up in powdring tubbes, and caryed his cow the next morning againe to the gentleman, saying: And please your worship, yester night you sent her home to my house according to your promise, which heere I give to you againe to day, hoping still of your wonted curtesies. The gentleman not regarding his speeches, but thinking them to be mere foolishnesse in deede, tooke the poore mans cow againe, and put her into his stable amongst beastes as before he did: but the cowe not forgetting her old maisters house, came still once a weeke home with a fellow, and so continued until such time as the poore ploughman had sixe or seaven of the gentleman's best beeves in his powdring tubs ; but being discoverd, the gentleman could never by his owne wordes recover any thing at the poore mans handes. This in my minde was pretty foolerie: but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF CORNEWALL.

THUS travelling with my privie search from Devonshire, I came to Cornewall, where after I had made my jorney, I was told of a humorous knight dwelling in the same countrey, who upon a time having gathered together in one open market place a great assemblie of

knichtes, squires, gentlemen, and yeomen, and whilest they stood expecting to heare some discourse or speach to proceed from him: he in a foolish manner (not without laughter) began to use a thousand jestures, turning his eyes this way, then that way, seeming alwayes as though he would have presently begun to speake; and at last, fetching a deepe sigh, with a grunt like hogge, he let a beastly loude fart, and tould them that the occasion of this calling of them together was to no other ende, but that so noble a fart might be honoured with so worthy a company as there was. This in my mind was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not yet found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF HAMPSHIRE.

AFTER this I tooke my journey from Cornewall, and came into Hampshire, where remayning in the towne of Southampton, I heard of a certaine old begger-woman, who upon a time came a begging to a Dutchmans doore there dwelling, and seeing a jacke an apes there on the stal mumping and moing at her, she, according to her wit, sayd: Oh, my pretty boy, quoth she, I prithee mocke me not, for I may be thy grandam by mine age: which words a young man of the house overhearing, sayd unto her, Oh, mother, you mistake; for this is no child you speake unto. No, is it not? quoth she: I pray what is it then? Mary, sayd the fellow, it is a jack an apes. A jack an apes! quoth

she: now, Jesus, what these Fleminges can make for money, thinking verily it had been a thing made by mens hand. This in my minde was a pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF BARKSHIRE.

TRAVELLING after this from Southampton, I tooke my journey into the country of Barkshire, where, not far from Reading, I heard tel of a certaine lewde doctor of phisicke, that bore such affection to a mealemans wife of the same countrey, that shee by no meanes could be rid of him, whereupon she certified her husband thereof: he in this manner was revenged on him. Thus it hapned upon a time this merry mealeman counterfeited himselfe to be starke mad, and caused his wife to send for this doctor with all speed: who no sooner received the message, as well to shewe his love to the woman he affected, as to have reward of her husband, came with all speed to this counterfeit patient: the newes of whose comming was no sooner brought to the meale-man, who attended his comming in his bed, but presently he made such a show of madnesse, as if he had been possessed with a thousand devils; to whose presence the doctor being brought, with many chearfull words he comforted the meale-man, who stared in his face, as if he would have torn him in peeces, yet ceased not his friendes about him to yeeld the doctor many thanks, beseeching him to regard the manner of

his fits, and to view the water he made that morning, to which he willingly agreed: for which purpose there was prepared in an urinall the water of a mare great with fole, which the doctor viewed and again reviewed, having never seene the like before, casting many doubtess of the meale-mans recoverie, standing thus in a quandary, as one driven to a non-plus: which by the mealemans friendes being perceived, they drew him secretly into another roome, earnestly desiring him to shew his opinion of the disease, whether it were dangerous or no. The doctor being loath to speake what he found, yet to satisfie their mindes, he thus sayd: Be it knowne, quoth he, that the strangenes of the water, sheweth a thing contrary to nature, for by it I see he hath within his body some lyving forme, and a child it is in my opinion, for which I am sorry, and desire you that be his good friendes, to pray for him, that God may take mercy on his soule. Hereupon the mealemans wife being then present, and meaning with the rest to follow still the jest, hearing of so strange a report, cryed out against her husband, fayning a desembling cry, and wishing herselfe never to have been borne, rather then to live a poynting stocke in the world: which speech being verie well delivered, as one possessed with a divell, she in a great rage flung away from the company, and would not be intreated to returne againe. The doctor having heard so woefull a cry proceed from the saint he so dearly loved, thought all had bin faithfully ment, which was faynedly spoken; therefore going secretly alone unto her where she sate,

and in briefe termes of wooing, promised her, if she would grant to become his wife, he would sodainely end her grieve by the death of her husband, therefore say amen to my sute, and I will give him such a drinke as soone will dispatch his life. The woman not as yet meaning to marre the pastime they intended, requested him to stay for her answeere till the morrow, and to take a hard lodging in her house for that night, to which the doctor most willingly agreed, and so, after supper was ended, he was conducted to his bedde, where he was no sooner warme, but the mealeman playing his mad pranks, entered the chamber, breaking open the doore to the doctors admiration; who in a fearefull maner asked what he wold have? Villaine, quoth the mealemam, be still, or die upon my knife. The D. knowing it was but follie to resist a mad man, most quietly yeelded to his will: whereupon the mealeman binding him hand and foote called in his friendes, who came in disguised, and with burtchin rods so belabored the doctor, as they left him no skinne on his body: that done, they plundged him in a tubbe of salt brine over head and eares, that he forgot his love, and almost himselfe; so leaving him to his rest till morning, and then they brought with them a surjion, who in the presence of them all cut out his stones: which being done, and the wound drest, they caused him upon a mangie jade to be horst, and so sent him away to seeke his fortune. This in my mind was pretty foolerie, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I look for.

THE FOOLE OF ESSEX.

AFTER this, I tooke my journey from Berkshire, and came into Essex, where searching up and downe the countrey, I was tolde of a certaine widow dwelling there that was evermore troubled with foure importunate suters: namely: a lawyer, a merchant, a souldier, and a courtier; every one of them so earnest in their affections, that no nay would serve turne, for the widow they must needes have, whether she will or no: but she bearing more love to the courtier then to all the rest, she like a wily wench, rid them off in this manner: to the lawyer she first comes and secretly comfortes him, saying, that above all others she had chosen him for her husband, and none but he; but quoth she, you know how I am troubled with my other suters, and except we be secretly convaide to church without their knowledge, surely we shall by them be intercepted; therefore to morrow morning Ile have you tied up in a meale sacke heere in my house, and by a porter (which I will sende) shal be borne to Chensford, where I in mans apparel will stay your comming, and so without any of their suspitions we will be married togeather: which pollicie the lawyer so well lyked of, that he was got readie in the sacke by three a clocke the next morning. But now the widdow in the meane time, had told the merchant, that shee would be his wife, and none but his, and that hee the same morning should come like a porter, and fetch her to church tyde up in a meale-sacke; the which he was very diligent

to doe; and attyred thus in a porters apparell, he was set to carry the lawyer in the sacke to Chensford instead of the widdow: who being both deceived and gone forward on their journey, she sent the souldier after them (disguised like a singer) to belabour their fooles coates soundly, with this condition, that at his returne she would make him her husband. This hope caused the souldier to be as willing to performe her desire, as she to command his labour. But now marke the jest; whilst these three were sent like woodcocks to Chensford, the courtier and she were maryed together at Burntwood. Which in my minde was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLE OF LONDON.

AT my first entrie into London, and making my privy search there for this aforesayd foole, I was told of a rich usurers sonne there dwelling, who at his fathers discease was left owner of a very sumptuous house, with great store of lands belonging thereunto: which humerous young man upon a time seeing one of his neighbors having built his house in forme of a castle, with ditch and rampires about it, he desired to have his made of the like fashion; the which being no sooner finished, but he saw another of his neighbors have a faire set of apple trees in the forme of an orchard, he desired to have the like, and caused his aforesaid house

to be plucked downe, and planted in the place such a set of apple trees as the other man had; which being come to a good groath, he caused them also to be rooted up, saying, it were far better to have it a field of cabages: and in the ende his sumptuous house came to be a garden of cabages: yet not suffised with this, he in an other humor, bought all the geese in that country, supplanted his garden of cabages, and made it a faire greene for these creatures to graze upon; and being a friend of his asked wherefore he did so? he answered that from geese came feathers, wherewith to make bouldsters and beds, and of them he had greater neede then of cabages, or such like thinges, that grow in gardens. This was pretty foolery, but yet the Foole of all Fooles is not heere found, that I looke for.

THE FOOLES OF PAULES, OR FOOLES
IN GENERALL.

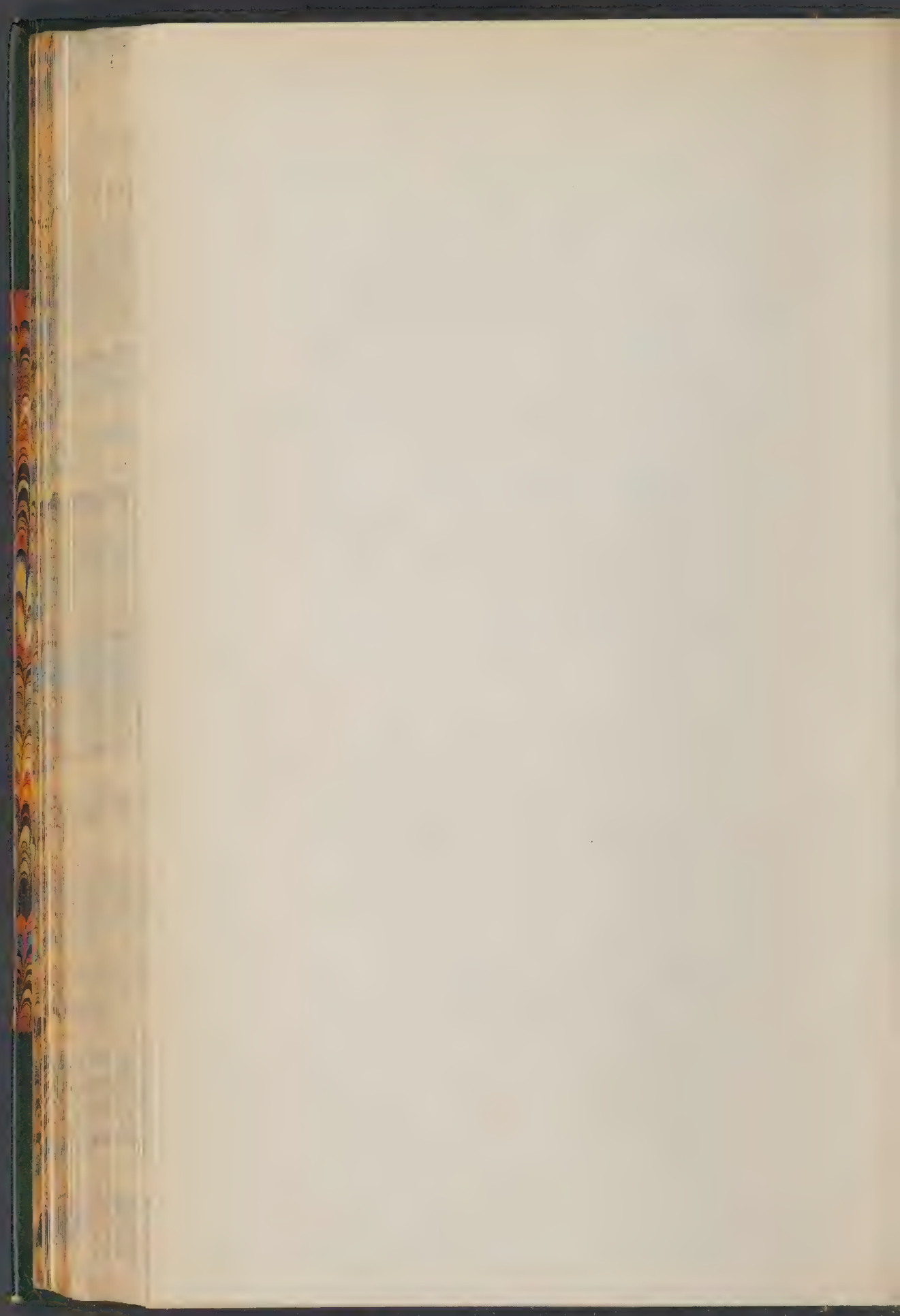
WELL (quoth one of the jury), if we cannot finde the foole we looke for amongst these fooles before named, one of us will be the foole, for in my minde, there cannot be a verier foole in the world then is a poet: for poets have good wits, but can not use them; great store of money, but can not keepe it; and many friends till they lose them: therefore we thinke fit to have a parliament of poets, and to enact such lawes and statutes, as may proove beneficial to the commonweath of Jacke of Dovers motly coated fooles.

THE
PENNILES PARLIAMENT
OF
THREED-BARE POETS :

OR,
ALL MIRTH AND WITTIE CONCEITES.

Printed at London, for William Barley, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Gracious-streete, neere
Leaden-hall-gate.

1608.



THE PENNILES PARLIAMENT

OF

THREED-BARE POETS.

1. FIRST of all, for the increase of every fool in his humour, we think it necessary and convenient, that all such as buys this book, and laughs not at it, before he has read it over, shall be condemned of melancholy, and be adjudged to walk over Moorfields, twice a week, in a foul shirt, and a pair of boots, but no stockings.

2. It is also agreed upon that long-bearded men shall seldom prove the wisest ; and that a niggards purse shall scarce bequeath his master a good dinner ; and, because water is like to prove so weak an element in the world, that men and women will want tears to bewail their sins ; we charge and command all gardeners to sow more store of onions, for fear widows should want moisture to bewail their husbands funerals.

3. In like manner we think it fit, that red wine should be drank with oysters ; and that some maidens shall blush more for shame than for shame-facedness. But men must have care, lest, conversing too much with red petticoats, they banish their hair from their

heads, and by that means make the poor barbers beggars for want of work.

4. Furthermore, it is lawful for those women that every morning taste a pint of muscadine with eggs, to chide, as well as they that drink small beer all the winter ; and those that clip that they should not, shall have a horse-night-cap for their labour. Gentlemen that sell land for paper, shall buy penury with repentance ; and those that have most gold, shall have least grace ; some that mean well, shall fare worse ; and he that hath no credit, shall have less commodity.

5. It is also ordered and agreed upon, that such as are cholerick, shall never want woe and sorrow ; and they that lack money, may fast upon Fridays, by the statute : and it shall be lawful for them that want shoes, to wear bootes all the year ; and he that hath never a cloke, may, without offence, put on his best gown at Midsummer ; witness old Prime, the keeper of Bethlem dicing-house.

6. In like manner, it is agreed upon, that what day soever St. Pauls church hath not, in the middle aile of it, either a broker, masterless man, or a pennyless companion, the usurers of London shall be sworn by oath to bestow a new steeple upon it ; and it shall be lawful for coney-catchers to fall together by the ears, about the four knaves at cards, which of them may claim superiority ; and whether false dice, or true, be of the most antiquity.

7. Furthermore, we think it necessary and lawful for the husband and wife to fall at square for superiority, in such sort as the wife shall sit playing above in the chamber, while the husband stands painting below in the kitchen. Likewise, we mark all brokers to be knaves, by letters-patents ; and usurers for five marks a-piece, shall lawfully be buried in the chancel, though they have bequeathed their souls and bodies to the devil in hell.

8. In like manner, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for muscadines, in vintners cellars, to indict their masters of commixion ; and serjeants shall be contented to arrest any man for his fees. Ale-wives shall sell flesh on Fridays without licence ; and such as sell beer in halfpenny pots, shall utter bread and cheese for money through the whole year ; and those that are past honesty and shame shall smile at sin ; and they that care not for God, prefer money before conscience.

9. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for footstools (by the help of womens hands) to fly about without wings ; and poor men shall be accounted knaves without occasions ; those that flatter least, shall speed worst ; and pigs (by the statute) shall dance the anticks with bells about their necks, to the wonder and amazement of all swineherds.

10. In like manner it is convenient, that many men shall wear hoods, that have little learning ; and some

surfeit so much about wit, and strive so long against the stream, as their necks shall fail them ; some shall build fair houses by bribes, gather much wealth by contention, and, before they be aware, heap up riches for another, and wretchedness for themselves.

11. Furthermore, it shall be established for the benefit of increase, that some shall have a tympany in their bellies, which will cost them a child-bearing ; and, though the father bear all the charges, it shall be a wise child that shall know his own father.

12. It shall be lawful for some to have a palsy in their teeth, in such sort, as they shall eat more than ever they will be able to pay for : some such a megrim in their eyes, as they shall hardly know another mans wife from their own ; some such a stopping in their hearts, as they shall be utter obstinate to receive grace ; some such a buzzing in their ears, as they shall be enemies to good counsel ; some such a smell in their noses, as no feast shall escape without their companies ; and some shall be so needy, as neither young heirs shall get their own, nor poor orphans their patrimony.

13. Also, it is enacted and decreed, that some shall be so numerous in their walks, as they cannot step one foot from a fool ; some so consumed in mind, as they shall keep never a good thought to bless themselves ; some so disguised in purse, as they count it

fatal to have one penny, to buy their dinners on Sundays ; some so burthened in conscience, as they account wrongful dealing the best badge of their occupation.

14. But, amongst other laws and statutes by us here established, we think it most necessary and convenient, that poulterers shall kill more innocent poultry by custom, than their wives and maids can sell with a good conscience ; also it is ordered and agreed upon, that bakers, woodmongers, butchers, and brewers, shall fall to a mighty conspiracy ; so that no man shall have either bread, fire, meat, or drink, without credit or ready money.

15. Sycophants by the statute shall have great gifts, and good and godly labours shall scarce be worth thanks : it is also thought necessary that maidens about midnight shall see wonderous visions, to the great heart-grief of their mothers.

16. Furthermore, it is marked and set down, that, if lawyers plead poor mens causes without money, Westminster-hall shall grow out of custom, to the great impoverishing of all nimmers, lifters, and cutpurses. Those that sing bass, shall love good drink by authority ; and trumpeters, that sound trebles, shall stare by custom. Women that wear long gowns, may lawfully raise dust in March ; and they that keep a temperate diet, shall never die on surfeits.

17. In like manner, it shall be lawful for sailors and soldiers to spend at their pleasures what pay they get by their sword ; and if the treasurer pay them any thing beyond account and reckoning, if they build not an hospital therewith, they may bestow it in apparel by the statute.

18. It is further established and agreed upon, that they that drink too much Spanish sack, shall, about July, be served with a fiery-face ; but oh ! you ale knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions, that sing Queen Dido over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot ; how unfortunate are you, you shall p-ss out that which you have swallowed down so sweetly ; you are under the law, and shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottoms before you be aware.

19. It is also agreed upon and thought necessary, that some womens lips shall swell so big, as they shall long to kiss other men beside their husbands ; others cheeks shall be so monstrously out of frame, as they cannot speak in a just cause without large fees ; some with long tongues shall tell all things which they hear ; some with no brains shall meddle much and know little ; and those that have no feet, may by the statute go on crutches.

20. Furthermore, it is convenient and thought meet

that ale shall exceed so far beyond its bounds, as many stomachs shall be drowned in liquor, and thereupon will follow the dropsy, to the great benefit of all physicians: it is lawful for some to take such purgative drugs, that, if nature help not, the worms, in the churches of London, shall keep their Christmas at Midsummer in their bellies; but tailors, by this means, shall have more conscience; for, where they were wont to steal but one quarter of a cloke, they shall have due commission to nick their customers in the lace, and, besides their old fee, take more than enough for new fashions sake. But now, touching these following articles, we are to advise old men to look with spectacles, lest in finding over many wise lines, they wax blind with reading.

21. But now, touching the benefit of private houses, by our rare and exquisite judgments, we think it very commodious that those married men of weakest wit, and worse courage, should provide themselves with good weapons, to defend themselves from assaults, which shall assail them about midnight; and it shall be lawful for all wives to have a masculine courage, in such sort, that they who have had their wills to this hour, shall have the mastery all the year after; and those husbands which do not valiantly resist them, shall be awarded to pay a sheeps head to their next neighbour, in penance for their folly.

22. As by our provident judgments we have seen

into lamentable miseries, incident in these parts of the world; so, for the reformation thereof, we do ordain and enact, that the oil of holly shall prove a present remedy for a shrewd housewife, accounting Socrates for a flat fool, that suffered his wife to crown him with a p-ss-pot; ordaining, that all those that give their wives their own wills, be fools by act of parliament.

23. Also, it is further established and agreed upon, that Essex calves shall indict butchers knives of wilful murder; and whosoever will prove a partial juryman, shall have a hot sheeps skin for his labour. Bow-bell in Cheapside, if it break not, shall be warranted by letters patents to ring well; and, if the conduit-heads want no water, the tankard-bearers shall have one custard more to their solemn dinners, than their usual custom.

24. Moreover, it is thought good, that it shall be lawful for all tripe-wives to be exquisite physicians, for in one offal they shall find more simples, than ever Galen gathered since he was christened; besides, if danciers keep not tide and time in their measures, they shall forfeit a fat goose to their teacher, for their slender judgment. The French *morbus*, by commission, shall be worth three weeks diet; and they who have but one shirt to shift them withal, may, by the law, strain courtesy to wear a foul one upon the Sunday; also our commision shall be sent forth for the increase of hemp, as not only upland-ground shall be plentifully stored

therewith, but also it shall so prosper in the highways, as the stalks thereof shall touch the top of Tyburn.

25. In like manner we think it necessary and convenient, that there shall be great noise of wars in taverns, and wine shall make some so venturous, as they will destroy Tyrone and all his power at one draught: also we think it meet that there be craft in all occupations, and those that are penitent in this world, shall have comfort in a better; silk-weavers, by the statute, shall prosper well, if they wash their hands clean on fasting-days, for otherwise, in soiling their work, they shall lose their work-masters; daws, by authority, shall leave building in steeples, and dwell in cities; and such as are cunning in musick, shall know a crotchet from a quaver: but let such men as instruct youth, be very circumspect; for if they learn more than their masters can teach them, they shall forfeit their wits to those that bring them up.

26. Furthermore, we think it most necessary and convenient, that the generation of Judas should walk about the world in these our latter days, and sell his neighbour for commodity to any man; but the usurers shall be otherwise disposed; for, having monthly taken but a penny in the shilling, ever since they first began their occupation, they shall now, with a good conscience, venture upon three-pence with the advantage; besides, many men shall prove themselves apparently knavish, and yet, in their own opinions, will not be so; and many

women shall imagine that there are none fairer than themselves.

27. Moreover, for the further increase of foolish humours, we do establish and set down, that fantastick devices shall prove most excellent; and some shall so long devise for other men, that they will become barren themselves; some shall devise novelties to their own shames, and some snares to entrap themselves with.

28. In like manner we think it most necessary, that those who be fortune-tellers, shall shut a knave in a circle; and, looking about for a devil, shall find him locked in their own bosoms: atheists, by the law, shall be as odious as they are careless; and those that depend on destiny, and not on God, may chance look through a narrow lattice at Footmans Inn. But my dear friends, the grocers, are plentifully blessed, for their figs and raisins may allure fair lasses by authority; yea, many men, by the statute, shall be so kind-hearted, that a kiss and an apple shall serve to make them innocents.

29. It is further agreed upon and established, that many strange events shall happen in those houses where the maid is predominant with her master, and wants a mistress to look narrowly unto her.

30. Also, we think it convenient, that some shall take their neighbours bed for their own; some the

servant for their master ; and, if candles could tell tales, some will take a familiar for a flea. Also, we think it meet, that there should be many fowlers, who, instead of larks, will catch lobcocks ; and many, for want of wit, shall sell their freehold for tobacco-pipes and red petticoats. Likewise, we think it convenient, that there should be many takers ; some would be taken for wise men, who, indeed, are very fools ; for some will take cracked angels of your debtors, and a quart of Malmsy, when they cannot get a pottle.

31. But, stay awhile ; whither are we carried, leaving the greatest laws unpublished, and establishing the less ? Therefore we enact and ordain, as a necessary statute, that there shall great contentions fall between soldiers and archers ; and, if the fray be not decided over a pot of ale and a black pudding, great bloodshed is like to ensue ; for some shall maintain, that a Turk can be hit at twelve-score pricks in Finsbury Fields ; *ergo*, the bow and shafts won Bullen ; others shall say that a pot-gun is a dangerous weapon against a mud-wall, and an enemy to the painters work ; amongst these controversies we will send forth our commission to god Cupid, being an archer, who shall decide the doubt, and prove that archery is heavenly, for in meditation thereof he hath lost his eyes.

32. O gentle fellow-soldiers ! then leave your controversies, if you love a woman ; for I will prove it, that a mince-pie is better than a musket ; and he

that dare gainsay me, let him meet me at the Dagger in Cheap, with a case of pewter-spoons, and I will answer it ; and if I prove not that a mince-pie is the better weapon, let me dine twice a week at Duke Humphrys table.

33. It is furthermore established, that the four knaves at the cards shall suddenly leap from out the bunch, and desperately prank about the new playhouse to seek out their old master, Captain Crop-ear ; also it is thought meet, that some men, in these days, shall be politick beyond reason, and write more in one lien, than they can prove in an age.

34. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for some to study which way they may walk to get them a stomach to their meat, whilst others are as careful to get meat to put in their bellies : likewise there shall be a great persecution in the commonwealth of kitchen-fees, so that some desperate woman shall boil, try, and see the poor tallow to the general commodity of all the whole company of tallow-chandlers.

35. Alas ! alas ! how are we troubled to think on these dangerous times ; for tailors, by act of parliament, may lawfully invent new fashions ; and he that takes Irish *aquavite* by the pint, may by the law stumble without offence, and break his face ; and it shall be thought convenient, that some be so desperately bent, as they shall go into my Lord Mayors buttery, when

all the barrels be full, without either sword or dagger about them ; many men shall be so venturously given, as they shall go into Pettycoat-lane, and yet come out again as honestly as they went first in.

36. In like manner, it shall be lawful for Thames water to cleanse as much as ever it did in times past ; and, if the brewers at London buy store of good malt, poor bargemen at Queenhithe shall have a whole quart for a penny ; St. Thomas's onions shall be sold by the rope at Billingsgate by the statute, and sempsters in the Exchange shall become so conscionable, that a man without offence, may buy a falling band for twelve pence.

37. It shall be lawful for smiths to love good ale ; and, if it be possible, to have a frost of three weeks long in July, men shall not be afraid of a good fire at Midsummer. Porters baskets shall have authority to hold more than they can honestly carry away ; and such a drought shall come among cans at Bartholomew fair in Smithfield, that they shall never continue long filled.

38. The images in the Temple church, if they rise again, shall have a commission to dig down Charing-cross with their fauchions ; and millers, by custom, shall have small mind to morning prayers, if the wind serve them in any corner on Sunday. Those that go to wars, and can get nothing, may come home poor by authority ; and those that play fast and loose with

womens apron-strings, may chance to make a journey for a Winchester pigeon ; for prevention thereof drink every morning a draught of *noli me tangere*, and by that means thou shalt be sure to escape the physicians purgatory.

39. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for bakers to thrive by two things ; that is, scores well paid, and millers that are honest.

40. Physicians, by other mens harms, and churchyards by often burials.

41. Also, we think it necessary for the commonwealth, that the salmon shall be better sold in Fish-street, than the beer shall be at Billingsgate.

42. And hearts-ease, among the company of herb-wives, shall be worth as much money as they can get for it by the statute.

43. It is further enacted and agreed upon, that those that run four-score miles a-foot, on a winters day, shall have a sore thirst about seven of the clock in the evening.

44. And such as are inclined to the dropsy, may be lawfully cured, if the physicians know how.

45. Also, we ordain and appoint, that, if there be no

great store of tempests, two half-penny loaves shall be sold for a penny in Whitechapel.

46. Chaucers books, by act of parliament, shall in these days prove more witty than ever they were before; for there shall so many sudden or rather sodden, wits step abroad, that a flea shall not frisk forth, unless they comment on her.

47. O what a detestable trouble shall be among women about four-score and ten years old; for such as have more teeth about them than they can well use, shall die for age, if they live not by miracle.

48. Moreover, we think it necessary, that those that have two eyes in their head, shall sometimes stumble; and they that can neither write nor read, may as boldly forsware themselves as they that can.

49. And it shall be lawful for almanack-makers, to tell more lies than true tales.

50. And they that go to sea without victuals, may suffer penury by the statute.

51. In like manner, it shall be lawful for any man to carry about him more gold than iron, if he can get it.

52. But they that are given to sullen complexions, if they be females, must be more circumspect; for, if

they repent their hidden sins too much, they may by chance catch Heaven for their labour.

53. Therefore, let maidens take heed how they fall on their backs, lest they catch a forty weeks favour.

54. And he that hath once married a shrew, and by good chance buried her ; beware how he come into the stocks again.

55. Further, it shall be lawful for those that be rich to have many friends ; and they that be poor, may, by authority, keep money, if they can get it honestly.

56. Also, we command and charge all such as have no conscience, to do their worst, lest they die in the devils debt : as for the rest, they that have more money than they need, may help their poor neighbours, if they will.

57. In like manner, it shall be lawful for such as are subject to hot rheums, to drink cold drink : and those that have a mind to enrich physicians, to be never without diseases.

58. Also, soldiers that have no means to thrive by plaindealing, may, by the statute, swallow down an ounce of syrup of subtlety every morning ; and, if they cannot thrive that way, we think it necessary that, four times in the year, they go a-fishing on Salisbury plain.

59. Furthermore, for the benefit and increase of foolish humours, we think it necessary that those our dear friends, who are sworn true servitors to womans pautables, should have this order set down, that you suit yourselves handsomely against goose feast ; and if you meet not a fair lass betwixt St. Pauls and Stratford that day, we will bestow a new suit of satin upon you, so you will bear all the charges.

60. But as for your dear friends and scholars, thus much we favour you, you shall dine upon wit by authority ; and, if you pay your hostess well, it is no matter though you score it up till it come to a good round sum.

61. In like manner, it shall be lawful for maids milk to be good physick for kibed heels ; and a cup of sack to bed-ward a present remedy for the rheum.

62. Such as are sick in the spring, may take physick by the statute ; and those that are cold, may wear more clothes without offence.

63. It is best to ride in long journeys, lest a man be weary with going a-foot ; and more comely to go in broken stockings than bare-legged.

64. Further, it shall be lawful for some to be lean, because they cannot be fat.

65 Some, by statute, shall love beef passing well,

because they can come by no other meat ; and other some simper it with an egg at dinner, that dare manfully set upon a shoulder of veal in the afternoon.

66 Some shall be sad, when they want money ; and in love with widows, rather for their wealth than their honesty.

67. It is also thought necessary, that some shall suspect their wives at home, because they themselves play false abroad.

68. And some love bowling-alleys better than a sermon.

69. But, above all other things, spirits with aprons shall much disturb your sleep about midnight.

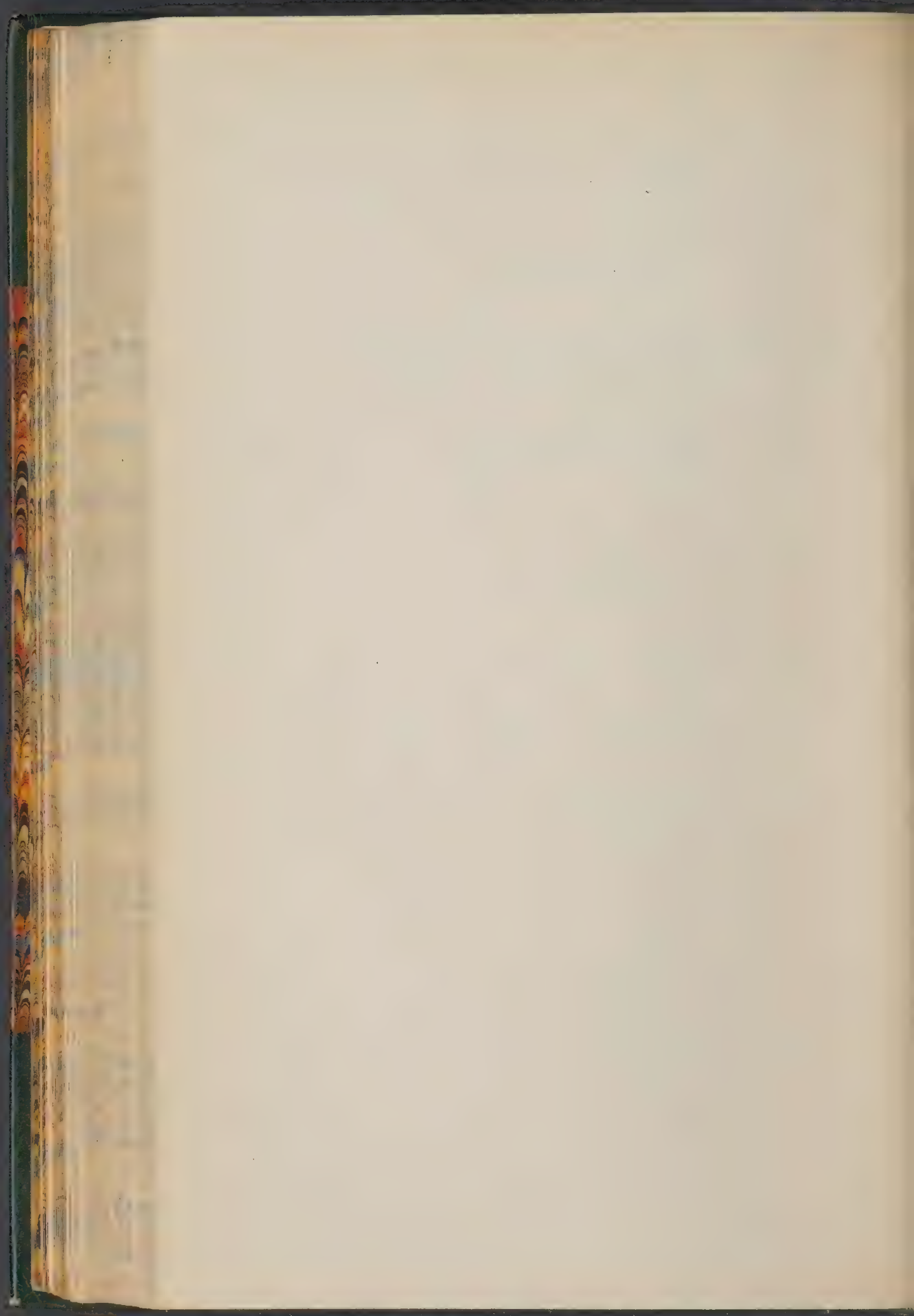
70. Furthermore, it shall be lawful for him that marries without money, to find four bare legs in his bed ; and he that is too prodigal in spending, shall die a beggar, by the statute.

71. In like manner we think it necessary that he that is plagued with a cursed wife, have his pate broken quarterly, as he pays his rent.

72. Likewise, he who delights in subtlety, may play the knave by custom ; and, he who hath his complexion and courage spent, may eat mutton on fasting-days by the law.

73. And to conclude, since there are ten precepts to be observed in the art of scolding, we humbly take our leave of Duke Humphreys ordinary, and betake us to the chapel of ill counsell ; where a quart or two of fine Trinidado shall arm us against the gun-shot of tongue-metal, and keep us safe from the assaults of Sir John Find-fault. *Vale*, my dear friends, till my next return.

THE END.



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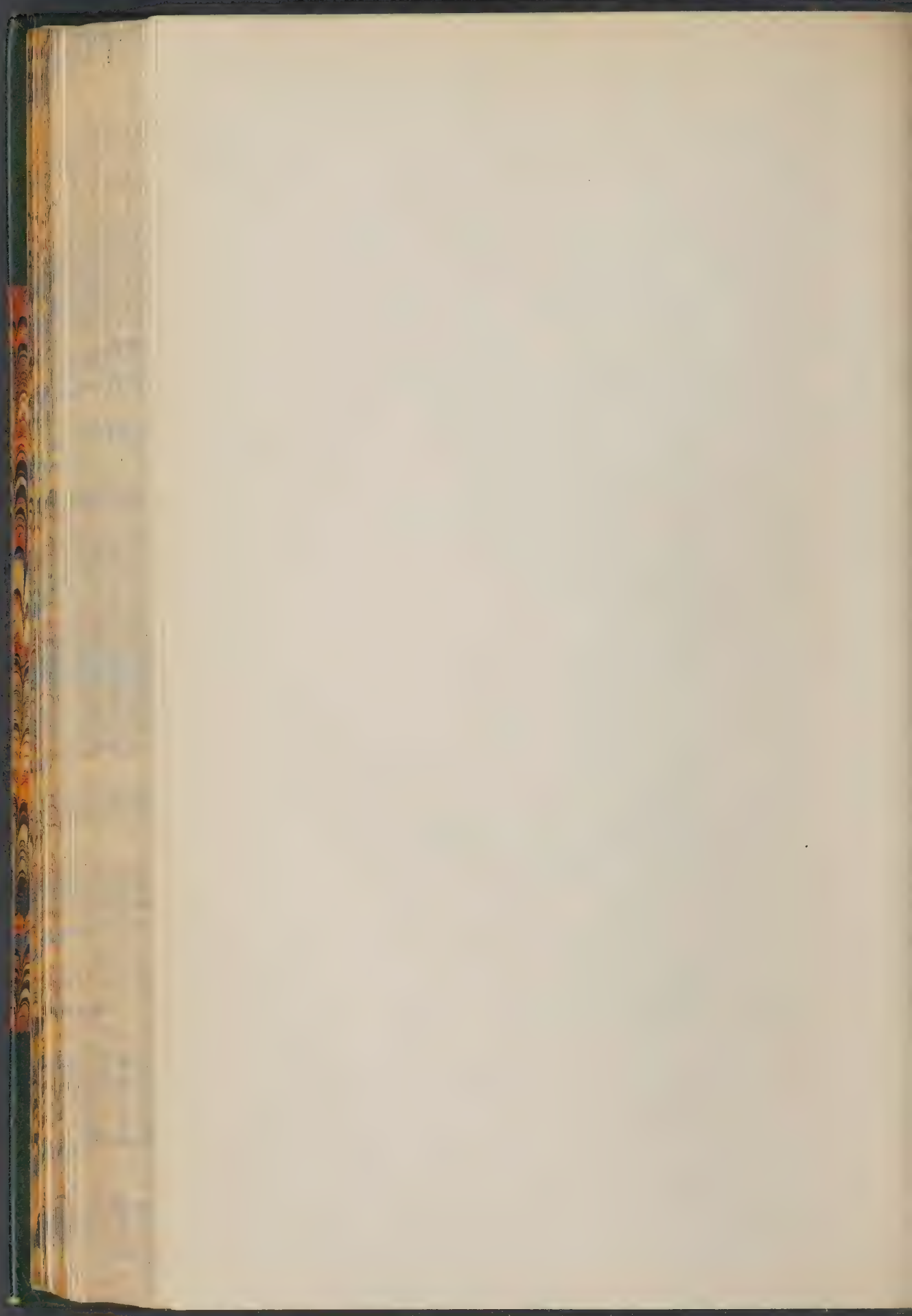
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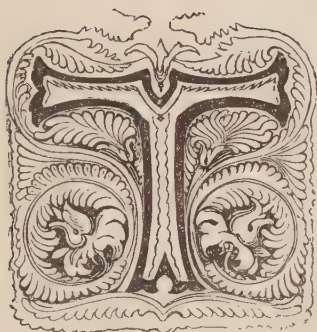
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INTRODUCTION.



THE Kerry pastoral now presented to the Members of the Percy Society, is reprinted from a copy, 12 pages 4to. believed to be unique, in the possession of the Editor, to whom it was given by Sir William Betham, in 1829.

Dr. Smith in his history of Kerry, p. 418, thus refers to this composition. "Some of the inhabitants have produced tolerable specimens of poetry, not only in their native language, but also in English; for besides some occasional verses already hinted at, p. 108,* not many years ago a humorous eclogue called 'a Kerry Pastoral,' was addressed by a poet of this country to the fellows of T. C. D. which had no inconsiderable share of merit." But slight glances at the history of the county in which this poem was circulated—at the

* The passage referred to is copied at p. 34.

period, just when the Hanoverian succession was established, and at the circumstances under which it was written, are necessary to place its object and merits fairly before the English reader. In addition to which, the Editor has been induced to support the allusions to local peculiarities by extensive extracts from various works, which prove how very accurate a picture is given of Irish manners at the time.

The most extensive grant of lands in the county of Kerry, under the Act of Settlement, according to Smith, was "made to the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who, by letters patent of K. Charles II, dated November 10th, 1666, had a very large estate settled on the said University for ever, with courts leet and courts baron at Noghavel and Carigfoil, together with fairs, markets, &c., and the king was pleased to reduce the crown rents of the said estate in this county, to the sum of £100 per annum." Looking at the time when this grant was made, it appears to have been a patriotic and judicious proceeding, for its object was the encouragement of literature and science. "The kingdom of Kerry," as the southern part of the county is still facetiously termed, was, with a small part of the county of Cork, a palatinate jurisdiction under the Earls of Desmond; and when Elizabeth

waged the warfare of extermination against Geraldine dominion, the advantages of Kerry as a military position for guerilla movements, became generally known, and, in consequence, its mountain fastnesses were, at various subsequent periods, the retreat of those who defied English power,

“ When all but hope was lost.”

The settlers, who had been introduced under the grants made by Charles II, were seriously disturbed during the reign of James II; their bawnes were attacked,—their cattle carried off,—their granaries plundered, and their improvements destroyed, by swarms of wild mountaineers, whom they were unable to repress.

These mountaineers received and welcomed among them men who, having been deprived of their inheritance by legal forfeiture, supplied the places of their natural leaders, and, true to their policy, protracted an irritating conflict for feudal supremacy; every act of plunder, and even murder itself, was considered by them as a justifiable deed of retribution.

The state of the county of Kerry at this period may be gleaned from “ An exact relation of the persecutions, robberies, and losses, sustained by the Protestants of Killmare [Kenmare] in Ire-

land,"* in which the following cases are referred to as having particularly interested the writer R. O. [Richard Orpen], the agent for "the Lady Petty, her son Lord Shelborne, and James Waller, Esq."

"Daniel Mac Tiege Carthy, one of those that murdered Edward Gilks, a smelter, for endeavouring to defend himself from being robbed at noon day of forty shillings, which they knew he had about him, in the year 1680.

"Owen Sulwan (a loose gentleman), for coming unawares behind R. O. in a dark night, and running him through the body with a sword, for offering to recover a debt due to him from Sulwan's friend, in the year 1680.

"Teague a Glanna and others, that murdered the Pursivant for daring to come into that part of the country, to arrest a papist, at the suit of Sir William Petty, or of any Protestant whatever, in the year 1685.

"Daniel Mac Dermot, and half a score others, for robbing a parcel of French Protestants that, having escaped out of France, were, by stress of weather, forced into the river of Killmare, in the year 1686.

* 4to. pp. 30. London: printed for Tho. Bennet, at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church Yard; and are to be sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers' Hall. 1689.

“Daniel Crouly, and seven more tories, that, in the year 1687, attempted to murder and rob R. O. and his brother, but without success, their captain having received a shot in the head, and two more of the chief of them in the shoulder and thigh ; being made prisoners, they lived till they were hanged at the assizes following.”

In 1688, we are told that “The officers of the new raised levies, being persons of broken and desperate fortunes, not able to maintain themselves, or their soldiers, were forced to filch and steal black cattle and sheep, all over the kingdom for their subsistence ; and more especially in the county of Kerry, where the natives were more indigent, the thieves appeared publicly in great numbers, thirty, forty, and oftentimes seventy in company, well armed with pikes, swords, guns, pistols, &c., marching openly through the glins and mountains, with droves of six or seven score cows and bullocks at a time, in such terror to the Protestants, that when they saw their cattle hurried away before their faces by the rogues, they durst not pursue nor enquire for them.”

The consequence was, that Mr. Orpen and the little party of English settlers whom he had been the means of organizing for self-defence into an armed association, fled into England in the spring of 1689.

The mountaineers, whose fathers had been dispossessed by Cromwell's grantees, and those who had suffered under the Act of Settlement, sprung with savage joy and ferocity upon lands which they had compelled the English settlers to abandon, and they endeavoured to hold by force these re-captured possessions for years after the Articles of Limerick (1691) were supposed to have adjusted the political settlement of property in Ireland. Formidable armed parties, termed Tories and Rapparees (the latter an Irish name for robber), paraded through the country, and in the mountain fastnesses of Kerry especially, defied the military sent against them. On the 20th of March, 1693, Captain Waller wrote from Kinsale to Sir Robert Southwell: "I am just now going towards Kerry with a party of soldiers, towards suppressing the Rapparees, who are grown very numerous in these parts."*

The following extract, prefixed by Miss Brooke to her exquisite translation of the lament of "Ned of the Hill,"—the soubriquet of Captain Edmond Ryan,—upon the loss of his mistress, will illustrate the deplorable situation in which both those who attempted peaceably to farm lands in

* Southwell MSS. Sold at Messrs. Christie's by Auction, Feb. 1834, by order of the Executors of Lord De Clifford. Thorpe's Catalogue IV. 1834. No. 361, p. 198.

the vicinity of the mountain districts of Cork, Limerick, Clare, and Kerry, were placed at the commencement of the last century, as well as that of their opponents.

Of Ryan, observes Miss Brooke, "many stories are still circulated, but no connected account has been obtained, further than that he commanded a company of those unhappy freebooters, called Rapparees, who, after the defeat of the Boyne, were obliged to abandon their dwellings and possessions, 'hoping (says Mr. O'Halloran) for safety within the precincts of the Irish quarter: but they were too numerous to be employed in the army, and their miseries often obliged them to prey alike upon friend and foe; at length some of the most daring of them formed themselves into independent companies, whose subsistence chiefly arose from depredations committed on the enemy. It was not choice, but necessity that drove them to this extreme; I have heard ancient people, who were witnesses to the calamities of these days, affirm, that they remembered vast numbers of these poor Ulster Irish, men, women, and children, to have no other beds but the ridges of potatoe-gardens, and little other covering than the canopy of heaven: they dispersed themselves over the counties of Limerick, Clare, and Kerry; and the hardness of the

times at length shut up all bowels of humanity, so that most of them perished of the sword, cold, or famine.'”*

Under the state of things described, this Kerry pastoral was composed and circulated. The College lands had yielded little or no produce to the University, and the object of this ingenious pamphlet, in which reference is made to a variety of local customs and superstitions, was to procure respectable bona fide tenants, who would improve the College estates, instead of “middle men,” or farmers, whose object was to underlet the ground at what is called a rack rent. The idea was certainly a benevolent one, of endeavouring to lead men to think correctly as to what would be to their advantage, as well as for the advantage of those whom they considered as opposed to them; and it is to be regretted that the College authorities have failed in the object inculcated in the following verses. This, however, appears to be the case from the account given by the Rev. Cæsar Otway in his *Sketches in the South of Ireland* (1827). “To return to Lord Lansdowne’s estate on one side of the river and that of Trinity College on the other, I observed, as I drove slowly along, that his Lordship’s lands were much better cultivated; the

* O’Halloran’s *Int. to the Hist. and Ant. of Ireland*, p. 382.

farms better stocked; the cabins fewer; more grass-land; what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands, and, on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly looking fellow who was going towards Nedeen (Kenmare). There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or, I would say, so polished, in his address and manners as a Kerry man. I was really surprised as I passed through the country, to receive answers and procure directions, fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. 'Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne's?' 'Ah, no, sir, and more is my loss! No, sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor naked sinking crathur that I am. His Lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive; he permits no middlemen to set and re-set over and over again his estate; he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor racked tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No, sir, look across the river there—look yonder at that snug farmer's house—there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself

and his seed after will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed.'

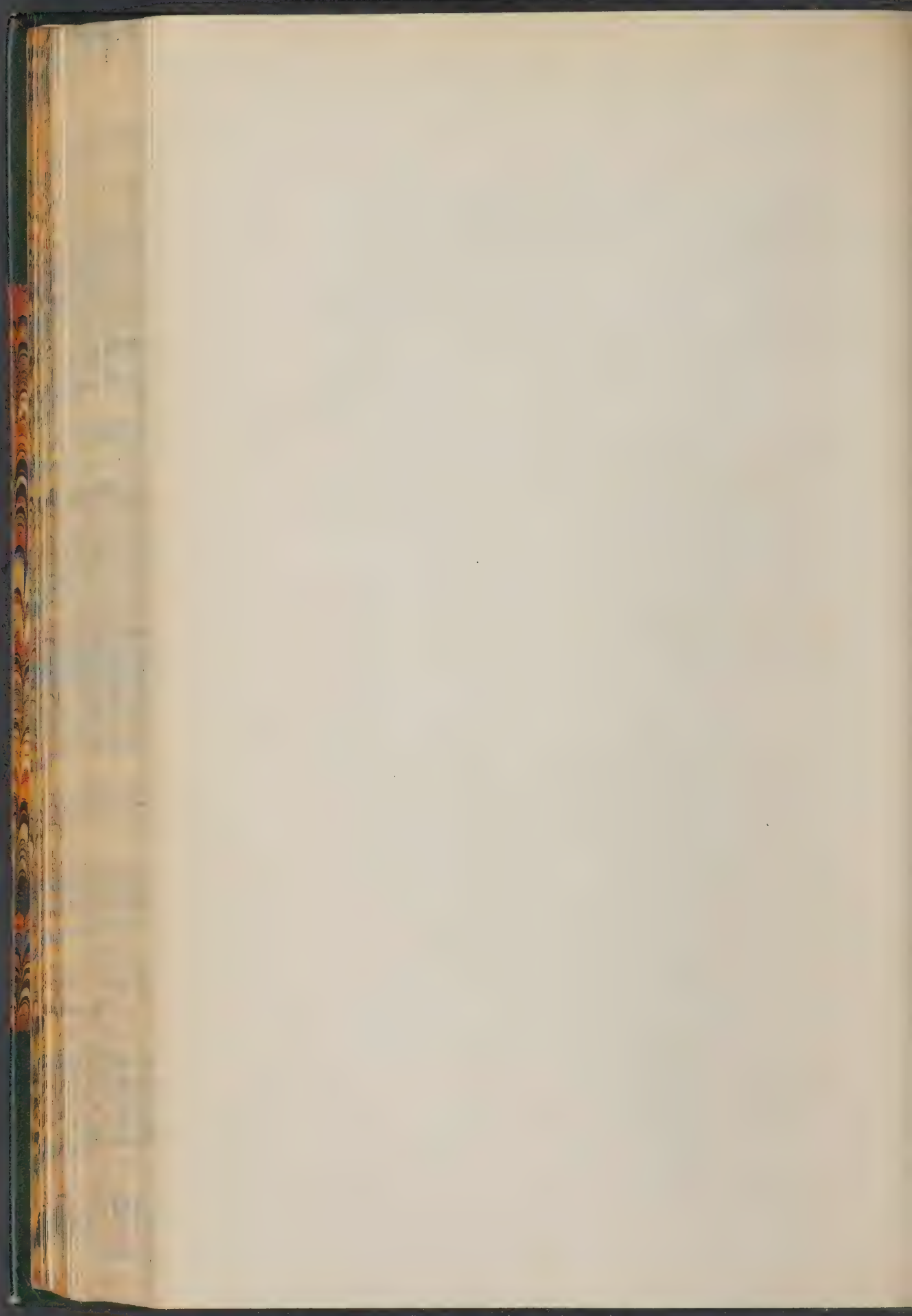
" 'Well! but, my friend, on your side of the river is it not the same? To be sure, I see not so much comfort; I see many, very many poor cabins.'

" 'Oh! sir, how could it be otherwise? There are twenty landlords between the College and the man who tills the grounds. The land is let, re-let, and sub-let, it is halved and quartered, divided and subdivided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty and potato gardens. I have four acres of land. How can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that? And I am subject to have my pig, or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och! I do not know how many landlords. And now I am going to Nedeen, to get some physic from the poticary; for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och! then, it's I that wishes that the great College that does be making men so larned and so wise, would send down some of these larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier and a little asier."

The Editor cannot conclude without expressing his thanks to Mr. How of Fleet street, the Publisher of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland, for the embellishments which have been introduced to illustrate the notes.

T. C. C.

*Rosamond's Bower, Fulham,
27th April, 1843.*



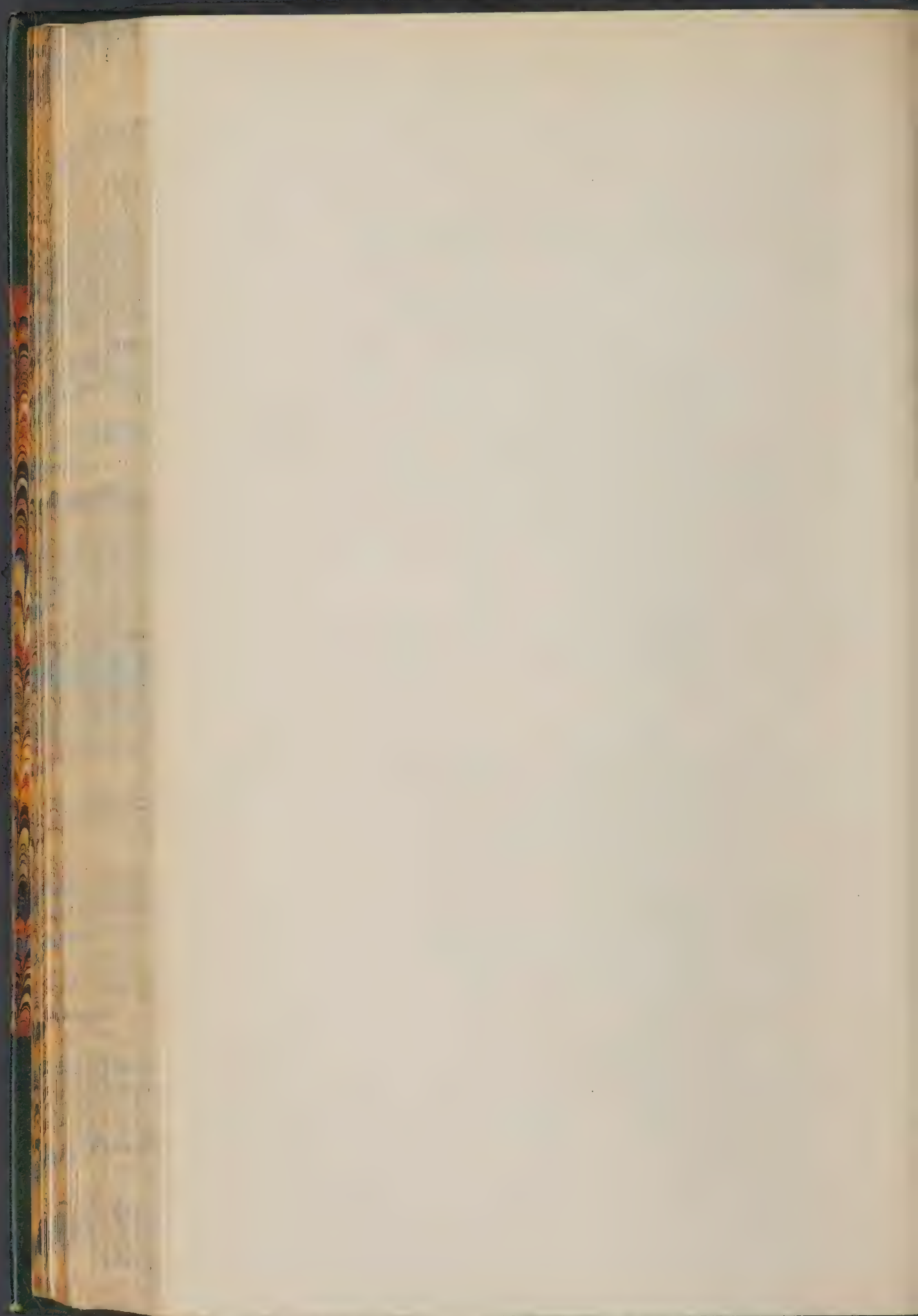
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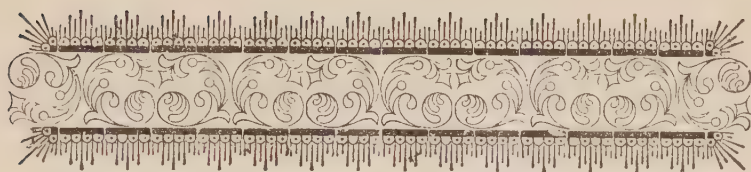
Inferib'd to the
Provost, Fellows, and Scholars, of Trinity College,
D U B L I N ;

By Murroghoh O Connor of Aughanagraun,

D U B L I N :

Printed by *James Carfon*, in *Coghill's Court*, in *Dames-*
street, opposite to the *Castle-Market*, 1719.





A

PASTORAL

In Imitation of the First

Eclogue of *VIRGIL*, &c.



Murroghoh OConner and Owen Sullivan.

THE ARGUMENT.

Murroghoh Mc Tighe. Mc. Mahoon Leagh, Mc Murroghoh O'Connor, of Aughanagraun in the Barony of Iraghty Connor, and County of Kerry, was among other College Tenants turned out of his Farm of Ballyline, but being recommended to the College by several Gentlemen of that Country is Restored in this ECLOGUE; therefore he own's his Obligations to the College, and the Happiness of his Condition.

Owen Sullivan of Rincarah, near the Island of Valentia, in the Barony of Ivrahagh (another College Under-Tenant) meeting with some Misfortunes and not having represented his Case to the College, looses his Farm, which is given to a Captain of that Country.

OWEN.

My Old Acquaintance, and my dearest Friend,
My Murroghoh! what Joys on you attend!
Ten thousand Blessings seem at once to shine
Upon your Farm and House of Ballyline,

Since you're *Restor'd* to *Native Land* and Ease,
 The World's your own, and Use it as you please :
 Now tell the *Glories* of your noble Name,
 How Prince *O'Connor* from *Hispania* came,
 Sprung from *Milesian Race*, of great Renown,
 By right of *Conquest* made this *Isle* his own,
 Landing at *Shannons Mouth*, the noble Flood
 Enrich'd *Ierne* with his *Royal Blood* ;
 For from his *Loins*, as from her flowing *Springs*,
 Our *Irish Veins* are fill'd with *Blood of Kings*.
 But I alas, can no such Honours boast,
 Since sweet *Rhincarah*—dear *Ivr'ah* is lost :
 My Blood runs low, I'm poor and in Disgrace,
 And dare not own I'm of *Milesian Race*.
 You *top the World*, as great a Monarch are,
 As *Connor Sligo*, *Connor Faly* were,
 And at your Ease beneath *Arbutus* laid,
 Leaning against the mossy Tree your Head,
 With *Harp, and Voice*, the *College* Praises sing,
 Till Woods and Rocks, the *College* Praises ring.

MURROGHOH.

'Tis true to sing her *Praises* is my Choice,
 She shall for ever have my *Harp and Voice* :
 To her I owe the Happiness you see,
 'Twas she restor'd my *Farm and Liberty*.

For which full *Mathers* to her Health we'll drink
 And to the bottom *Stranded Hogsheds* sink,
 Good *Stranded Claret*, Wreck'd upon our Shore ;
 And when that's out we'll go in search for more.
 Whole Nights we'll spend, to break of Day sit up,
 Then *Deogh a Dorus* for the parting Cup.

OWEN.

My dearest *Murrogh*, I am glad to find,
 So much Content and Pleasure in your Mind :
 But I poor *Owen*, Grieve lament and moan,
 You see I'm *Packing up*, and must be gone.
 My bended Shoulders with my Burthen bow,
 And I can hardly drive this *limping Cow*.
 Not long ago, which gave me Cause to Fret,
 A *Sea Hog* at the * *Scallops* broke my Net.
 The *Sea* did not up to *Rhincarah* flow,
 † *Mangerton's* top was *Black*, and wanted *Snow*.
 With mournful song lamented, the § *Bantee*.
 Foretold the Ruin of my House and me.
 When all these *Omens* met at once, I knew
 What sad Misfortunes must of Course ensue.
 Rut tell me *Murrogh*, what the *College* is,
 There's nothing more I long to know than *This*.

* A Rocky Island near *Rincarah*.

† The highest Mountain in *Kerry*, near *Rincarah*, which all the Year round is remarkable to have Snow on it.

§ A spirit which, according to *Irish Superstition*, appears and bewails any Signal Calamity, either with Respect to Life or Fortune of any Ancient remarkable Families.

MURROGHOH.

Owen I was so foolish once I own,
 To think it like *Little School* in Town,
 Or like the *School* that's in *Tralee*, you Know
 Where we to *Sizes* and to *Sessions* goe,
 And when *Arrested*, stand each others *Bail*,
 And spend a *Cow* or two in *Law* and *Ale*.
 I might compare ⁽¹⁾*Drumcon* to ⁽²⁾*Knockanore*,
⁽³⁾*Curragh* of *Ballyline* to ⁽⁴⁾*Linamore*
 With much more Reason—But my Dearest Friend,
 The *College* does our *Schools* so far transcend,
 Or all the *Schools* that ever yet I saw,
 As ⁽⁵⁾*Karry's* Cabbín is below ⁽⁶⁾*Lixna*.

OWEN.

But what good Fortune led you to that Place?

MURROGHOH.

To tell my *Suff'rings*, and Explaine my *Case*,
 To be restor'd, to find a just Redress
From those who glory to relieve Distress.
 Tis true I lost my *Land-Lords Favour* by't

(1) A rising near *Murrogh's* Farm.

(2) A very high Mountain upon the *College* Estate.

(3) A small Shrub on *Murrogh's* Farm.

(4) The great *College* Wood.

(5) A Cotter in *Murrogh's* Farm.

(6) Lord *Kerry's* House.

But then, *Dear Owen*, I regain'd my Right ;
 All my *Renewal Fines* with him were vain,
 Nor *Pray'rs* nor *Money* cou'd my *Farm* obtain ;
 What Cou'd I do, but to the *College* run,
 And well I did, or I shou'd be undone.
 There did I see a venerable Board,
Provost and *Fellows*, Men that kept their Word,
Sincere and *Just*, *Honest*, and *Fair*, and *True*,
 Their only Rule is to *give all their Due*.
 No *Bribes* or *Interest* can Corrupt their Minds,
Unbiass'd Laws the *Rich* and *Poor Man* finds ;
 Alike to all, their Charity Extends,
 Ev'n I a *Stranger* found them all my *Friends* ;
 Such were the *Saints* that once possess'd this Isle,
 And drew down Blessings on our happy *Soil*.
 They soon (for Justice here knows no Delay)
 Gave this short Answer. *Murrough go your way*,
Return, improve your Farm, as heretofore,
Be gone, you shall not be Molested more.

OWEN.

Happy *Milesian*, happiest of Men !
 Then *Ballyline* is now your own *Again*.
 'Tis Large enough, tho' not* a whole *Plow-land*,
 And has a lovely Prospect to the *Strand*.

* A *Kerry* Denomination of Land.

Tho' *Bogs* and *Rocks* deform that Spot of Earth,
 Consider *Murrogh* that it gave thee Birth,
 Those *Bogs* and *Rocks* your *Cows* and *Sheep* surround,
 Keep them from *Trespass Pledge*, and *Starving Pound*.
 Thrice happy you, who living at your Ease,
 Have nought to do but see your Cattle Graze,
 Speak **Latin* to the Stranger passing by,
 And on a *Shambrog Bank* reclining lye;
 Or on the *Grassy Sod* Cut *Points* to play
Backgamon; and Delude the †*Livelong Day*.
 When Night comes on to pleasing Rest you go,
 Lull'd by the soft ‡*Cronaan*, or Sweet ^(a) *Speck show*
 When *Kircher'd Sheelah* strains her warbling throat,
 In tuneful *Hum*, and *Sleeps* upon the Note.

MURROGHOH.

Dingle and ^(b) *Derry* sooner shall unite,
Shanon and *Cashan* both be drain'd out right,
 And *Kerry* Men forsake their ^(c) *Cards* and *Dice*,
Dogs be pursu'd by *Hares*, and *Cats* by *Mice*,
Water begin to burn, and *Fire* to wet,
 Before I shall my *College* Friends forget.

* 'Tis natural for the Cow Boys in the County of *Kerry* to speak *Latin*.

† They are such Gamsters in the County of *Kerry*, that they Cut *Points* in the *Sods*, by way of *Tables*, and [use?] *Potato's* and *Turnips* for men.

‡ Humming of a Tune.

(a) An *Irish* Ground.

(b) The Two remotest Parts of *Ireland*.

(c) So fond of *Cards*, that they never go without them.

OWEN.

But I must quit my Dear *Ivragh* and roam
 The World about, to find another Home ;
 To *Paris** go with *Satchel* cram'd with Books,
 With empty Pockets and with hungry Looks ;
 Or else to *Dublin* to *Tim* † *Sullivan*
 To be a Drawer or a waiting Man ;
 Or else perhaps some favourable Chance
 By *Box* and *Dice* my Fortune may advance,
 At the *Groom Porters* cou'd I find a Friend,
 That wou'd poor *Owen* kindly recommend.
 There I cou'd nicely serve, and teach young Men
 The Art to *Cog*, and win their *Coin* again.
 But shall this Forreign Captain force from me,
 My House and *Land*, my *Weirs*, and *Fishery* ?
 Was it for him I those Improvements made !
 Must his *Long Sword* turn out my *Lab'ring Spade* ?
 Adieu my Dear abode—
 I shall no more with *Brogue* § *Boan Scribiogh* climb
 Steep ^(a) *Mulloghbert*, enthron'd on top sublime,

* 'Tis a *Kerry* shift, to go to *Paris*, when Reduc'd.

† A *Kerry* Man who keeps the *London Tavern*, very kind and Generous to his Country Men.

§ A *Brogue* with a *Scollop'd Heel*, which none but Gentlemen are allow'd to wear.

(a) The *Hill of Reference*, where the Head of the *Clan* sitting every Sunday and Holy-Day on two stones desides all Controversies.

Head of my Clan, determine ev'ry Case,
 To make my *Vassals* Live at home in Peace,
 To teach them *Justice* a much cheaper Way,
 Keep them from *Lawyers Fees*, and *Court's Delay*,
 Nor shall [I] see you *Curagh** *Can a Wee*,
 Full often have I made a song for thee,
 Least some Disaster should attend my Life,
 My tender Children, or my Loving Wife.
 Nor the †*Knockdrum* where our Forefathers set,
 Upon thy *Lofty Top* th' *Insidious Net*,
 To catch *Desmonian wild*, a sight more rare
 To *British Eyes*, than *Scandinavian Bear*.
Valentia too I bid farewell to thee,
 Title to best of Men great *Anglesey*.
Desmond tho' last, not least belov'd farewell,
 By whose great Lord whole Troops of *Brittains* fell,
 Thy Glories shall in distant Lands be known,
 And all the World superior *Desmond* own.

MURROGHOH.

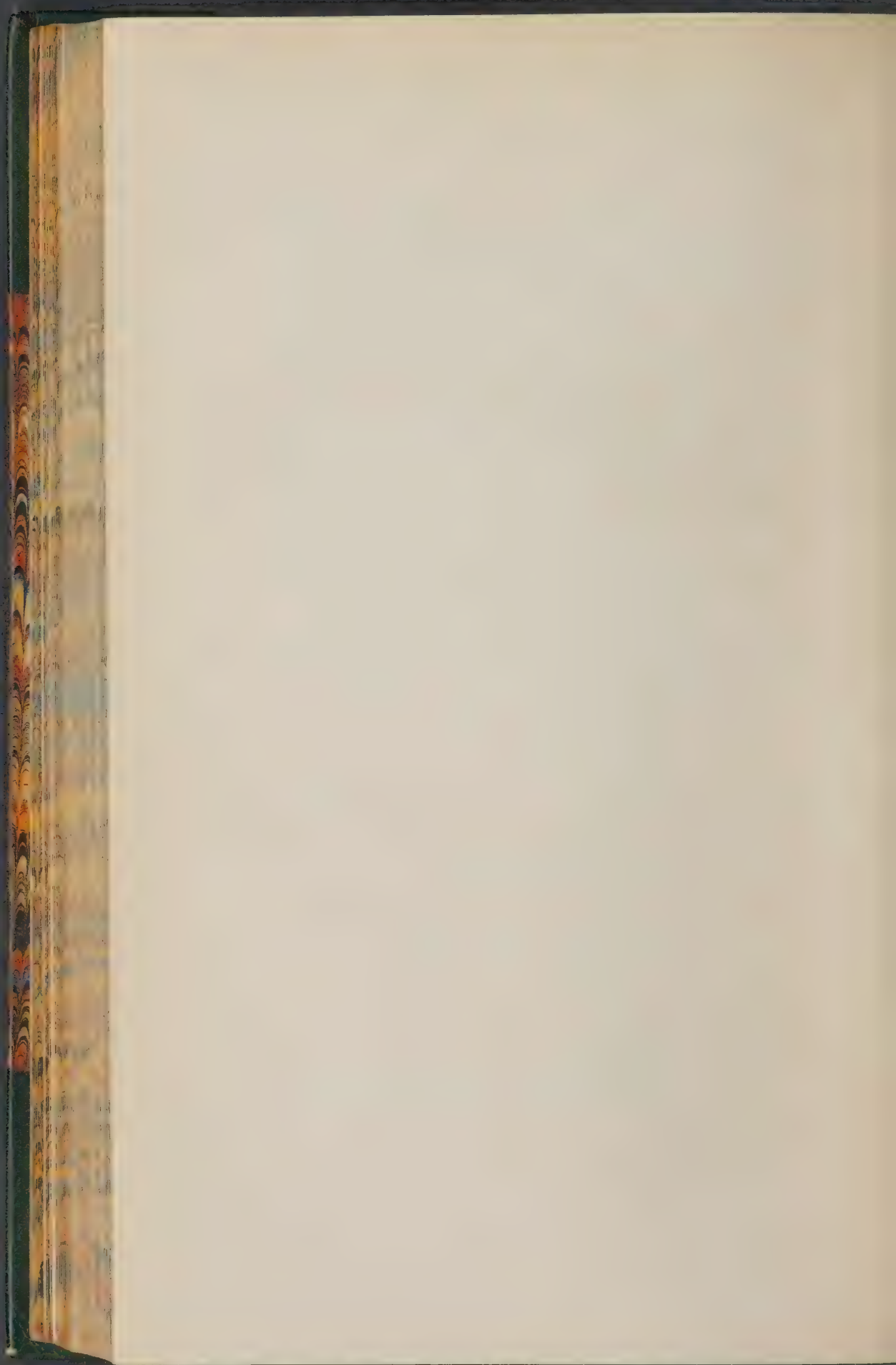
But stay Dear *Owen cosher* here this Night,
 Behold the *Rooks* have now begun their Flight,

* There is an old Tradition amongst them, that if Travellers do not make a Rhime in praise of this Mountain, some Misfortune will befall them or some one belonging to them.

† A Hill in that Country.

And to their *Nests* in Winged Troops repair,
They fly in hast, and shew that Night is near.
The *Sheep* and *Lambkins* all around us bleat,
The *Sun's* just down, to Travel is too late.
Slacaan and *Scollops* shall adorn my board,
Fit Entertainment for a *Kerry* Lord,
In *Egg Shells* then we'll take our parting Cup,
Lye down on *Rushes*, with the *Sun* get up.

F I N I S.





REMARKS

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

P. 3,—THE ARGUMENT.] Whether the names of the speakers and the localities mentioned are all strictly correct or imaginary, the Editor cannot state, but if imaginary, the semblance of truth has been most carefully preserved.

Murroghoh O'Connor, the accepted tenant of the Provost and Fellows is said to be of Aughanagraun, or the ground which can grow corn or grain.

“On the first arrival of the English into these parts,” says Smith, in his *History of Kerry*, p. 27, “they found the O'Connors possessed of the northern tract of this county, from which family that part still retains the name of Iraghticonnor,”—this literally means the ploughed ground belonging to the house of Connor. The name of Murroghoh, a common one in all the clans upon the South West Coast of Ireland, such as the O'Sullivans, O'Briens, &c. is the Irish for a sailor or mariner,—see *Muireach* in O'Brien's *Irish Dictionary*.

Owen Sullivan, the other speaker, is said to be of Rincarah,

that is, of the rocky promontory, a locality laid down in Smith's map of Kerry as "Rineaharagh," on the main land, opposite to Cromwell's Fort on Valentia Island. "The Southern parts, [on the first arrival of the English in Kerry,] were occupied," says Smith, "by the O'Sullivan's, the barony of Dunkerron being then called O'Sullivan's country, of which he had the title of Prince given him by the Irish. They had also large possessions in Iveragh." The latter name, like most local names, is highly descriptive; meaning the territory of example or warning, from the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this rocky coast."

P. 4, l. 4,—"*from Hispania came.*"] See Moore's History of Ireland, Vol. i. p. 77.

P. 4, l. 10,—"*Blood of Kings.*"] See *Concùbhar* in O'Brien's Irish Dictionary.

P. 4, l. 16,—"*Connor Sligo, Connor Faly.*"] The two principal families of the name were thus distinguished. The opposition given by O'Connor Kerry to English power in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, is recorded in the *Pacata Hibernia*.

P. 4, l. 17,—"*beneath Arbutus laid,*"] i. e. "Arbutus Unedo."
 "The Arbutus," says Derrick, in a letter addressed to Lord Southwell from Killarney, dated 6th October, 1760, "flourishes all the year, bearing, at one and the same time, leaves, blossoms, berries, and fruit in different stages of maturity. The leaves are of a very beautiful green, with a red stalk; the blossom resembles the lily of the valley; the berries are first green, then yellow, acquiring at length a colour like the finest scarlet strawberry: it is called by gardeners the strawberry tree." Although the Arbutus is well known in the gardens of England as a shrub, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall state, that "in Dinis Island there is one, the stem of which is seven feet in circum-

ference, and its height is in proportion, being equal to that of an ash tree of the same girth which stands near it; and on Rough Island, opposite O'Sullivan's cascade, there is another, the circumference of which is nine feet and a half. Alone, its character is not [Quere, not?] picturesque; the branches are bare, long, gnarled, and crooked, presenting in its wild state a remarkable contrast to its trim, formal, and bush-like figure in our cultivated gardens.

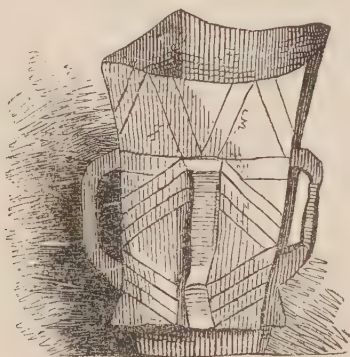


“It is said that, although now found universally in Ireland, and more especially in the counties of Cork and Kerry, it (the *Arbutus*) is not a native of the soil, but was introduced into the country by Spanish monks.” A note however in Hall's *Ireland*, Vol. i. p. 181, states, that upon this point botanists are divided in opinion; and the opinions of two of the most eminent in Ireland are there given.

P. 4, lines 19, 22,—*Harp and voice.*] Upon this famous instrument, the Irish harp, at the period when these lines were written, almost every one played; the term “every one” is to be understood in the same sense as applied to the Piano-forte at present. Few specimens of the Irish harp remain. The Editor believes the only one in England to be in his possession. It was made for the Rev. Charles Bunworth in 1734, by John Kelly, who also appears to have been the maker of a harp in 1726, engraved in Walker’s “Memoirs of the Irish bards;” but Mr. Bunworth’s harp is probably more accurately delineated, as copied from a sketch by Mr. MacClise.



P. 5, l. 1,—“*full Mathers to her health we'll drink.*”] The Mather, a compound of two Irish words, *Maide* (wood), and *er* (noble), was applied to an ancient drinking vessel, generally made of the wood of the crab tree. The annexed sketch was made by the Editor from a Mather in his possession, presented to him by the late Mr. Samuel McSkimin, of Carrickfergus.



Generally speaking the Mather was round at bottom, and quadrangular at top, with a handle on each of its four sides. It varied from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches in height, and from $10\frac{1}{2}$ to 18 inches in circumference, and held from three pints to upwards of two quarts. Figures of the two Irish Mathers from which this description is collected, are given in the Dublin Penny Journal, vol. i. No. 38, p. 300; and vol. ii. No. 84, p. 249. On the latter the name and date of DERMOT TULLY, 1590, are engraved.

To drink out of the Mather, it was necessary to apply one of the four corners, and not the side, to the mouth. The following anecdote is told respecting this national mode of drinking: “When Lord Townshend left the vice-royalty of Ireland, he had two massive silver mathers made in London, where they were regularly introduced at his dinner parties; and guests most usually applied the side of the vessel to the mouth, and seldom

escaped with a dry neck-cloth, vest, or doublet. Lord Townshend, however, after enjoying the mistake, usually called on his friend the late Colonel O'Reilly (afterwards Sir Hugh Nugent by the King's sign manual), to teach the drill, and handle the Mather in true Irish style."

In Dean Swift's translation of O'Rourke's feast, we find

" Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a *madder** our cup."

Laurence Whyte, from whose poem of "The Parting Cup" an extensive extract is made in a subsequent note, thus closes Canto II :

" The harper at each interval
Had dram or *madder* at his call,
Together with his horn of snuff,
Of each we saw he took enough,
And when he could no longer play,
Speakshoyech ushered in the day."

In the Irish Hudibras, 1689, a fleet of small boats or coracles, are said to be—

" Like Meddars formed of the whole piece ;
Meddar, which is a pretty black,
A deep, round, four-square wooden Jack ;
An ill-shaped trunk of carved tree,
An uniform deformity."

P. 5, l. 2,—"*Stranded Hogsheds.*" l. 3,—"*Stranded Claret.*"] "The 'Lady Nelson port' is still famous in Kerry, and a glass of it is sometimes offered as a *bonne bouche*."—*Lady Chatterton's Rambles in the South of Ireland*. Vol. i, p. 308.

* Wooden vessel.

Mr. Weld in his Account of Killarney, mentions visiting Lough Ine, where he was regaled with some delicious oysters; a boy appeared carrying a basket after a gentleman, by whose boat the oysters had been taken; and "copious libations were poured from bottles which had evidently been filled in France, and the wine proved to be nothing less than Burgundy of a most delicious flavour."

In a note which Mr. Weld thought it necessary to attach in a second edition to this passage, in consequence of some observations, made by the Rev. Horace Townsend, calculated to throw discredit upon this statement, he asks with much *naïveté*: "Are there no shipwrecks on this rocky and dangerous coast?"

P. 5, l. 6,—"*Then Deogh a Dorus for the parting cup !*"] *Doch-an-dorrach* (a Gaelic term), is explained in the glossary to the Waverly Novels, as "stirrup-cup; parting cup." It is literally, "the drink at the door," respecting the legal immunities attached to which, see Sir Walter Scott's note to the Chapter XI of Waverly.

Laurence Whyte, "a Lover of the Muses and Mathematics" as he styles himself on the title page of "Original Poems on various Subjects" [2nd Ed. Dublin, 1742], has entitled one of his productions "*The Parting Cup; or, the Humours of Deoch an Doruis, alias Theodorus, alias Doctor Dorus, an old Irish gentleman famous (about 30 years ago), for his great hospitality, but more particularly in Christmas-time—*"

"When folks have little else to do
But try what ale their neighbours brew,
To drink all night, and sing in chorus
And when they part drink *Deochadorus*."

But it so happens that Whyte's poem, besides illustrating

the common use of the phrase, has preserved a faithful picture of the state of Irish society at the period to which the Kerry Pastoral belongs :—

“ Lest any should mistake the time,
By this our prelude put in rhyme,
We shall explain it if you please,
It was in Christmas holidays,
About the thirtieth of December,
As near as I can well remember ;
The moon was just a quarter old,
The wind at north, the weather cold ;
In Anna's long victorious reign,
Who triumphed over France and Spain.
When Marlborough's fame thro' Europe ran,
Who fought the battles of Queen Ann ;
Then did the name of *Deochadorus*
Become so numerous and glorious,
As well Strongbonians as Milesians
Kept open house on all occasions,
That scarce a parish or a town
Throughout the kingdom but had one.
Then Cromwell's tribes of later date,
Laid by their civil jars and heat,
Became more generous and free,
Drank *Deochadorus* neighbourly,
And tho' they could not mouth him well,
They into all his humours fell ;
For all who breathe the Irish air
Must in its happy influence share ;
It gives them such a turn of mind
As makes them candid, free, and kind.”

This lively sketch however is followed by a melancholy portrait :

“ We can't forget young A——r's frakes,
His drinking bouts with jolly rakes—
How many he has killed with drinking,
How many more sent home a blinking?

In stealing homewards, groap'd their way
 At midnight, or at break of day ;
 How many he has sent home reeling
 Blind drunk, without the sense of feeling ?
 'Twas *Deochadorus* night and day,
 Until he drank himself away."

And White honestly concludes with—

"Such is the practice of our isle,
 Where scarce one tribe of *Deochadorus*
 But stand in misery before us."

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who, in their recent work on Ireland, have recorded the change which has taken place in the popular habits of the Irish people, state that;—"If a guest were able to mount his horse without assistance in the 'good old times,' he was presented with a *deoch an dorras* glass, which he was forced, seldom against his will, to 'drink at the door.' This glass usually held a quart; it was terminated by a globe, which of itself contained a 'drop,' sufficient to complete the business of the night." [vol. i. p. 33.]

And the print by which the *deoch an dorras* glass is illustrated in their work was from a sketch which the Editor made in 1829 of one in the possession of two old ladies named Baylee, who resided in the Desmonian stronghold of Lough Gur, in the County of Limerick.



"The door cup" however was not always of glass; in the Irish Hudibras, we find Nees (the hero)

"Swearing he could not part, not for his
 Own leef, till he got *Dough a Dorris*."

With that the porter brought them out
 A meddar stopt with a clean clout;
 Which, tho' 'twas reckoned but a small one,
 Contained three halves of a whole gallon."

P. 5, l. 14,—"*A Sea Hog at the Scallogs broke my net.*"
 For "Sea Hog," the reading should be *Sea Dog*, and for
 "Scallogs," *Skeligs*. Smith in his History of Kerry, mentions
 that Salmon in the Kenmare river are "much destroyed by
 seals and sea dogs, which are so numerous there, that in summer
 all the rocks on the shore are in a manner covered with them."
 And Doctor Smith adds, "some people have proposed a method
 of taking them in strong nets, made of thick cordage on purpose,
 which scheme has not been tried because of its expense."
 The rocks called the Skeligs, are about nine miles from the
 mouth of the Kenmare river. Upon the larger one a light-
 house was built, in 1826. Lady Chatterton has preserved, in
 her "Rambles in the South of Ireland," Vol. i. chapter 13,
 an account of the Skeligs, by Mr. Maurice O'Connell, and
 also of a visit made by the Editor to the greater Skelig,
 26th April, 1825.

P. 5, l. 15,—"*The Sea did not up to Rhincarah flow.*"
 This means the Atlantic had receded from the South Western
 shore of Ireland.

P. 5, l. 16,—"*Mangerton's top was black and wanted snow.*"
 Mangerton "was for many years considered the highest
 [mountain] in Ireland, and set down in the old maps and
 surveys as being 2,470 feet in height." "It is now ascertained
 by the measurement of Mr. Nimmo, that the height of
 Mangerton is 2,550 feet, while that of Carrán Tûal, [not far
 distant] is 3,410.—*Wright's Guide to Killarney.*

P. 5, l. 17,—"*The Bantee.*" Sir Walter Scott in his

letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, speaking "of some leading superstitions, once perhaps common to all the countries of Europe, but now restricted to those which continue to be inhabited by an undisturbed and native race; of these," continues Sir Walter Scott, "one of the most beautiful is the Irish fiction, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank the privilege of a Banshee, as she is called, or household fairy, whose office is to appear seemingly mourning while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race."

The following verses descriptive of Banshee superstition, are translated by the Editor from a *Caoine* (*Keen*), upon the death of a Knight of Kerry, who was killed in Flanders about the year 1642.

" I had heard lamentations
And sad warning cries
From the Banshees of many
Broad districts arise;
I besought thee, O Christ,
To protect me from pain;
I prayed, but my prayers
They were offered in vain.

" Aina from her closely
Hid nest did awake
The woman of wailing
At Gur's voicy lake;
From Glen Fogra of words
Came a mournful whine,
And all Kerry's hags
Wept the lost Geraldine.

" The Banshees of Youghall
And of stately Mogeely
Were joined in their grief
By wide Immokilly.
Carah Mona in gloom
Of deep sorrow appears,

And all Kinalmeaky's
Absorbed into tears.*

" The prosperous Saxons
Were seized with affright,
In Tralee they packed up
And made ready for flight.
For there a shrill voice
At the door of each hall
Was heard, and they fancied
Foretelling their fall.

" At Dingle, the merchants
In terror forsook
Their ships and their business,
They trembled and shook.
Some fled to concealment—
The fools thus to fly !
For no trader a Banshee
Will utter a cry.†

" The Banshee of Dunqueen
In sweet song did deplore
To the spirit that watches
On dark Dun-an-oir ;
And Ennimore's maid
By the Feal's gloomy wave
Did mourn, with clear voice,
The death of the brave.

" On stormy Slieve Mis
Spreads the cry far and wide ;
From Slieve Finnalaun
The wild eagle replied ;
'Mong the reeks, like the
Thunder-peal's echoing rout,
It burst, and deep bellows
Bright Brandon gives out."

* Literally, " Kinalmeaky is drained from crying." Kinalmeaky is a district of bog in the county of Cork.

† This is the verse quoted by Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, to shew that the Banshee is solely an aristocratic appendage.

P. 6, ll. 3, 4,—“*Tralee you know, Where we to Sizes and to Sessions goe.*”] “Tralee is the shire-town of the county of Kerry, ever since the attainder of Gerald Earl of Desmond; and was during the existence of that earl’s palatinate the place where he chiefly resided and exercised his jurisdiction.”—*Seward’s Hibernian Gazetteer*.

P. 6, l. 5,—“*And when Arrested stand each others Bail.*”] “A Kerry witness” is a proverbial expression for a person who will swear any thing in a court of justice.

P. 6, l. 8, “*Curragh of Ballyline.*”] *Curragh* which is explained in the foot note as “a small shrub,” is probably a misprint for “a small bog.” The glossary to the Irish *Hudibras* renders *Currogh* “heath;” but *Currach* is explained in O’Brien’s Irish Dictionary, as “a bog, or fen.”—*Moin*, he adds, “is drier ground than what they call *currach*.” And hence the Editor may observe comes *Moineen*, a little springy piece of turf to dance upon. The Air of Moore’s “Minstrel Boy,” though published as “*The Moreen*” ought to have been *Moneen*. But any word the meaning of which is not understood gets sadly mangled—

“At *coushers* [gossiping] wakes; could play *Mageen* [Margery]
Whip off *Dunboyn*, and dance a MYNEEN.”—

The Irish Hudibras, 1689, p. 27.

P. 6, l. 12,—“*Lixna.*”] *Lixnaw*, an ancient seat of the Earls of Kerry, is described by Smith, in 1774, about which time it was suffered to fall into ruin, as “standing agreeably on the river Brick, which is here cut into several pleasant canals that adorn its plantations and gardens. The improvements are very extensive, most of the vistaes and avenues terminating by different buildings, seats, and farm-houses. The tide flows up to the gardens, whereby boats of considera-

ble burden may bring up goods to the bridge near the house ; here are two stone bridges over the Brick, the oldest of which was built by Nicholas, the third baron of Lixnaw, who was the first person that made causeways to this place, the land being naturally wet and marshy.

“The present house,” continues Smith, “consists of a large building with wings on each side, and several offices that inclose an handsome area : in one of these wings is a chapel the walls of which are painted in fresco by a foreigner called John Souillard, being copies of the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, at Hampton Court, particularly the lame man healed by Peter and John, Elymas the sorcerer, Paul preaching at Athens, &c. The figures are as large as life ; and over the door, between festoons and other decorations, are the heads of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Pope, all in *claro obscuro* by the same hand.”

P. 7, l. 7,—“*Provost and Fellows.*”] Doctor Baldwin was Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, from 1717 to the time of his death, 30th September, 1758. Doctor Claudius Gilbert was Vice-Provost from 1716 to 1735, and the donor of 13,000 volumes to the College Library. Among the Fellows of Trinity College, at the time that this Kerry Pastoral was written (1719), were,—the philosophic Berkeley, advanced to the deanery of Derry 1724, Bishopric of Cloyne 1733, Delany, afterwards Dean of Down ; Bindon, afterwards Dean of Limerick ; Madden, afterwards Dean of Kilmore ; Synge, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert 1730, Ferns 1733, and Elphin 1740 ; Clayton, afterwards Bishop of Killala 1729, Cork and Ross 1733, Clogher 1745 ; and Stopford, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

———“Men that kept their word.
Sincere, and just, honest, and fair, and true.”

P. 7, l. 22,—“*Tis large enough though not a whole Plowland.*”] In Kerry “the land is held not by the acre; for in these mountains, such minute divisions are of little importance; but, according to the language of the country, *by the lump*; that is, by large tracts; and, after agreement has been made with the landlord for their respective shares, it is usual for many different families to form a partnership and make a joint concern of their several farms. Where pasturage alone is followed, great benefit accrues to the little community from this practice. It saves labour and expense of multiplied superintendence; it excites attention to the general interest, and prevents disputes that would otherwise arise concerning boundaries, where the benefit to be derived from their existence is not adequate to the cost of their erection. Each man to the computed extent of his land is permitted to maintain a certain number of cattle; and in many instances, where the parties have confidence in each other, they have a joint stock, both of their kine and their produce.”—*Weld's Killarney*.

P. 7, l. 23,—“*a lovely prospect to the Strand.*”] The “Stranded Hogsheads” and “Stranded claret” mentioned in p. 5, lines 2 and 3, explain the loveliness of the prospect.

P. 8, l. 7,—“*Speak Latin to the stranger passing by.*”] Sir Richard Cox, writing about the time the Kerry Pastoral appeared, says, “very few of the Irish aim at any more than *a little Latin, which every cow-boy pretends to*, and a smattering of logic, which very few of them know the use of.”

“It is asserted, that Latin has been very generally studied in Kerry, even by the lowest ranks of the people; and I have heard more than one gentleman bear testimony to the circumstance of the bare-footed boys having been found reading classical authors in the fields. It is related of one of these

poor fellows, that upon an expostulation having been made with him on such an unprofitable use of his time, he replied, with much spirit :—

“ Est quodam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.”

“ Classical reading,” says Dr. Smith, in his History of Kerry, “ extends itself even to a fault amongst the lower and poorer kinds of this country ; many of whom, to the taking them off more useful work, have greater knowledge in this way than some of the better sort of other places.” Similar testimony is borne by other writers : “ In alighting to take a view of the ancient family seat at Pallice, I gave the bridle of my horse to a poor boy, who seemed to look for it with eagerness. From his manner of answering some questions I asked him, I was led to enquire into his situation ; and was not a little surprised to find that though sunk in the most abject poverty, he was nevertheless a good classical scholar. He was well acquainted with the best Latin poets ; had read over most of the historians ; and was then busy with the Orations of Cicero. I found upon further enquiry, that this classical spirit is very general among the lower sort of people in Kerry.”—*Description of Killarney. Anonymous.*

Mr. Weld is of opinion that these accounts are “ either very much exaggerated, or the taste for classical learning is less prevalent than formerly”—for during his visits to Kerry, between the years 1800 and 1811, he “ was unable to procure an interview with one of these learned peasants.” He however says : “ A gentleman of my acquaintance indeed, who was with me at Killarney, once happened to be present when a poor boy came into the inn yard, and asked for alms in good Latin ; and he observed that several of the town’s-folk who were bystanders, replied to him in that language, and for some minutes continued the conversation in that language with apparent facility.”

P. 8, l. 8,—“ *A Shambrog Bank*”.] It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Shamrock is the National emblem of Ireland. Keogh, Threlkeld, and other Irish botanists, assert that the *Scamer oge* or *Shamrog*, is the *trifolium repens*; this however has been disputed.

“Other countries” says the late Cæsar Otway, in the Dublin Penny Journal, “may boast of their trefoil as well as we; but nowhere on the broad earth, on continent, or in isle, is there such an abundance of this succulent material for making fat mutton. In winter as well as in summer, it is found to spread its green carpet over our limestone hills, drawing its verdure from the mists that sweep from the Atlantic. The seed of it is everywhere. Cast lime or limestone gravel on the top of a mountain, or on the centre of a bog, and up starts the shamrock.”

P. 8, ll. 9, 10.—“ *On the grassy sod, cut points to play Backgammon;*”] “In some parts [of Kerry] they have a singular and primitive mode of playing at backgammon in the fields. The turf is cut out, so as to make a board of large size; flat stones are used for men; and to perform the business of dice, a person sits with his back to the players and calls out whatever cast he pleases; upon this principle the play is conducted.” — *Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland*, vol. I. p. 256.

P. 8, l. 12,—“ *Lull'd by the soft Cronaan.*”] Cronaan is explained in the glossary to the Irish Hudibras as a song.—

“But sing dyself the sweet *Cro-naan.*”

At an Irish wake.

———“some laugh, some weep;
Some sing *Cronans*, and some do sleep.”

are the passages upon which this explanation is offered. The

true meaning of the word is a monotonous melody, corresponding with what we should now call recitative.

“CRONAN, the base in music. *Crónán Iàchdarchanus*, Cantus-bassus.”

“CRONAN, any dull note, also the buzzing of a fly or other insect.”—*O'Brien*.

In “a dissertation on Italian and Irish Music,” by Laurence Whyte, [1742], speaking of the manner in which the former has superseded the latter, he says that Irish Music

———“flies to Munster for the air,
To clear her pipes and warble there.
Poor *Cronaan*, being turn'd out of play,
With *Rinke Mueenagh* flew away,
To the remotest parts of Kerry,
In hopes to make the vulgar merry,
But scarce one cabin in their flight
Would give them lodging for the night;
So taken up with foreign jingle,
Tralee despised them; likewise Dingle.”

P. 8, l. 12,—“*Sweet Speck show*.”] This melody is commonly known as “the humours of Joyce’s country,” and its musical notation is preserved in Walker’s memoirs of the Irish bards. “Several districts of this kingdom,” says Walker, “have certain appellations for airs which originated in them, as *Speic Seoach*, the *Speic* or humours of Joyce’s country,” which he adds was “pricked from the voice by the Rev. Dr. Young, while on a visit last winter, 1785, in the county of Roscommon.” *Speice* according to O’Brien is a prop or support, and *Seoach* is the Irish mode of writing Joyce; the literal meaning therefore is “the leader of the Joyces,” a gigantic race inhabiting the wild district of Connamara, in the county of Galway, respecting whom and which, see “A Tour round Ireland, by John Barrow, Esq. in 1835.”

In a letter addressed to Mr. Walker, 1788, giving an

account of the inhabitants of the Rosses, islands on the coast of Donegal, the writer says—"Their songs, called *Speic Seoachs*, were recitals of exploits achieved by the giants and warriors and hunters of old." That is to say, the deeds of Joyces. *Speice* is probably from the Latin *spes*.

P. 8, l. 13,—"*Kircher'd Sheelah.*"] The Irish Kercher or Cailleach as it was sometimes called, from being worn by old women, was a large handkerchief tied under the chin; the other ends at the back of the head, falling loosely upon the shoulders. Mr. Beaufort has stated to Mr. Walker, ("Historical Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish,") that the simple head dress of the Cailleach "was worn by both sexes, but usually by men, and made of the skin of a beast." The Editor perfectly recollects it as the common costume of the female peasantry of the South of Ireland.

P. 8, l. 16,—"*Shanon and Cashan.*"] The Shannon River, "all circumstances considered, is one of the finest in the British dominions; not only on account of its rolling 200 miles, but also of its great depth in most places, and the gentleness of its current."—*Seward's Hibernian Gazetteer*.

Spenser in his "Fairy Queen," Book iv. Canto 11th, calls it—

"The spacious Shenan, spreading like a sea."

The Cashin, which is formed by the confluence of three rivers, the Galey, Feal, and Brick, falls into the Shannon not far from its mouth.

P. 8, l. 17,—"*And Kerry men forsake their cards and dice.*"] Among the evil persons whom Spenser, in his view of the State of Ireland, recommends getting rid of in that country by "the short riddance of a Marshal,"—are a class

called "Carrows;" "which," he tells us, "is a kind of people that wander up and down to gentlemen's houses, living only upon cards and dice; the which, though they have little or nothing of their own, yet will they play for much money; which if they win, they waste most lightly; and if they lose they pay as slenderly, but make recompence with one stealth or another; whose only hurt is, not that they themselves are idle lossels, but that through gaming they draw others to like leudness and idleness."

P. 9, l. 3,—"*To Paris go with satchel cram'd with books.*"] The Sorbonne was crowded with Irish "wranglers," who, for a gratuity undertook to defend certain theological or metaphysical theses against all impugnants. Boileau talks of the "*figures hibernoises*" of these Irish disputants; and in "*Gil Blas*," they are commemorated as a striking feature at Salamanca. Goldsmith, in rambling through Italy, often got a dinner and a viaticum by defending propositions in the halls of the convents and universities: (see Prior), and from Duns Scotus, and Columbanus, to the most recent period, Ireland was the great mother of polemical spirits in the Continental schools of Divinity. Pelagius was a Welshman; his Greek name being only a translation of Morgan.

P. 9, l. 18,—"*Brogue Boan Scribiogh.*"] This Irish name, literally means the shoe of true writing that is scalloped or indented like a legal document or "Indenture," which in Irish is called *ban-scribbin*. Laurence Whyte in "*A Dissertation on Fashions*," [1742] says:

"The shoes reform'd and fashion'd so,
The heel is lower than the toe,
And if I may believe my sire
The *brogue-bunscreeb* was something higher.
The harness buckle of the shoe
In days of yore would make us two;

They are good moveables of late,
To pledge or sell, when made of plate ;
When rakes at taverns, or at stews,
Drink out their buckles, and their shoes."

A note upon *Brogue-bunscreeb*, adds, " A kind of scalloped Brogue, with two lifts more fashionable than ordinary, for gentlemen and the better sort of people to wear, before shoes came in fashion in Ireland."

" The brogue or shoe of the Irish peasantry," is said by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, to differ " in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least, it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe ; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is entirely different to that of shoemaking ; and the tools used in the work, excepting the hammer, pinchers, and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by both operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend." Much curious information respecting the manufacture of brogues, may be found in the work to which the Editor is indebted for this extract.—(*Hall's Ireland*, Vol. i. pp. 189, 190), where it is stated, that " the brogue makers pride themselves on the antiquity of their trade ; and boast over the shoemakers, whom they consider only a spurious graft on their more noble art."



P. 9, l. 19,—“*Steep Mulloghbert.*”] Mulloghbert, which is explained in the note as “the hill of reference,” is literally the hill of judgement. (*Mullach beart*). Spenser in his View of the State of Ireland, says: “There is a great use among the Irish to make great assemblies together upon a Rath or Hill, there to parly (as they say) about matters and wrongs between Township and Township, or one private person and another. But well I wot, and true it hath been oftentimes proved, that in their meetings, many mischiefs have been both practised and wrought; for to them do commonly resort all the scum of the people, where they may meet and confer of what they list, which else they could not do without suspicion or knowledge of others. Besides, at these meetings I have known divers times, that many Englishmen, and good Irish subjects, have been villanously murdered by moving one quarrel or another against them. For the Irish never come to those Rathes but armed, whether on horse, or on foot; which the English, nothing suspecting, are then commonly taken at advantage like sheep in a pen-fold.

A view of one of those judgement seats, on the hill of Kyle, in the Queen’s County, is given in Dr. Ledwich’s “Antiquities of Ireland.” He says “it was common in Wales to throw up an earthen mount, whereon the judges sat; and this was called a Gorsedde.”

P. 10, ll. 5, 6,—“*Curagh Can a Wee, Full often have I made a song for thee.*”] Dr. Smith (p. 108) describing the parish of Glanbehy, in the barony of Iveragh, says that it is “so named from the river Behy which waters it; the greater part of it is extremely rough. The road from the other parts of Kerry, into this barony, runs over very high and steep hills, that stand in this parish, called *Drung* and *Cahircanawy*; which road hangs, in a tremendous manner, over that part of

the sea that forms the bay of Castlemain, and is not unlike the mountain of Penmenmaure in North Wales, except that the road here is more stony and less secure for the traveller. There is a custom among the country people, to enjoin every one that passes this mountain, to make some verses to its honour, otherwise they affirm, that whoever attempts to pass it without versifying, must meet with some mischance: the original of which notion seems to be, that it will require a person's whole circumspection to preserve himself from falling off his horse. They," continues Doctor Smith, "repeated to me several performances, both in Irish and English, made on this occasion; but this mountain is not, like that of Helicon, consecrated to the Muses, for all the verses that I heard were almost as rugged and uncouth as the road on which they were made,—for which reason I shall not trouble the reader with them; although I had several copies given me for that purpose."

A writer under the *nom de guerre* of Dr. M'Slatt, presumed to be Mr. Windele of Cork, says: "The sound or strait between Clear and Skerkin (in the county of Cork) is called Gascanan, and is singular for a usage which requires that all who cross it for the first time should improvise, at least a couplet; otherwise some mischance may be the consequence. A similar exercise of the little of poetry within us is required on passing the rugged pathway of Cahircanawry, overhanging the dizzy cliffs of Castlemain; and I doubt not but a collection of these effusions would afford a rare picture of the mind of the gentry who frequent these passages of song."

P. 10, ll. 9, 10, 11,—"*Knockdrum, where our forefathers set Upon thy lofty top th' insidious net, To catch Desmonian wild.*" Gerald, the sixteenth Earl of Desmond, and his followers, were literally hunted down by the English. It is the

popular tradition, that some of the wild Irish in Kerry were taken by netting them."

P. 10, l. 14,—"*Great Anglesey.*"] Sir Arthur Annesley, the sixth Viscount Valentia, succeeded to the title on the death of his brother, 18th Sep., 1710. He had been "a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to William and Anne; and, after his succession to the honours, was appointed (11th October), joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland; and, 19th, sworn of the Privy Council in England. In 1711, he was one of the Commissioners for building fifty new churches; and 9th July that year, sworn of the Privy Council in Ireland, taking his seat the same day in the House of Peers. On the death of the Queen, he was one of the Lord Justices of England, to administer affairs until King George I arrived from Hanover; who (1st October 1714) called him into his Privy Council of both kingdoms; and 15th January following, made him joint Vice Treasurer and Treasurer at War. On the death of the Duke of Manchester, he was elected in full senate (16th February 1721) High Steward of the University of Cambridge, where he had his education, and which he had represented in three several parliaments. On the 29th November 1727, he was made Lord Lieutenant and Governor of the County of Wexford, and sworn a Privy Councillor to King George II on his accession to the crown." —*Lodge's Peerage.*

Viscount Valentia died 1st April 1737, without issue, and was succeeded in the title by Lord Altham.

P. 10, l. 15,—"*Desmond.*"] "A considerable part of Kerry was formerly a distinct county in itself, called Desmond; it consisted of that part of Kerry which lies south of the Mang, with the barony of Bear and Bantry in the County of Cork; and was a palatinate under the jurisdiction of the Earls of

Desmond. It is true the ancient country of Desmond, or South Munster, extended much farther, as appears by the grant of Henry II to Robert Fitz Stephen and Milo de Cogan. Its limits were from the hill of St. Brandon [in Kerry] to the river Blackwater, near Lismore, and comprehended the County of Cork as well as Kerry."—*Smith's Kerry*.

P 10, l. 19,—"*Cosher here this night.*" An invitation to bed and board. The Irish word *cosair* signifies both a bed and a banquet. "Coshering" is incorrectly explained in the Irish Hudibras as "gossiping;" although the meaning of the word in that work is clearly established by the lines:—

"A very fit and proper house, sir,
For such a worthy guest to *cosher*."

In the Vocabulary appended to the Irish State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII, published by royal authority, "*cosher, cosherer, coshy, couchery, or coyssher,*" are defined,—"*an exaction of lodging and victuals for the lord and his retinue.*"

P. 11, l. 5,—"*Slacaan.*" The edible sea weed in England is called laver. The Irish name is compounded of two words signifying "*mud-butter.*"

P. 11, l. 7,—"*Egg shells.*" No uncommon mode of measuring whiskey, in the absence of a glass, was by an egg shell.

P. 11, l. 8,—"*Lye down on rushes.*" The French traveller, M. la Boullaye le Gouz, who visited Ireland in 1644, speaking of the residences of the higher classes says,—"*Ils ont peu de meubles, et ornent leurs chambres de iong, dont ils font leurs lits en Esté, et de paille en Hyuer, ils mettent vn pied de iong autour de leur chambre et sur leurs fenestres, et plusieurs d'entr'eux ornent leurs planchers de rameaux.*" At

the close of the seventeenth century, a cabin is described in the Irish Hudibras,—

“ The floor beneath with rushes laid, stead
Of tapestry ; no bed nor bedstead.”

And a feast as furnished—

“ With napkins wove of flags and rushes.”

THE END.



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